



# BOOK ONE

## THORNY PHALLUS

## CHAPTER 1

*"If a woman were more suitable for the vocation of Dalai Lama, then the Lama would be reincarnated into the body of woman. Or instead, the next Dalai Lama could find its way into the body of an insect, and Tibet will remain waiting for its spiritual leader."*

### The 14th Dalai Lama

Nikki closes the book for a moment to run through the contents of her bag a last time. Careful to pack everything she might need for her big journey, she adds an extra bottle of Off mosquito repellent.

*Swatting them dead in India would be bad karma*, she decides.

Then feeling very pleased with herself, she returns to her bed and her book, leafing through the next pages of 'Taboo Tulku':

"Tulku\* Reting Hutuktu had fasted already for seventeen days, deep in meditation both day and night, hoping to envision the coming of the next Dalai Lama. But he could not locate the lama's soul.

*He hasn't reincarnated yet. Could he possibly remain in a destined, distant paradise longer than all thirteen of his previous incarnations?* He wonders. *No, that's impossible. In this fragile state of independence, Tibet needs its traditional leader now more than ever.*

And then...

*Finally!*

The spirit of the Dalai Lama took hold of his imagination, leading

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\* Tulku: In Tibetan Buddhism, it is the title given to a reincarnated, high-ranked lama

him to the countryside where a monastery stretched three stories high. And on its second floor stood a turquoise...”

Nikki jolts out of her skin, disturbed by how vividly she is able to envision the monastery described in the book. She races ahead in anticipation.

“...and with the assistance of the three Tibetan words, 'Ka', 'Ma' and 'Ah', he came face to face with the Dalai Lama’s current incarnation. After surfacing from the depths of this foresight, he embarked on a grand quest to track down the subject of his dreamy vision in the flesh.

Some distance and time along his way, he came to a little house, and immediately he knew...

*Yes, this is the same home that appeared in my vision.*

There he found a young boy inside. And when this boy selected from among many possible objects, three ancient scrolls containing the Tibetan words 'Ka', 'Ma' and 'Ah', Hutuktu knew with total certainty that he was standing in the presence of the recently deceased Dalai Lama who made his way back to this life.”

Nikki shuts 'Taboo Tulku' as she hears her mother walk through the door.

“Finally! Where the heck have you been?”

“Where have I been? Working! Qué piensas?”

“I told you, my plane leaves today mom.”

“And I told you, I will not discuss this with you anymore. Basta.”

“Mami, you don't understand! I *have* to go or I will explode in this place!”

“What do you mean *this place*? Exactly what’s wrong with *this place*?”

“Come on. I mean this stereotypical lifestyle driven by consumption. It's

sickening. You never think about that? How useless our existence is here?”

“Nah, this is perfect. And how am I supposed to live according to you?”

“Just any way but this. Like when you were young, didn't you love to paint? Why don't you live as a painter now, Mami?”

“Nikki please. That kind of life is nothing new. Artists, hippies, druggies, cult communities...people just like you were all looking for their paradise in India. But all they found was poverty.”

“But Mami! Let me experience that for myself! It's only for six weeks!” Nikki flings her arms upward.

“Look, if you want to go to a normal country, I will totally support you. I'll even pay for your ticket. It'd be my pleasure.”

“A *normal* country...what is that supposed to mean?”

“You know, maybe California or Australia. Or France! Yes, go to Paris! Why don't you go there? It's so *romantic*...the atmosphere, the culture, the beautiful, healthy people....there are chansons!” Nikki's mother dreams, staring out the window.

“Mom, please. Chansons are not hip anymore. And besides, now-a-days Frenchies are in the same shit as we are.”

Nikki's mother buries her face in her tired hands. “I don't understand you at all. A country grows and makes progress, and in your eyes it's all crap, and for no good reason.”

“Yeah and you will never understand it. Just get used to the fact that your daughter will be spending her vacation like a hippy,” Nikki storms back to her room.

“But it's too dangerous!” Her mother trails after her.

“I don't care. I can't stand it here a day longer.”

“I don't see how it could possibly be so hard for you when other people have so much less.”

“This incessant consumer merry-go-round makes me wanna throw up!”

“And you don’t think the people in India would be thrilled to ride on this merry-go-round?”

“Of course, they would. But they don’t understand yet.”

“Nikki, I’m sorry to say it, but you are young and stupid. You don’t know squat about life. If something happens to you there, don’t come crying back to me,” her mother turns her back so her daughter won’t see the tears welling up in her eyes.

Nikki replaces 'Taboo Tulku' on the shelf. Then, pulls it out again. Stroking the cover, she sighs, “I won’t need you where I’m going. You have to stay here.” Then with the ritual of a clairvoyant tarot reader, she opens the book to an unknown page for a reading.

“Your soul moves toward heaven, and your body remains underground. You are traveling through an incredible light. You are now becoming part of this luminescence, and it opens the door to heaven for you.”

*My body remains underground? What the hell does that mean? Is something going to happen to me? I hope Mom is not right.*

Fear tickles her belly, and with piqued curiosity, she finishes the prediction for her pilgrimage, hoping it will continue in an upbeat way. But this excerpt from the Nefer Vebenef papyrus in 'The Egyptian Book of the Dead' proceeds again in unclear and ominous language.

“In the fullness of the light, you are finally released from the ground. Your soul wanders a long journey in the light, but you do not disappear in this light. You do not complete your existence in the light, because this powerful light knows your name. And when you finally reach your place in the stars, you become your own light, shining

brilliantly. This transformation leaves you fully awakened. You look around and see beautiful beings, avatars who help you recover from the grueling departure from your vital body back on Earth. And in this way they pay back the help they received long ago when they too arrived in this place, as you have today.”

*This is weird.*

She regrets asking for this reading at all. A bit detached, she coldly slides the book back in its empty slot and pulls out a new guide, 'Lonely Planet India'.

## CHAPTER 2

*Abrahadabra, Abrahadabra.*

I am repeating it over and over inside my frozen cells in a last hope that this magical incantation of big Al Crowley might help recall the warmth back to my numb flesh. All attempts of channeling my yogic powers and raising my body temperature through Naropa's Tibetan Tummo Tummo\* meditation have failed.

I leave the Sushumna, the central channel of energy flow in the body. And while focusing on the mantra 'Abrahadabra', I breathe now via the Pingala stream, the Yang or sun channel, praying it will save my life. To access Pingala, I breathe in and out of only my right nostril. At the same time, to increase the intensity of the effect, I reach the pointer finger of my gloved right hand

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\* Tummo Tummo: An advanced yoga practice that enables you to create enough body heat to maintain a stable body temperature, endure extreme cold and even melt snow around you

towards acu-point GV4\*. GV4's nickname is "the Gate of Life", which applies quite literally in my predicament.

In the bedroom, I am undoubtedly a master of this most crucial point of Yang energy, always working it just right. In the branch of Tantra that includes sexual practices, or Vama Marga, this point evokes arousal, vitality, a deep longing for love and for becoming one with your partner. But what can I do now, trapped under a heap of snow on the second largest peak in the world. My hands are so deadened by the ice that I'm terrified I will lose a finger if I dare to touch anything.

*This is seriously bad, man. There's no way you're getting out of this one,* looms the more rational part of my mind.

I know can't fall asleep. But how I wish to shut my eyes! My heavy lids coupled with the knowing that I will not awake from my slumber come tomorrow shoots me upright, locked in an anxious, frozen space. There is the distinct feeling that time runs at a different pace here, similar to the water of a wave inside the barrel traveling faster than, yet right alongside the surfer within it.

My mind races back through time, but this retrospective doesn't bring feelings of gratitude or value for moments of beauty or some whimsical nostalgia in the memories of childhood. Rather it flashes the sequence of images from a very dull meeting with a very uptight bureaucrat that set off this wayward journey in the first place. This meeting was the catalyst for the trek up this icy mountain, worshiped by the crazy cult that brainwashed my girlfriend. They exploited her desire to the end the material world mass-produced by man, using it as lure for her loyalty.

When we said farewell in London, she said she'd only be gone for a week. The weeks ran on, and it became clear that she was gone for good, and without

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\* GV4: An acupressure point that when rubbed or pressed, activates your body with a vivid and powerful surge of vital energy; positioned at L2 (lumbar vertebrae number two) on the lower back



a word of explanation. Over the last few days, I have come to accept that Yeshe Li has joined the army of my ex-lovers. Though, it's heart wrenching to watch the only woman I've ever loved make that leap.

*Oh man, I miss her like crazy! I deserve a reason why.*

I felt so desperate that I needed to find out where she had escaped from me like that. How could my brain ever have fathomed that she had been kidnapped by K2 cult members?

So I went looking for my answer in the office of the most unsympathetic man in the world, whom Yeshe Li coldly called "Uncle Bank".

"One of my friends told me that she took off searching for some Kung Fu enlightenment in Western China," Uncle Bank opens the door to his office and quickly walks over to the liquor cabinet.

This office is so huge that you can imagine at least three poor families and their kids all shackled up comfortably in here, not to mention the over the top designer furnishings. Not only is Uncle Bank the head of his corporate banking firm, but his entire family comprises the body of its main shareholders. His particular branch focuses on the transferring of properties and money between family generations. More specifically, Uncle Bank is the head of the so-called 'inheritance and reincarnation accounts'.

I beg your pardon? You deposit your money into an account to pass on to your next incarnation? Exactly what kind of bullshit is that? I'm pretty sure people wouldn't buy that crap even in a graphic novel about time traveling. I remember the first time I heard about it...

Instead of a graphic novel, Yeshe Li pulls out a Newsweek, leafs through, scanning for an article, then passes it to me. This article marks the announcement of these reincarnation accounts first going public. I am convinced it came from a novelty shop, so before reading, I skeptically verify the cover. The Newsweek is dated the 21st of October, 1996, and appears

completely standard to me. My eyes ping pong down the page, only looking for what I am interested in- how this total nonsense can actually exist and exactly how it works. I can't believe my eyes:

“The Prometheus reincarnation account offered at this Swiss institution enables you to withdraw your funds only 23 years after your death.”

“That's stealing! How can someone who is dead go and withdraw his money from the bank like that?” I laugh at the absurd idea. And when I see the minimum investment required...

*It's highway robbery! For that much money, I could buy a couple of new cars.*

I keep it to myself.

Yeshe Li responds with a grin, “Of course he could, just like the Dalai Lama could, or Sai Baba and thousands of others. Kelly, there are Tibetan tulkus and leaders of magical orders and lots of other reincarnated people who take these accounts very seriously. They believe this money can profoundly help them to continue their life's work.”

While for Yeshe Li, the existence of these accounts was a service to believers and refreshing evidence that consumer society confirmed the phenomenon of reincarnation, I was more and more certain that this was just one more way big corporate banks could get rich off the little guys. Inevitably they will have to refuse the funds to the entitled legal successors of the account owner. And they'll probably keep that money forever, because the requirement states that only the original account holder may withdraw the money and only 23 years after his death. The way I see it, this kind of requirement can only be fulfilled in a Hollywood blockbuster. So naturally, the banks are fanatically involved in the promotion and operation of these reincarnation accounts.

While sitting in his palace of an office, Uncle Bank's face suddenly flushes crimson as if he is in the middle of a heart attack, and this is just from discussing the mere possibility of one candidate who might secure the right to cash in on a reincarnation nest egg. The atmosphere is tense, and it's making me really uncomfortable. So I try to help this uptight fat cat relax with joke, because god knows I'm eager to get to the whereabouts of my ex already.

I get up, walk out of his office and shut the door behind me. I knock, re-enter and blurt out,

“Hi there. I’m twenty-three to be exact, and a while ago, I gave you a whole bunch of money. And now I’d like to buy a new Honda, so fork it over.”

But Uncle Bank even takes jokes seriously.

“Don’t do that,” he glares over at me, paces the floor and redirects the surge of his unpleasant feelings in my direction. “Can you even imagine what could happen if some political group confirmed this tramp as the real incarnation of Naropa? It happened once already in the late 90's. Three bratty boys announced, 'Sir, I am the reincarnated Karmapa\*,' he does his best childish voice, “and each of them impressed somebody. ‘Oh, Look at him. Such a charming baby. And he waves so beautifully with his hands. He *has* to be the Karmapa.’”

During his ramblings, Uncle Bank is making some really intense wave-like motions with hands, and as he begins to mention all the properties and money these boys might inherit, his hands morph into gestures of strangulation.

“And after all that, no one could even say for sure which of these brats, if any, was the real Karmapa. So this high-stakes dance for billions went on,” he proceeds. “Before the Karmapa died, he hid treasures worth billions. I mean,

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\* Karmapa: The reincarnated head of the most powerful and influential Buddhist school in contemporary times, the Red-Hat sect, or Karma Kagyu. The Karmapa along with the Dalai Lama, the leader of the Yellow-Hat sect, or Gelug-pa, are the two most influential Buddhist leaders. The Karmapa was the first reincarnated person recognized in history and the first reincarnation in Tibetan Buddhism, dating back to the 12<sup>th</sup> century.

only the barracks of Rumtek monastery remained after that, and everyone knows that this billion dollar treasure is just sitting there waiting for someone to announce one of these brats as the latest incarnation. Then the other two will just have to slither back to the slums from which they dragged their greedy little asses. Everyone expected it to be a open and shut case. But no! These brats are already way into their mid-life crises, and the battle over reincarnated billions continues. Everyone involved is already well sick of the case, and now some tramp jumps in claiming he's Naropa\*. Do you understand what this means? Even Karmapas bow down Naropa for Christ's sake! He is the founder of their order! We have to find this phony before some other political group gets to him first."

By the sound of his nervous tone and anxious pacing, I'm guessing his bank is in this game of past lives for a pretty penny. What I don't understand is why he's letting me in on it. So I take the bait, hoping he has something to add about Yeshe Li.

"Ok, ok. So what does all this have to do with me?"

## CHAPTER 3

"He's coming this way! Should I take him out?"

"No, no! Hide it! Those soldiers will shoot us before we even fulfill the mission."

"I say we follow him. Obviously he's leaving, otherwise he wouldn't have taken all his stuff from the hotel. This guy has to be a serious pain in Guru

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\* Naropa: An influential player in Tibetan Buddhism who lived from 956-1041. He was a yogi, Tantric practitioner, teacher and founder of the most powerful and influential Buddhist school today, the Karma Kagyu.

G.O.D.'s ass if he wants us to take care of it.“

“Are you sure that's *the* Naropa?

“Of course it's him! That's what the lama at Rangdum monastery said.”

“Well it just seems weird that an Indian guy would get reincarnated as a white guy, with a name like Rolf Harfurth. Plus, they told me at the Hotel Ibex that he arrived from Manali just like every other tourist here.”

“Look, the lama told me that Naropa had returned to the monastery in Padum. He meditated there for several days, and then left a visible trail onward. The only guy that fits that description is this asshole. Otherwise, only locals were around right?”

“Don't worry. They're waiting for us down the road right now. And after we take care of him, we'll just take a photo of his stupid face, and that lama can tell us if it's him or not.“

“Ok, and if we kill him and it's not him? Then what?”

“Well, then we take out some locals and make it look like a typical Pakistani terrorist attack, and we call it a day.”

“Yeah, great idea. Then we'll have the whole army on our trail.”

“Why are you worrying so much? This asshole is hitchhiking in the direction of Kargil anyway.”

“How about this? We just give him a lift and ask the lamas when we get there. And if they say it's not Naropa, we'll buy him tea, exchange emails and forget all about him.”

The third man chimes in, “You are such a chicken shit. Why don't you just ask him if he's looking for a housekeeper back home in Europe?”

The fourth man never talks. He likes weapons and the silence of the mountains.

“But how can we give him a lift without a car?”

“We don't have a car, but we do have this universal ticket,” laughs the head of the outfit, uncovering his AK-47 Kalashnikov.

The car picked up the clueless German trekker, unaware that a pleasant journey carpooling with locals through the serene countryside of Ladakh would suddenly become a terrifying nightmare.

An unexpected moment came fifteen miles down the main road after leaving Zanskar. Once at the Rangum monastery, the men inside the car started to quarrel with four resident lamas.

When from the monastery veranda, a fifth lama shouted, “Tell them to get lost and quit bothering us. They are drunks.”

So, the gang with firearms demanded, “You will do exactly what we say. You're gonna line up here and we're gonna show you...”

But before he could finish his sentence, the lamas began running for their lives. Infuriated, the armed men opened fire on the holy men, showing no mercy. The horrifying sight of forty bullets powerfully streaming from the machine gun was certainly no accident. The second half of this spray grazed over the already lifeless bodies of two lamas toward Lama Stanzin Tsering, careening to send him back to the world of the departed. To hide himself from the killers, the lama dove into the arms of the river, ultimately escaping death without injury, though not without substantial shock.

Later, the news would report the deaths of this tragic evening, spanning the 11th through the 12th of July, 2000, implementing a car with the plates “JK 01A-2232”. The gunmen inside the vehicle murdered two more Buddhists, four in total, and one Christian from Germany. The killers saved only the Muslim driver, Ahmet, and his Muslim companions. To the public, the whole situation went down as the work of Kashmirian separatists.

## CHAPTER 4

“Why did they kill that innocent trekker? He had nothing to do with the problems of your country.”

“Nobody knows why they killed him. After the shooting at the monastery, the car continued down the road in the direction of Kargil. And at some point, they deserted the vehicle taking the tourist with them. They left his backpack behind in the car, so I'm sure he knew what was coming. Then they disappeared into Pakistan forever.”

The old lama from Lamayuru monastery waves his hand toward K2 and Pakistan, and with a frown repeats, “Nobody knows why they killed him. The police were certain that the separatists did it to get rid of an uncomfortable witness. But there are other rumors. They say they mistook him for some high-ranked tulku. Maybe they were looking for Naropa, like you. Better to ask down at Rangum monastery. It's just two days journey from here. They'll definitely know more about it there.”

“I'm actually on my way to Rangum now. But that tragedy happened only four years ago, and really I don't want to bring back any memories of the evil in this world just to inquire about some unknown pilgrim.”

“True.” Nodding, the old lama leads him toward the cave where Naropa was meditating in the hopes of reaching Mahamudra\* over a thousand years ago.

*I wonder what Naropa is up to these days?*

The pilgrim thinks on the morning he waves good-bye to the stunning Tibetan monastery atop the majestic mountains and starts his hitchhike down to Kargil, the bubbling cauldron of Indian-Pakistani relations on the border of two worlds set apart.

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\* Mahamudra: The essence and realization of very profound Buddhist teachings, culminating in the experience of simultaneous great bliss and great emptiness. It means 'the great seal' in Sanskrit, and represents the final union of all dualities

From Kargil he would continue along a road tracing a beautiful 21,000-foot high peak all the way to Rangum monastery, meanwhile hoping the driver who stops for him will behave differently than the assassins who accompanied that German hitchhiker on his own final ride.

*That looks just like an Orthodox monastery in Meteor, Greece, the pilgrim notices while spotting Lamayuru monastery from the mountain top.*

While waiting for the right vehicle to pass, he recites the mantra, “Om Ah Aum Benza Guru Pema Siddhi Hung Theos Bernard Hung White Lama Hung Am Ah..”

This chant is one of the eight forms of Tibetan sayings which invokes Padmasambhava\* from the valleys of Tibet to visit the physical body of our pilgrim. Inspired by the scenery, he spontaneously changes his tune to the Orthodox hymn of Kirie Eleison. As if the prayer works instantaneously, the perfect ride arrives moments later.

*It's incredible how well Christian prayers work on Tibetan land.*

The extreme magnitude of his exhausting journey is beginning to set in, having already traveled hundreds of thousands of miles through dozens of countries in his lifetime by hitchhiking alone.

*It's obvious why Christian prayers work here. You're going to a monastery led by Ngari Rinpoche. Together with one Jesuit missionary, he built the first Christian church on Tibetan land in 1624.*

Christianity spread in the sacred Kailash mountains along the Ngary-Guge region so fast that the lamas from Ladakh called in the Kashmirian Muslims for support. So that together, they could finally sort out this problem of Christianity in the region. The lamas promised to help them build the first mosque in Ladakh in return for ejecting all Christians from their land.

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\* Padmasambhava: In Sanskrit means 'born from the lotus'. He is an essential historical figure in Buddhism and is also referred to as the Second Buddha. He brought Tantra to Buddhist Tibet in the 8<sup>th</sup> century from India.



*Politics ruin everything*, the pilgrim decides during a routine military search of their car at the border.

As his journey continues, he wonders if he will get the chance to meet the current incarnation of Ngari Rinpoche at the Rangoon monastery. And not just because he is the younger brother of the fourteenth Dalai Lama. And not just because he is the imminent abbot of a celibate order of Gelug-pa, who now has been married to a famous Tibetan activist, Rinchen Khando Choegyal, for dozens of years. Rather, his eager desire to meet this contemporary Ngari Rinpoche stems from a photographic memory of his face, imprinted from childhood after having read 'Seven Years in Tibet'. He remembers this beautiful black and white photograph taken by a climber named Harrer. The image from 1946 captured Ngari Rinpoche as a very small boy in a very large fur hat in Lhasa, standing in front of Potala.

*It would be so beautiful to meet him half a century after that picture was taken*, the pilgrim envisions.

It was exactly that picture of Tibet which had inspired him his entire life to seek out the places and people who embody the spirit of an ancient time, no longer touched by the present.

And here we leave our pilgrim to continue his new quest to uncover the latest news and rumors about the return of the greatest sage of medieval times, Naropa. He is also followed by mysterious killers who are targeting innocent unfortunates in the same way that Herod wildly slayed innocent children in the Bible, in the blind hope that one of them was Jesus.

## CHAPTER 5

“So what does all this have to do with me?” I beckon Uncle Bank once more.

“Reincarnation relations are very complicated, but to simplify it for you, our bank has a very strong financial connection with the possible new reincarnation of Naropa. That’s exactly why we have a divinity-focused program in place for swiftly stamping out any frauds looking to get their hands on the capital.”

“So what will you do when you find this guy?”

“We need to make sure he’s clear on the seriousness of his situation before it becomes a big case. Nobody wants another Karmapa kids episode.”

“Yeah, but I still don’t understand what it has to do with me.”

“Let me be straight with you. My people have sniffed out the twenty most significant contemporary Tantrics, and our insiders will have to get very close to them and work very hard on earning their trust. Then we just sit back and rely on the old proverb that the crow sits with the crow. It’s clear that if somebody is going to find Naropa, it’s going to be someone who shares a connection with him from a past life, you know, another lama or some other Tantric.”

I glare suspiciously. I cannot believe that this person devoid of all human emotion, cold fish Uncle Bank, believes in something other than money and marble.

As if sensing my doubts, he adds, “The New Age world is small one. Sooner or later, the student of a preeminent Tantric will meet someone who has information about this new incarnation of Naropa,” he mumbles on and on, meanwhile pouring a scotch over ice.

“So will you take the job?” He finally cuts to the chase. “We need more people like you.”

My thoughts are suddenly racing. If I were in Asia mingling in New Age circles, sooner or later I would have to run into Yeshe Li, right? And besides, how could I pass up an all expenses paid excursion like that?

*Ok I'm in, I admit to myself.*

But immediately upon making the commitment, regret washes over my insides. Memories of Guatemala flash before me: the terrible food, the filth, the beggars and the swarms of annoying locals... and in an instant, I change my mind.

*Forget it. There's no way I'm going.*

"I need some time to think about it. I have different plans for my summer."

It's not wise to have this man on your shit list, but on the other hand, it's even better if you have nothing to do with him. Uncle Bank pretends not to hear me. He sips from his glass and passes me an envelope.

"There is everything you'll need to find your new Tantric guru," he grunts.

How did this bastard sense my hesitation, my ambivalence. He could always read people. Yeshe Li once told me she hated this quality about him because he so often uses his spiritual gifts for only materialistic gains.

"But I'm really not interested in going to...where was it? India?"

"Kelly, I don't have time for the details. When you find Naropa, call me. You will receive a handsome reward. "

"Reward?" My ears perk up.

"And as soon as you catch this fraud, your trip and this business between you and I will be over. Bank employees will handle the case from there, and I'll tell you exactly where Yeshe Li has been hiding from you. And not only that, but I'll give you all the means necessary to go after her. And if she decides to be with you, I'll even pay for you two to travel together for awhile. Let's say one full year."

I would do anything to see his niece again, and the bastard knew it.

“And if she dumps me?”

“So I’ll buy you a new motorcycle, your choice.”

*Two to three weeks of traveling, looking for some New Age freak who calls himself Naropa, and one quiet phone call to rat this guy out...That’s worth a new Ducati for sure.*

How naive I was. And just like that, I was on a plane to India...

## CHAPTER 6

The penetrating cold shakes me from a faint daydream. The frostbite is spreading through my anatomy. I am trying not to touch the ground because the zone of contact with the frozen earth suffers most of all. I feel like a tightrope walker, balancing on a bunched up scarf Yeshe Li gave me the first time we made love. She told me it was woven from the silk thread of Princess Ariadne, who rescued the hero from the labyrinth on Crete after he killed the Minotaur. This entire last year I’d been devotedly carrying it in my back pocket hoping that somehow the scarf would navigate me to her. And here I am now, stuffing it under my ass, attempting to levitate on this precious token, in a desperate effort to save my buttocks from succumbing to the fatal grip of frostbite.

These brief yet deep micro-sleeps, momentary seconds of nodding off, arrive more and more often now, and my will to stay awake wanes weaker. I know if I fall asleep, the temperature of my body will plummet to a critical level, no doubt delivering me to death's doorstep. So I try to entertain myself with comical scenarios.

*What if you have to take a shit? You have no toilet paper. The only thing you could possibly use is your sacred scarf. Would you use it? Or would you rather wipe it with an icy stone and smell like a medieval knight?*

I can't laugh anymore. My mental control loosens.

*Don't sleep! Don't sleep!*

I hear my own voice fading into space. At this point, my brain knows that hibernation is my only chance at survival. I laugh so hard that I hear the cartilage crack inside my nose. Deep inhales are excruciating at this temperature, but the image of scavengers finding my body after 150 years frozen solid on the summit of K2, then defrosting it and displaying it in a museum strikes me as hilarious. I like that idea. The twenty-second century would be half way over at that point, and my body would likely be a valuable and unique record of the stone age.

As I try to imagine what the world will be like in this distant future, it dawns on me that no one I know today will still be alive at that time. Osama bin Laden will be history for the people of the future, like Pancho Villa or Chief Sitting Bull of the Lakota Sioux are for us. I am overcome with frustration. I never thought I'd be so touched by the brevity of our lives. The flow of it passes swiftly, leaving nothing remaining. After 150 years, most of what you consider to be something is nothing. What is the point of life when after 150 years no one will even recognize the most important people of our time. They will remain just dead names, empty words in a book.

It suddenly hits me that this anger and despair are not caused by the fleetingness of life at all, rather and more disturbingly by the overrated pomp society places on it, and the stress that thereby follows, yanking us from ourselves, robbing us of our inner peace and the simple enjoyment of these precious fleeting moments. These are the true anchors of life, the constant pillars amidst its brief passing.

So I search for the most significant, least fleeting moment of my now,

probably ending life. And to keep myself from dozing off, I set my mind on that cool spring day at a serene Pauktal cave-like monastery built over an abyss, like some fairytale. I went there once with an Israeli girl. She was pretty hot, but she wanted to go back to Leh and I had just found the guy that Bank sent me to link up with...

“I heard you are setting off on a trek over the mountains toward Darche. May I join you?”

He looked right through me like I was a window and said, “A man cannot join another man, unless one of them is coffee and the other is sugar.”

He refused me a second time in Kargyak village. I had arrived up there a day ahead of him. I was freezing my ass off, suffocating my untrained lungs in the unbearably high altitude. Amused with the memory of all that, my laugh morphs into a loud cough, and I get the distinct feeling that the heart of K2 heard me.

*Is the mountain talking to me?*

I wait to see if I hear her voice again, but nothing happens. So I return my focus back to that valley sitting at 15,000 feet, which I considered to be an unmanageable elevation at the time.

Next I try something new, a comrade style approach. You know, solidarity and bonding over being mountain men.

“Hmm, in front of us is the ascent to the Shingo La pass. You know, my stamina is on the brink of wearing down and that pass sits at 15,300 feet. Is there any way that you could help me out as an experienced trekker? Please?”

“Yeah, sure. Come with me.”

We climb up to the nearest view point, and from there he shows me the journey I had just come two days along, and says, “Just there. Go to Padum and catch a bus back.”

“But I want to go up to Darche!” I exclaim.

“Yeah, and I wanna walk on the moon. I'd also like a gold medal in the Olympic decathlon,” he says, turning his back to the village.

But he leaves his backpack behind, and I wasn't ready to give up yet. So it won't be too obvious, I wait twenty minutes before setting off to follow him. I walk around the village for over an hour with no sight of the guy anywhere. I decide to climb a boulder to procure a better view. I am searching the skyline, when from below the head of a squatting figure shouts at me.

“What are you doing here, you asshole? I'm taking a shit!”

“I sorry!” I yell, startled, and jump down swiftly from the unwilling viewpoint, landing on the opposite side of the boulder. But a heaving belly laugh stops me in my tracks.

“What? Such a big guy is afraid of such a little shit? Don't worry, it's just the result of what we consume in our lives. Get back over here.”

I take two steps toward him, but when I remember I am moving toward a defecating New Age fool, I stop again.

“No thanks, I better wait here.”

“Yeah, but you're missing the best moments.”

“Yeah well, I'm probably not ready for that yet.”

“Hm, well, will you at least pass me some tissues or a napkin?”

“But I don't have anything with me.”

“Well neither do I.”

And then like an idiot, I run down to the village for some TP. I fly down in under ten minutes, but on the way back up the hill, I am cursing all saints, Uncle Bank and even Yeshe Li. And from this toilet paper ascent, came the most memorable moment of my entire life.

*I can't see him anywhere.*

I catch my breath and climb the boulder, again.

“What are you doing man? I'm still shitting here.”

I do not expect this by any means. Usually people run from their nature

toilets as fast as possible. So I try to hand him the tissue as appropriately as possible, so as not to disturb, or even touch the guy while he's doing his business.

“You are unbelievable, bringing toilet paper to a total stranger. You are either a lunatic or you’re looking for a new boyfriend. Or you've really never trekked before, and you’re genuinely scared and really do need a guide to make that pass. Come here. I’m not really shitting.”

“I figured that much. No one could be shitting for that long. But still, I better wait here.”

“If you come over here, I promise I will guide you to that pass.”

It was an offer someone in my situation could not reject. So I take a deep breath and step forward toward the pile of Tantric shit. And surprise, there was no shit at all! He wasn't even squatting there, but sitting Japanese style on his knees on a tiny little stool. And at that moment, I realized what he had been doing there all along. There propped in front of him sat a poster of a completely nude model.

I flinch, “You dick!”

I’m bringing this guy tissue so he can wipe the giz from his cock. This is a thousand times worse than shit. He explodes with laughter at the expression on my face.

“I’m not doing what you think I’m doing. It's an exercise called Naropa's Tratak. If you're lucky, I'll tell you more about it one day.”

“What’s the point of just staring at a naked woman if you’re not going to do anything?”

“Well, there are a lot of good reasons to look at naked woman, actually. Right now, I’m using this image to send powerful supportive energy from the mountains here to a woman in Canada through my concentration. At this very moment, she has an audition for a big role in an upcoming film, and with this new energy, she will arise tomorrow morning to find that she landed the part.”



“So why did I run all the way back there for this then?” I wave the wad of tissue at him.

“Because now, in some perfect little spot over there, I’m going to take a shit. But before I do that, why don’t I introduce myself.”

That was the first time I shook hands with Guru Jara.

“Can I still go with you tomorrow, please Mr. Guru Jara?” I ask during our walk back to the village, kissing a little ass to ensure I had really won him over during our walk back to the village.

“No. No, you cant. But if you want, you can go at the same time as me and walk the same journey as me. You know, two waves can never go together unless they are Tantrically connected. And don’t address me so formally. Only masters and dead people get that kind of treatment. Am I your master now or what?”

I don't know how questions like this are answered in the New Age world, and from what I can gather of my little experience, I know that a true New Ager never replies in a normal way.

*Better if I keep my mouth shut.*

I said nothing.

## CHAPTER 7

India is amazing! It's crazy cheap and super interesting here. Cool people from all over the world travel here, and it’s totally safe. Even my mother stopped acting so crazy when she heard my happy and very relaxed voice. Especially since I started dating this sweet guy from Slovenia. We met at a party in Goa. People say it’s not the same as it used to be, but I really love the

night scene at Anjuna Beach. I also love Pushkar and Hampi. The big cities are a lot worse off, though. There's no denying that India is definitely noisy and terribly overpopulated.

Dragan and I are going to Varanasi tomorrow to the river Ganges. Indians carry dead bodies there from far off destinations. They believe that if a body reaches the bank of Ganges, that person will go to Paradise, and it will free them from being reincarnated back into this world again. This world is like a hell for them. I'm really looking forward to it! I've never seen a dead body in person. And right next to where they burn the bodies, pilgrims take a dip! They come to the Ganges to wash away their sins, hoping to receive some spiritual reward and maybe go to Paradise themselves, or at least get some better karma. Did you know it means 'destiny' in Hindi?

I'm not sure if I'll be able to go in that dirty water, though. If a little baby or a holy man dies, they don't burn the body. They just wrap it in a cloth, put some heavy stones inside, and just like that, they throw it in the river. And I definitely don't want to catch a nasty rash, or worse, actually touch the head of a dead saint or something. But if there's only a small chance of it, I might jump in, maybe in Varanasi or Rishikesh City, which is pretty close by.

I'm going to start a yoga practice, too! I've started already actually, but here in Goa it's more of a fun style of yoga, kind of lacking that spiritual touch, which is the whole reason I came to India in the first place.

Well anyway...Indian kiss for my best friend!

With love,

Nikki

## CHAPTER 8

Two Tantric adepts from tiger country have journeyed for three long days through the wilderness and to the edge of the world.

It's Guru Jara and I. It's exactly as Uncle Bank assumed. This Tantric assigned to me is sniffing out the trail of Naropa and visiting dozens of monasteries in Ladakh and Zanskar in the process. Upon making it to Shingo La pass, instead of taking a jeep or a bus on the main road from Manali as everyone who is headed to Ladakh does, he prefers to travel by foot.

I ask him, "Why?" But instead of the answer I am looking for, he tells me that maybe it's time for me to go my own way. So I zip my lips shut. Obviously Guru Jara is not as certain of Naropa's trail as Uncle Bank was of Guru Jara's.

Despite being thousands of miles away, Uncle Bank knew perfectly that I would find him in Ladakh. He knew exactly when he had left Leh and was going to Padum. I was shocked, but he told me his sources were the blogs of women whom he had Tantrically unhooked along the way. This guy has to have an enormous cock or something. Apparently every woman who meets him can't get him out of her head.

"Women either worship him or curse him," joked Uncle Bank's personal assistant, who has been supervising me. "Maybe it's all the hook stuff these women talk about."

*The hooks! Shit, I forgot all about them! Guru Jara's teaching on Tantric hooks will definitely save my life!*

I race back from reminiscing to reality. I adjust Yeshe Li's scarf under my bottom, and I start to visualize the incubic hooks I've placed within my ex-lovers as I attempt to suck the feelings of warmth and power necessary for my survival. I avoid the succubic hooks for now because I just don't have enough

strength to transform the energy from these women yet. It's generally more challenging to obtain power from succubic hooks. I'm slow at the start and not as effective as I would like, but when I focus on the memory of penetrating the women of my life for the first time, the exercise starts to work. And I start to feel much better.

I'm now on my second round of visualizing. This time I focus on the partners with whom I felt the strongest sensations. After this round, my physical state improves dramatically. I'm even having some responses happening in my crotch, and this renewed sense of arousal soothes me. Now this is what I call getting a second wind!

This new wind ferries my mind to a memory of crossing the Indo-Tibetan border...

Over several days of traveling through the town of Keylong, Guru Jara stops to visit four Tibetan monasteries. He obviously believes he could encounter Naropa at any one of them, or hopefully at least a clue of his whereabouts.

One day, we ascend to Rothang pass and I think,

*Yes! Finally, we'll have some time to party in Manali.*

But just after the pass, he stops to sit. And there, beneath the cliff side, this guy meditates for three whole days. I'm so pissed. Of course I have to wait so I don't lose him.

Following those three days, after we return to the valley, he tells me he meditated in the exact same place for peace five years ago. At that time, thousands of Indian soldiers were assembling and readying themselves to kick some Pakistani ass on the Ladakh-side of Kargil. And naturally, at the very same time on the other side of the border, Pakistanis were preparing themselves to defeat the Indians in the third Kashmirian war. You could hear the constant hum of car engines pattering by. The mountain road was dressed in a never

ending train of monstrous carriages transporting each human life to be snuffed out like a candle.

“There were several of us here, meditating together for peace and for life. We sat all along the trail from Shimla to Ladakh. The war didn’t last very long.”

“Do you think it was because of your spiritual powers?”

“I hope not. It would be pretty sad for a war to be ended by people other than the ones who actually started it. And besides, it would just mean another war was not far around the corner.”

And once again, two Tantric adepts from tiger country are journeying, already well into their third week, through the wilderness and to the edge of the world. The country of tigers is India. We both arrived in Ladakh from central India. The edge of the world here is pretty straight up. For more than half a year now, airplane has been the only way in. If you reach land’s end at the ocean you can still sail on further by boat. But here, no one advances further. Further there are only uncrossable mountains, the largest on planet Earth, and the uncrossable enemy lines of three neighboring countries at war, each hankering to possess a more sizable piece of Ladakh and its adjoining valleys.

*It is here that our pilgrims continue to trek like something out of an ancient storybook.*

The biting wind wipes our faces. The initial enthusiasm of finding my assigned Tantric guru and discovering that I can actually speak to him as a companion evaporated days ago during our tedious and suffocatingly slow crawl through the countryside. We are several days walking distance from the Karzok monastery where we recently spent two nights on the lake, when I suddenly see Guru Jara dash up the hill before us.

*Where is he going?*

I look up the hill, and I see a man sitting in purple lama robes, at the foot of a cave with colorful Tibetan prayer flags. So I start up the hill right behind him.

*Oh shit! That has to be Naropa!*

I'm so lit up by the thought of completing my mission already after just a few short weeks that I forget all about my high altitude sickness, exhaustion, bruised feet and the lack of oxygen in my lungs, and I sprint as hard as I can. My excitement acts as a methamphetamine, lifting me up the steep terrain.

But Guru Jara is much faster. He's been tracking down Naropa for over half a year, ever since he first caught word of his comeback in Nepal. So his motivation to reach the lama at the top resulted in him virtually running at the speed of light.

I can't seem to catch my breath, but somehow I manage to reach the cave's entrance. I watch Guru Jara speaking with the lama, but he is behaving as he would toward any Tantric. It doesn't seem to be Naropa, after all. His speech is too monotonous and familiar. My initial disappointment slides away, revealing more curiosity. I listen in very carefully, trying to pick up any information that I can.

"Did you meet Naropa?"

"I have. He left."

"Where to?"

"I don't know. After Tilopa and Dordjeczang initiated him into the highest mysteries, he reached Mahamudra and disappeared," the lama answers, closing his eyes.

Guru Jara had mentioned Tilopa twice before. Just yesterday in fact...

"Naropa was an educated philosopher from a very wealthy family, but out of nowhere he left his academic career to wander as a vagabond for ten years searching for Tilopa, like I do now.

*Why did he want to be Tilopa's student so badly?* I wondered.

Meanwhile, Guru Jara converses with the lama in a strange language I cannot comprehend.

*Maybe someone hired Naropa, like I was hired by Uncle Bank! 'Go to the mountains and bring back Tilopa! We'll buy you a new Ducati, buddy.'*

"Naropa went through some dreadful, just horrendous stuff on his journey. Once, he was disturbed by an alarming shriek," Guru Jara narrated yesterday. "So he followed the scream, and when he got closer, the screaming turned into sobbing. And right there stood some psychopath murdering his own parents. The father was standing on a block of wood with a rope tied to his neck, attached to the tree branch above him. Just a single kick and the poor dad was a hanged man. The son kept him alive just long enough to watch him slaughter his wife, the killer's mother.

'Good day,' Naropa interrupted the killer. 'I'm looking for the famous guru, Tilopa. He should be nearby here somewhere. Have you seen him around by any chance?'

Legend says the killer answered, 'Of course I saw Tilopa. If you help me kill my father, I'll tell you where he went.'

On a separate occasion, two brutes had sliced open the belly of one unfortunate soul. And after every time he passed out from the shock and pain, they would slowly tug on his intestines from his gut to torture him and bring him back to consciousness. This poor man was wailing in utter agony.

'I'm just passing by. I didn't see a thing...I...I...I....I'm just looking for Tilopa,' stuttered Naropa upon walking into the gruesome scene, frightened out of his words.

'Yeah buddy, your Tilopa was here,' one of the killers answered, 'I'll tell you which direction he went in. Just hold these intestines for me so they won't get dirty on the ground, would you? We're sparing them so we can make some sausages,' said the barbaric foodie.

'No, no, no, it's not necessary. Th-th-thank you,' Naropa stuttered and

dashed off.”

Guru Jara recounted many similar stories to me about Naropa's pilgrimage, all with some spiritual subtext or significance. But to me, they sounded like the common encounters of a medieval rambler. What impacted me the most was learning that Naropa came out of all that alive.

“Finally he found Tilopa, the highest ranked Tantric adept of his time. But upon first meeting, he thought he was only talking with an old homeless tramp. Clumsily, he humiliated him. It was only after people told him the truth that he realized his stupid mistake.

‘Oh my god! That was Tilopa,’ he turned to rush after him, but it was too late. Tilopa already disappeared.

From that moment, it took Naropa another ten years to find Tilopa and persuade him to be his teacher. And one thousand years later in the year 1990, a new reincarnation of Tilopa was confirmed personally by the 14th Dalai Lama in Dharamsala, India.”

I was really captivated by that.

“I can see you're really captivated by that. Everyone knows that if one has reincarnated, the other one has to be around here very soon. That's because we are typically surrounded by people in this life who were most significant to us in our previous lives. So, if the great Tilopa is embodied again in our time, it would not be strange or far off to conceive that his most important student would be living again as well,” Guru Jara explained to me yesterday during our never ending expedition.

“But after the problems with Tilopa, people more or less forgot about Naropa's possible existence.”

“What problems?”

“Well, Tilopa fell in love.”

“Is that a problem? It's quite natural, no?”

“No, not for the preeminent abbot of multiple monasteries, for whom it's



necessary to be celibate. When Tilopa's Tibetan love became pregnant, they got married, despite all the pressures from their families and society. They ran off to America, and now they live in Colorado where Tilopa earns a living as a customer service rep in retail, or as a personal assistant or maybe a hamburger flipper at a fast food joint. Really, he'll take any job he can get because unfortunately, the education of a Tibetan abbot isn't valuable in the job market."

*So he preferred a life of freedom in the modern world to your jibber jabber about spiritual liberation. That I totally understand,* I resolve secretly before his movement stirs me back to the present.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm gonna go catch a thermal."

"What?"

"Some of Lama's friends from Punjab came in Jeeps and brought parachutes for paragliding. We're going to go fly for awhile."

*What a great idea,* I eagerly jump up from the cool ground.

"No, no Kelly. You're staying right here. Only I am going."

"And how come I don't get to go?" I ask, slightly confused.

"Because you're going to receive a very important lesson from Lama. So pay attention."

"What kind of lesson?"

"He's gonna beat the crap out of you."

That really does it. One glance at the senior citizen standing next to me and I'm set off with wild laughter. After my bouncing belly finally subsides, and I wave at the teeny tiny lama.

"Old man, have you seen yourself in the mirror lately?"

"Noo."

"Well, you should take a good look before you open your big mouth next time. You might not always be dealing with such a kind-hearted guy as myself."

Exactly one second later, I am flying through the air. I land on my back in the middle of the dusty road, and I catch a glimpse of Guru Jara walking away just in time to see him give me a thumbs up. I am infuriated. Can you imagine, a grown man getting whooped by someone eighty pounds lighter and half a foot shorter?

I spring up, and with an aggressive sparkle in my eyes I leap on the lama. I go in for a punch at full speed, right in the face.

*Good punch*, flashes through my mind as my fist cocks back. But when I follow through, the lama is gone.

“That was pathetic,” the lama retorts from behind me while literally kicking my ass, and again I fly through the air. I must have looked like Charlie Chaplin. It was something straight out of a silent film.

*Good thing there's not a drunk crowd watching this.*

I pick myself up, and enraged, I return to an offensive strategy.

Lama looks very peaceful just standing there. Nearly glowing and completely relaxed, he watches as the belligerent bull before him revs up for another go. I know this time he's a goner, even if he's not afraid. Because I have now tamed my anger and aggression, and I am honing my powers and technical prowess to tear him apart.

Well, I don't know when and I don't know how, but even as I watched his every move, he somehow steps aside, and I tumble down the hill behind him. I raise my arm to grab hold of his leg to stop myself from rolling, but he is far beyond my reach. So I roll, and then after a few feet, I fly. And then I roll some more. I finally halt only after reaching a flat spot of earth and a boulder with a sign nailed to it: 'Om Mani Padme Hum\*'.

Before I can fully appreciate this little sign's message, Lama is sitting on my belly. “So that's enough,” Lama laughs, shaking his palms of the dust.

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\* Om Mani Padme Hum: The most well-known mantra and principle in Tibetan Buddhism. It translates as 'praise to the jewel in the lotus flower'. It may also hold the general meaning of 'may all beings be enlightened'. This mantra is also known as 'the sound of Truth'.

“Fighting is a meditation just like any other human activity. It's enough to realize this and you will become immortal.”

“Great advice, but I can't breathe. You're sitting on my lungs.”

“Meditation is the full integration of mind and object. Try taking your mind, your breath and me sitting on your body as one meditation object.”

“I can't! You're suffocating me!” I feel completely powerless. This old kook suddenly weighs more than a motorcycle.

“Wah, I can't. You're blocking me. He's blocking me. She's blocking me. Everything is blocking me,” the lama heckles me. “My enemy blocked me like this or like that. That crap is all just an excuse, young man. If you attain the full meditation...” this grandpa stares down at me with a face full of doubt, then continues, “... which for you might never happen, you will realize that enemies are only an illusion. And you will forget all about them. Then you'll be liberated from everything you've ever been blocked by, including the word 'block' itself.”

Lama finally gets off me and I catch my breath, just in time. I nearly fainted there.

“And you will discover that your real enemy, the only one to ever block you, is simply *you*. I mean the part of you that Guru Anahdan calls ‘the pre-programmed behavior of the self-censor’. You have to study him, fight him and defeat him, or your life will remain as insignificant as an insect's. But if you succeed in defeating him, you will return home to the star of full consciousness.”

“What is that, exactly?” I roll my eyes at this nut job.

“It's as if you have finally awoken from a strange dream.”

“Yep, I see where this is going. So are we going to talk or are we going to finish fighting old man?”

And careful not to overshoot this time, I inch closer to him. I am definitely unwilling to accept losing to an elderly munchkin. Lama can't believe his eyes. He shakes his head in disgust at his re-instigating opponent. I wait for

his move first this time. I don't want to make the same mistake as last time, so I force myself to stop blinking, ensuring I don't miss a single move.

*Just your typical old dude*, I reassure myself. *He's checking me out. He's saying to himself, 'Mm-hm, that's a pretty buff guy over there. I shouldn't have started with him.'*

A minute creeps by, which in a fight feels like eternity.

"So..." I holler, "what are you waiting for? It's your turn!"

He reaches out and softly touches me with the tip of his index finger, and for the first time in my life I experience magic. I launch back about fifteen feet to where our fight first began. I attempt logically explain to myself what happened.

*He must have somehow round housed me!*

Needless to say I am sufficiently shocked and impressed. I stare up at him stupidly, still sprawled along the ground. I don't think I can budge, so I say only, stunned,

"How did you do that?"

"Well, I have a secret penis that gives me magic power," then he waves, signaling me to follow.

I watch as he rolls back a broad stone, unearthing a small passage in the ground, which he then wriggles into.

*There's no way I'm getting into that hole. Even this pint-sized lama had problems crawling into it. I'm not going down there. Besides, I don't want to see this pruned old perv's penis, anyhow.*

After about five minutes, his head reappears through the hole at my feet.

"Come."

"I can't. I'm too big," I explain.

"Where your head fits, your whole body can fit. Trust me. Your self-censor is blocking you again, right?"

I'm crawling terribly slowly. This shit is incredibly tedious. I already got stuck twice. My arms are stretched out overhead and I'm squirming like a snake through this pinching narrow underground tunnel.

And again, I'm stuck. I can't move forward, and I can't move backward for that matter.

"Turn your body slowly so the yoni of the earth will accept you."

"Fuck. How should I fucking turn myself when I have nothing to push against?"

"Do it the same way you turn your penis inside of a woman when making love."

I have no choice but to listen to this guy. It helps to be honest, but I've regretted getting talked into this amateur spelunking expedition from the first moment I got stuck.

"Don't worry. About sixty more feet to go and there is plenty of space up here."

"Huh?"

Encouraged, I muster my last powers of motivation and manage to slink those sixty feet. When I finally arrive, I seriously consider strangling him. By 'plenty of space' he meant that the tunnel widened only a matter of mere inches, allowing us both to change to a seated position, but essentially only by cuddling, squashed up together.

Then Lama has the nerve to instruct me, "And now you will meditate, or you won't go any further."

Meditating is the last thing I want to do.

"I'm going back," I decide, and I start to crawl the tedious length from which I just came.

After dragging myself about half way back, Lama calls from behind me, "At the other side of the tunnel, there's an exit where you don't have to crawl at all!"

This little bastard. If I didn't know what a master he was at combat, I would crawl my way back there just to slap the crap out of him. So, I clench my jaw and begin to grind my way back to him.

I come to the first critically tight space I encountered once before. I can't squeeze through it to save my life. Somehow, it feels tighter this time. I am undeniably stuck and I am beginning to swell and turn bright red. I can feel the blood rushing from my constricted limbs. I struggle to grasp for leverage using my left toes, but my foot slides away in the mud in vain.

*Oh God, I'm fucked! Help!*

My body, overwhelmed by claustrophobic panic and under the unyielding pressure of the sub-terrain is seriously ballooning now. Why did I decide to go back?

Lama's voice returns, "Make the hip movements very slowly, like you're really having sex."

I'm moving my hips, but I'm not going anywhere. I'm unwilling to accept another loss. If I can get through this, I will be one step closer to getting out of this mess and back on my feet above ground.

"Even slower! Put your side body into it too, like you're stirring eggs in a frying pan."

Once more, I employ the hip gyrations Lama showed me. And what do you know? They really work. The asphyxiating pressure instantly begins to release with these first undulations. My sexy time moves finally set me free from the earth's love grip. Another twenty-five meters of squirming backwards leaves me swearing and huffing as I traverse this narrow channel deeper and deeper into the ground.

*And what am I supposed to do when I am back in that sitting place, all cozied up with Lama? My mind races to what lies ahead. Make another desperate dash for the exit?*

"Ok, so where is this second exit?" I ask.

“In meditation.”

“Oh my God. Ok, whatever man.” I surrender to my only way out.

“Imagine that we are twins, and the red light reflecting here inside the earth is actually the flesh of a uterus encompassing us. There is only one way out: through the light.” Then he falls silent.

I don’t know what the heck he wants from me. So when he asks, “Do you see yourself in the red light?” I answer,

“A little bit.”

“A little bit? What, you can't visualize this rock as your mother's red and shining uterus?”

I close my eyes and try to imagine this sick scene, but he butts in.

“What are you doing? You can’t close your eyes. We don’t need imagination. We need vision.”

I have no idea what the difference between imagination and vision is, but ok. I open my eyes and try to see myself sitting inside of a red, illuminated uterus. I think I get it now. If I'm imagining, then I am a mentally-competent sane person so to speak. But if I'm having a vision, then I'm kind of like a sociopath with schizophrenia. So I reflect on antisocial personalities and red light, and all of a sudden I can see it...

I shut my eyes, then reopen them. The light doesn’t disappear.

*Fuck! This is not my imagination. This is definitely a vision.*

I am now terrified for my sanity. I try to stay calm.

*I bet grandpa put something in my welcome tea, probably some cosmic mushroom powder or something. I have to be tripping. Oh God, what a relief!*

Then I share with him what I see.

“The light is not red anymore. It’s blue.”

“Rookie, forget the blue light. The blue light doesn’t concern you. You are the red light.”

“Ok, so I’m the red light. I'm not the blue light. Then who is the blue

light?”

“The blue light is for other beings ok, lamas and their astral protectors.”

“Whatever.”

Truth is, I’m happy to see something through this blue light. The total darkness was starting to wear on me. I can distinguish some of the features in Lama’s face now and I’m starting to relax and enjoy this crazy trip beneath the ground.

After a while, I ask, “We are squeezed in here like sardines. There’s not really space for any other beings. Seems impossible.”

“It’s none of your business, rookie. These beings are not concerned with us and our experience here inside the cave. You are only seeing the shadows of their bodies which are precipitating into our world from their world.”

“Ha! Blue beings from the blue world! Great mushrooms,” I kid, assuming that we are both sky high at this point.

I get a whack across the face. “Shut up and make red, or I will leave you here forever,” he sternly instructs.

So I get to focusing. The blue diminishes, and again I can’t see shit.

“What do you see?”

“Nothing! Darkness.”

“What darkness? How is the darkness? Describe what you see.”

“The blackest darkness you can imagine.”

“Black!” he sounds elated. “This is great! Now you just have to warm it up.”

“Warm up the black?”

“Yes, through the Tantric connection. You will now imagine someone is inserting a long penis into this black vagina, moving in and pulling out, over and over, fast enough to arouse the vagina. And this energy of arousal and friction will begin to warm this black vagina.”

“I don’t want to imagine someone’s dick flying in over my head. That’s



weird.”

“Ok, so imagine it’s your penis, unless you have a problem with getting a little Greek and penetrating your mother like Oedipus.”

Right. So I imagine a neutral penis, entering in on *his* side of the cave, filling up our tunnel like it was a vagina. And just after a short while, through the black, I begin to see beams of red dancing.

“How does it look?”

“Like an overheated stove! Like lava,” I reply with a little more pep.

“Good.” Lama is obviously satisfied with this.

Again I blink my eyes to test my vision, but the image of the red cave remains.

“Lama tell me, what you put in my tea?”

“Milk.”

“And?”

“A little bit of salt.”

“And?”

“And nothing,” he casually dismisses my skepticism over what vehicle is driving this ride.

I am avoiding the possibility of sobriety of all costs because that would mean I’m desperately in need of a psych evaluation.

“Oh my god.”

Suddenly, I can make out a piercing white light that is brilliantly illuminating the red space of the earth. Lama now holds a disposable lighter, and after staring into pitch black for all this time, the tiny flame leaves me totally blinded. This intensely blazing fire remains burned into my retina even after he slips his finger from the push-button.

“Alright. You have just visually repeated the moment of your birth.”

“Whatever,” I let out a deep sigh. “So now you’ll take me to that wider exit?”

## CHAPTER 9

“Yes, but first we have to experience the second major breakthrough of your human life. This is the moment when the desire in a young person grows to light the red cave with white light again. This is the overwhelming urge to reconnect what can never be reconnected, to possess the moment of creation again on a higher level.

“Ahem...Do you mean losing your virginity?”

“You got it, rookie. Now we move to the topic of sex. I want you to imagine a blue lotus flower between the legs of your first sexual partner. If this image is difficult for you, try a white one instead.”

“I can’t see it.”

“It’s ok. Take your time. Meanwhile, I will recite from the third initiation of Yeshe Cchogyal in the year 1000, performed by her Tantric guru, Padmasambhava. ‘Padma’ means ‘lotus’ just so you know. This reading will help you to more easily recall the pussy of your first lover.”

Then Lama begins to recite monotonously:

*“Ram ham. Ram ham.*

I repeat the mantra, as my guru has instructed, and in so doing I transform my body into a burning flame.

*Ram ham. Ram ham.*

Now with three fingers, I awaken the pollen of my lotus. And at the moment when the yoni awakens, I offer it through a seductive belly dance as a mandala to my guru’s penis.

*Ram ham. Ram ham.*

After the dorje is inserted into the mandala through the full connection of our bodies, it links our microcosms with the distant macrocosms of Heruka. Through our sexual connection, the hook from my guru’s penis ignites into the flaming penis of Heruka.

*Ram ham. Ram ham.*

The connection with the Absolute is now fulfilled. Heruka firmly grasps my vagina and shakes my lotus, sending vibrations all the way through the body of my guru, so passionately and with such strength that I remain totally surrendered.

*Ram ham. Ram ham.*

Our connection has melted into complete beauty and perfection, pure crystalline ecstasy. Fire and light are abounding, and my pussy, my mandala, my lotus, is shining from the sun in the distant cosmos, so it may manifest it's power and glory through my body, my microcosm..."

"Wait, wait. Slow down. I'm not getting it!"

"I'm not reciting it for you. This is for your first lover."

*Oh, the shrink I'm gonna have to see will just love that part.*

"But, I can't picture the blue lotus flower."

"I told you to try a white one."

"I can't see white either."

Lama is uncharacteristically silent for a moment.

"She was also a virgin?"

"Who?"

He huffs, "C'mon rookie, your first lover."

"I dunno. She said she was."

"She said she was...what a rookie. Ok, so forget the lotus. Imagine instead that in between her legs sits a red rose. She said she was..." he mumbles under his breath, shaking his head.

*"Ram ham. Ram ham.*

I repeat the mantra, as my guru has instructed, and in so doing I transform my body into a burning flame.

*Ram ham. Ram ham.*

Now with three fingers, I awaken the pollen of my lotus. And at the

moment when the yoni...”

“I got it! I can see all her parts down there now like a red rose.”

“Finally. Good. Now, imagine your penis as the stem of that rose.”

“The stem?” I tilt my head like a confused puppy. “I’ll try.”

After several minutes of focusing, I can make out this comical image of my cock as the stem of a rose with thorns and everything. I burst into laughter at the sight of my thorny phallus. The laughter ceases, and I fall into a deep silence. All I see is my breath and a sparkle of water trickling inside the cavern.

Lama asks “How many thorns are on your stem?”

I already know the precise number. I was counting them while staring at the hilarious caricature.

“Three.”

“What a rookie! Virgin...ha! This girl had already three TPT!”

“What does TPT mean?”

“It stands for Tantric parasitic thorns.”

“What the heck is that?”

“It means that before you, she already had been with three sexual partners.”

“Three?”

*You ox.*

“She told me she was also a virgin, too.”

I remembered thinking it was too easy to get inside her. Though I will admit at the time, I chalked it up to having good game. But three guys blasting through her tunnel before me makes a whole lot more sense.

“Alright, so she was a lying bitch. So what?” I turn to Lama.

“So now, you must visualize that you are sitting right in the middle of that stem with the three thorns.”

“You mean like in the middle of my own cock?”

“And where else would I mean?” Lama is getting annoyed. “Concentrate.

You see green everywhere, but just above your head is the red rose blossom, her yoni, the same blossom we started with, ok?”

Deep silence returns, and again I visualize the surreal, thorny phallus topped by the pussy blossom of my first lover. It's much easier than I expect.

“I got it!” I exclaim proudly.

“Keep your pants on buddy,” Lama cuts me down. “Ok, now we will add all of your partners roses onto this green stem, one at a time. But for now, just keep the rose of your first lover there over your head. You still got it?”

“Yep.”

“Good. So let's start from the beginning. You are in the red cave of your mother's uterus, and you are illuminated by the white light of your father.”

Lama gives another quick flash of the lighter, and I'm transported back to the original vision.

“Then, during the first time you make love, the red color of your conception travels above your head to become the red rose of your first lover. And here,” Lama gestures to my torso, “instead of the red will now be green, the color of the leaves and stem of this rose. Do you have the green?”

“No.”

Silence.

“Now do you see the green, yet?”

“Yeah, but I lost the red...”

“My god, rookie. Start over from the beginning.”

A minute passes and he asks again.

“What about now? Do you see green? And also the red flower?”

“Yeah, I had it there for a second.”

“Amateur. What am I going to do with you? You know what, we'll try it. Worst case scenario, we'll burn your ass a little.”

“We'll try *what* now? *Who* is burning my ass?”

“Shut up and listen. King Zahoru placed eight-year-old Padmasambhava

into the fireplace. And when the fire finally burnt out, they found him sitting on a lotus flower with eight Tantric women tending to him. The fire of Zahoru is the best purification technique for removing the thorns you got from intercourse. But if you're not truly ready to cleanse them, something could happen to you..."

*Dude, listen. In my country, we don't believe in that woo-woo crap. Maybe here, people are actually afraid of that junk.*

But I know I'm better off keeping that to myself because this is the only guy that can get me out of here. Or at least I hope he can.

"Do you think I have more than these three thorns?"

"We will see. So far, we have only looked at your first chakra partner. Let's add the second."

"I don't remember her..."

"Don't talk and just focus," Lama interrupts.

"Now close your eyes. I want you to think back and find the worst lover you ever had. Imagine that you are both inside your green penis here thrusting into her red rose, right here above our heads."

"Dude, you want me to imagine I'm doing her with my head?"

Lama smacks me in the balls. Now I see all kinds of light and colors.

"Behave yourself. And call me sir Lama. That's all I want to hear coming out of your mouth. I don't know what kind of agreement you have going with Guru Jara, but with me, rookies are humble and do as I say. Clear?"

"Clear," I grimace, recovering from the stabbing pain in my testicles.

Lama continues, "Naropa taught us that Nine gates connect the body with the material world, but there is only one that leads to Mahamudra. I'm working on locking these nine gates which lead to the material illusion of Samsara\*. I will then open the one that leads to the stars so you may enter the

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\* Samsara: In Sanskrit means 'to wander on' and refers to the unending cycle of birth, life, death and reincarnation in a body which inevitably experiences pain, attachment and loss.

fire of Zahoru. So please, decide now who was the worst of all your lovers.”

“What do you mean the worst? Like the least experienced?”

“No, not really. More like the most revolting, measured by your own feelings of disgust. Find the one who most gives you the creeps just thinking about being with her.”

“Ooh, you should have said that from the beginning.”

I immediately focus on Fiona. What a terrible woman. I hated her. But she wasn't like, ugly or anything. She was just always lingering around my group of friends. Until finally one day, we hooked up. But the sex was so strong, so animalistic, that any chance I got to fuck her again, I did. Even though, I couldn't help being a total dick to her. I used to kick her out right after I came. After I picture Fiona's pussy hovering over my head in the shape of a rose, I report back to Lama.

“Ok, I got it. She's there,” my voice still humbled, my balls still stinging.

“Great! Now I want you to remember the first time you had sex with her, in as much pornographic detail as possible. And the entire time you are picturing it, I want you to stay inside your green penis and repeatedly insert it into her red rose. Got it? You can press your move your head and slightly press it against the cave while penetrating her, and release the pressure while pulling out. It will make the visualization much easier for you.”

It's tricky, but it works.

“How many thorns are there on your stem?” he asks.

I quickly realize that the stem of Fiona's rose is blanketed in thorns! I am terrified by the sight of my cock, overloaded with these TPTs.

“Oh plenty...”

“That's not good enough! Count.”

Obviously I wasn't the only guy who enjoyed packing their junk in Fiona because on my stem, I counted fifty-six TPTs.

“Fifty-six,” I tell him. “Woo, she was a wild one! You think she had that

many lovers before me?”

“No, only fifty-three. The other three came from the woman who initiated the blossoming from the red bud of the uterus, remember?”

“Uh, you mean the one I lost my virginity to?”

“Sharp guy, this rookie.”

He’s really laying the insults on thick now. Next, he instructs me to recall five more ex-lovers, using the same process I used for Fiona, only with a different, unique memory of each. For example, he asks me for the lover whom I had the strangest break-up with, then the lover who had the most beautiful body, then the smelliest lover, then the lover with the most beautiful voice, and lastly, the lover who was the most challenging to hang out with. After envisioning each of these seven former lovers, my phallic stem was home to more than a hundred parasitical thorns.

“I can see you’re always choosing easy prey,” Lama remarks.

“What is that supposed to mean?”

“I bet none of your lovers required an evocative Tantric ritual before intercourse.”

“What kind of ritual?”

“I mean a long courtship.”

“Come on. I’m obviously not going to date someone for two months just to see if she’ll offer me what another woman will on the first date.” I explain to the old monk how dating works in the modern world. “So you’re telling me these invisible thorns on my penis are connected to the guys my lovers slept with before me?”

“Yes.”

“But my penis is fine. No thorns, no hard feelings.”

“That’s probably true. You haven’t had sex for awhile, right?”

My mind drifts back to that girl from Israel I got with, the one I was traveling with through Ladakh before I met Guru Jara, and I realize that this is



my longest period of celibacy ever, a personal record. I nod.

“They're not active right now because you haven't had sex for a while. When thorns become active, they pierce into your emotions and bleed, just like your finger will bleed if you prick it with a pin. Then this red, blood-like energy flows down to into your pelvis where it is caught and stored between the base of your penis and your anus.”

“So you're saying that my exes are stored in my taint?”

“Well, not all of them. As the energy and karmic pressure build there, the bottom of your genitals will open like a basket, and the thorns will fall down into the sub-chakras\* of your legs. This can make your life very messy and complicated. Or if you become a Tantric, especially if you are initiated into the wisdom of Tantra unhooking, then your capacity to store even more thorns expands, and the basket widens all the way up to the Gate of Life point on the lower back.

“The Gate of Life...that sounds pretty cool.”

“It's an acupuncture point on your lumbar spine. It's also called GV4, but Guru Jara will teach you all about that when the time comes.”

“But Lama, what about all the others? I've had sex with way more than seven women.”

“We're not interested in those thorns right now, Kelly. First I have to clean the thorns from your seven primary seven lovers, one for each chakra. Right now, these thorns are piercing your vitality right at the source and sucking your most valuable life moments from you. This cleansing will stop the energy leakage, but you'll need to remain pure for forty days without adding any new thorns in order for it to work. That means no sex. Once you are purified, you will not only be allowed to enter the sacred cave here before us, but you will also meet very divine beings, like Padmasambhava, Naropa, and

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\* Sub-chakras: Chakras, or 'wheels' in Sanskrit that are found in the lower body. Whereas chakras are found along the spine and central nervous system, sub-chakras are found from the hips to the feet and collect the karmic dust of our sexual connections through the hooks

Yeshe Cchogyal."

*Naropa! I better play along so I can get inside and get more information to relay back to Uncle Bank.*

"So the thorns came from the men my exes slept with, and these men are sucking me dry?"

"Why do you think it was so easy for an old man like me to beat you up? And why is it, that in spite of your many talents you give people the impression of being a lazy-ass and a total rookie, a nobody never having accomplished anything interesting or special at all in your life?"

"Excuse me? I'm not some loser."

"If you're not a loser, then I don't even want to see the poor souls they call losers in your country. Before you even reached a moment of maturity, before you even had the possibility to live your greatest life, you already had so many parasitical thorns that your capacity to do accomplish something truly meaningful had drained to these other men. But don't worry. It's not your fault." Lama soothes me, which I find suspicious from the guy who's been beating me up all day.

He continues, "The sexual partners of your ex-lovers have been robbing you blind this whole time. They are hijacking your most precious gifts and good karma anytime they get the chance. The closer you get to something you really want in life, the more your efforts grow and build towards that goal, fueling it with your energy, natural talents and sense of higher purpose. And these parasitical thorns are so hungry, that they are waiting for this very moment when your destiny is activated and your energy and focus are growing stronger than ever. And right then, the thorns jump in and steal your hard-earned work for the other men who also penetrated the women of your past. That's why, if a women is full of thorns it's better not to get involved. You don't want to be a slave to all those other men and continuously experience the disappointment of getting so close to your dreams, but always failing in the

end."

"Why are these vampires doing this?" I feel powerless all of a sudden, like I just took another hit from Lama.

"Why do you think? So they can use the energy for their own success of course. But enough talking. It's time for action."

"Wait a minute! Exactly how does this work? Is it like the same principle as HIV or something?"

"Rookie, I'm not going to explain it right now. Let's just say you have energetic leaks to these other men. Their thorns are piercing your channels of vitality which should be flowing within you and feeding your body, your power and your ability to make great things happen. Because of this, your destiny can't manifest the way it should. The best parts of you are being used up by these men for their own victories."

The thought of these bastards who slept with my girls before me stealing my hard-earned merit so they can reach all their goals makes me sick to my stomach.

"How do I get rid of them? How can I stop them from doing this?"

"Most men buy protection by putting their hooks into as many women as possible. This helps them bring in enough energy from outside sources to help cover the expenses of their thorns. Men especially feel an uplifting surge of power when they begin having sex with a new partner. This is because the new thorns haven't moved down from their stem yet."

"Stem...you mean penis, right?"

"Yep, and as long as they're still on your penis, they're not sucking energy from you, but from the universe."

"From the universe?"

"Yes, like a dorje\*. Stop interrupting me. When the inevitable moment

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\* Dorje: A symbol representing 'the thunderbolt of enlightenment' and tool used in Tibetan Buddhist ritual for spiritual power

comes where you experience emotional pain with your new partner, these new thorns will turn red with astral blood and travel down from the penis to the basket of the pelvis. And this is when you start to be drained by those thorns from her previous partners. From this fated moment on, men will feel dissatisfied in the relationship, disappointed and empty inside, and they will start to look for an energetic savior in a new sexual partner.”

“So I can’t get rid of them?”

“You can, but its not easy. And anyway, it’s a secret. By removing these thorns, people can avoid karmic law, and instead of reaping what they sow, they can live much better lives than the ones they have created through their choices.”

“Ooh, how do I do that?”

Lama touches me on the chest, “A Tantric sexual partner can remove the thorns of the weaker men using her tongue.”

“You mean, by licking..down there?”

He nods, “From your tailbone to your scrotum, the whole way. And if you have a lot of thorns, she can get more by licking your feet and behind your knees as well.”

I hesitate to say it, but I sputter, “We don’t have those kind of massage parlors in my country.”

“Rookie, it has to be sexual partner. It can't be a masseuse.”

“Nothing is more common than girls who love to lick your feet, eh?” I say, eyes widening. “Is there no other way to get rid of the thorns?”

“There is. Your lover can also remove the weaker guys from your anus, by pinching with her nails like she is removing invisible splinters. And some of the guys, she can even massage out of your feet.”

“Ok, but what about the stronger guys?”

“Unfortunately, with the men who are stronger inside than you, there's nothing you can do. Until the end of your days, you will be their slave to some

degree of another. It's more common than you think. Why do you think some men are so crazy jealous in relationships? It's an instinctive reaction to try and secure their chosen partner, because their body knows that someone stronger could come along and take them away. A man humiliated by an adulterous wife is made an everlasting slave through the thorns of her secret lover. That's why it's so important to choose your partners wisely.”

“What they teach us in school about STDs- how you're not only sleeping with that one person, but also everyone they slept with, so that also applies in a spiritual sense.”

“Yes, and it means that the people you choose as sex partners affect your ability to accomplish what you desire in life, and to have the support of positive emotions and thoughts to do it, all depending on who they've slept with.”

“But Guru Jara says everything has an antidote?”

“And what do you think we’re doing here, rookie? Go back into your red uterus. Come back to the white flashing light of your father’s sperm. And again, change that uterus into a green penis, and imagine you’re sitting inside of it. Then, make love to the red rose of your first lover with that green stem. And when you've done that, let her red rose remain there above your head, and exchange it for your next chakra partner, continuing through the remaining six we already talked about. When you're done, give me a nudge and I will purify you by the fire of Zahoru. Then your destiny will once again be free to progress as it should have always been, and we will finally be ready to liberate ourselves from this cramped cavity. Only with healthy and flowing karma can I let you go any further into the sacred cave.”

I also am ready to get the hell out of this tunnel and go somewhere where I can stretch and breathe again. Plus, the thought of burning off these thorns and getting my power back is seriously tempting I must say, even if I don’t totally understand how it works yet. So I start over with the visualizations I know very well by now.

Everything goes pretty smoothly this time. So after a few minutes, from inside my green thorny phallus, I tap Lama's leg, giving him the signal.

“Durga shakabhari...” Lama mumbles something. I can only make out the parts he is repeating over and over. “Om sambhara sambhara bimana sara maha java hung, Om smara smara bimana skara maha java hung.”

Then he applies pressure to my chest, and I feel a touch of heat. He even presses down on my head a little, and then suddenly, he's gone! I only see his feet vanishing into a hole that leads to the next part of the cave. Then I see the fire, and my ass cheeks feel like they're ignited. I try to do something, but I can't move.

*He paralyzed me! Right before he disappeared, he touched my temples! He's a trained killer! I knew it!*

I try to scream, but no sounds are coming.

*I am going to burn alive in here!*

In my mind, I have accepted my fate. Part of me even thinks this is better than suffering hours, trapped and suffocated in that rocky tunnel somewhere between China, India and Pakistan, which is bound to happen on the crawl out. I feel so overwhelmed with heat, but strangely, I am fearless. I can see his face in my mind, and I tell him,

*Lama, I'm going to burn in here.*

*'Your life is ending. It's only your karma. Concentrate on the green stem and the red rose, and everything will be as it should,'* he says to me in my vision.

Once the fire permeates inside my clothing, the image of Lama's face dissolves. I can no longer bear the stinging of my butt and lower back. The smell of burnt skin only intensifies the agony of the blazing sensations which are happening inside my body now, as well.

The flames soon spread, engulfing my feet. I begin to drift as I watch myself from above. It looks as if I am perched inside a green cave atop a red

hot glowing stove. Then I black out. Or maybe not, because I can still see tiny blue flames at the tip of the fire and how they are absorbing the green color that emanates from the smoky red embers.

*Am I blue, now?*

This question is the last thing I remember.

## CHAPTER 10

It feels like forever and a day has passed, but I can't seem to remember a single thing, just a vague dream of a fire that unexpectedly burnt out. I do remember what came after that, though.

Lama guided me into the big cave, which wasn't dark at all. There hung life-sized paintings of eight distinctive women, resembling the yogis splashed over the canvases of the monasteries in Ladakh. Or at least, so it appeared. As soon as we entered the spacious jade-colored den, each broad frame became a doorway through which an unbelievably hot goddess emerged to welcome her arriving lover.

There are eight stunning beauties, each running to greet Lama. They practically tackle him down to the ground and start undressing him right there, beginning with his shoes. It's quite a show. He has to exert the lot of his power to do it, but finally he manages to tame the wild girls. He rises and walks over to a large trunk full of all kinds of old crap. From the contents, he extracts a dagger. I can see that this dagger has an unusual shape to both the handle and the blade.

He marches over to me and says, "This is Vajra Kila, my second penis. In Tibetan, I call it Dorje Phurbu. As long as I have this, I can whoop you in a

fight anytime I want, even if I'm a hundred years old."

*Good for you, Mr. Holy.*

I could care less now that I'm soaking up all this open space. I give my limbs a good stretch. Meanwhile, Lama takes his second penis, Dorje Phurbu, and touches it to his forehead, praying.

As if sensing my skepticism, he adds, "It is only thanks to this that my anatomical penis is connected through a hook with the penis of Heruka. Anytime I make love, I become his physical manifestation."

"So what?" I say unimpressed, and right then he gives me another swift kick to the balls. Not as hard this time, but hard enough to take me down in a jiffy. As I lay on the floor squirming, the eight voluptuous nudes prance around my crumpled body. I notice each of them shines a different color. There is white, black, yellow, green...the whole rainbow is here! Yellow is my favorite. Her hair gleams like sunshine.

"Do you see all this beauty, rookie?" Lama gestures to the colorful yoginis.

Grimacing, I nod.

"I am graced with this radiant beauty only thanks to this connection with Heruka."

"Lucky you," I howl, still tender.

While placing Dorje Phurbu back on his forehead, he says, "To be the materialization of Heruka, who in Tibet we call Thagthung Thowo, means to be a reflection of the great Samantha Bhadra, who we know in Hinduism as angry Shiva from Ujjain. This angry Shiva from Ujjain is worshiped by a line of gurus including Guru Anahdan and his sadhakas\*, which includes Guru Jara and his sadhakas, which might *someday* include you. Well, if you don't fuck up your chances. So behave yourself and be humble."

He glances my way and inserts his two fingers into the yoni of the green-

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\* Sadhaka: A Tantric student, already accepted by a prominent Tantric guru and completed first initiation



colored goddess. He smoothly retracts them, and with the sentiment of a wine taster, he whiffs and turns to me.

"No, it won't be you. It'd be an offense to the whole region of Ujjain."

Then he coolly flips the yellow lover onto her belly and begins to penetrate her from behind. The other women instantly swarm the conjoined couple, kissing, embracing and petting them with fourteen hands.

While surveying all the girl-on-girl action, the pain in my testicles dissipates as if by magic. I sit up, and in the most humble voice possible I ask, "What should I do with my erection, Lama?"

But the rage is already bubbling over inside. Silently, I attempt to count to ten. But instead of these psychological tactics helping to calm me down, it's something like a rocket ship counting down to lift off.

10...9...8...the feelings escalate beyond my control, and I completely lose it shouting throughout the hollow cave, "What the fuck is up with this Lama? He assaults me, then he holds me captive underground and screws these eight horny prick teasers right in front of my face!"

Lama peacefully pulls out his penis from the yellow yogini's vagina and lovingly spansks her on the bottom. Shaking his head with a look of detachment, he utters under his breath, "I don't understand where Guru Jara finds these amateurs. First that smelly whore and now this idiot."

I point at all the sweaty naked girls lying around.

"I thought you had nothing against whores."

"You know, it wasn't about her sexual habits. It was her breath, her teeth, her aura, her feet...they stunk of the lowest human vibration. Even if she washed herself a hundred times a day, she'll always remain stale waste. She's an astral whore. To this day, I can't understand why Guru Jara brought her to the monastery in Losar. I kicked her out immediately, and I was still getting rid of her energetic filth for six months after that. And now he brings me a self-obsessed asshole who can't even grasp the fundamentals of Tantra. Can you

explain to me exactly where Guru Jara found you?”

“Hey, you don’t have to insult me.”

“No, I’m not insulting you. I’m genuinely curious in what situation you two were put together.”

“Well, he was shitting,” I tell him honestly. “I brought him some toilet paper.”

“Ah ok, so this explains everything,” Lama chuckles.

Soon the cave falls silent. All the girls are either eating or napping after the challenging romp.

Lama leans in, whispering, “Don’t be ashamed, rookie. For a little shit, you’re not doing so bad.”

He gives me a wink. He giggles again and nudges the red lover awake. She rolls over and starts to blow him. She is like a sword swallower with no physical limits. Then she changes up her style, using her tongue very softly, like she's licking an ice cream.

I can’t stand it, so I try to distract myself by talking. “Please, can you explain to me again why you worship that spiritual vibrator thing?”

“Anytime I insert that tool into the sacred space of a woman, I transform myself into Hevajdra and become one with the whole universe.”

He takes his real penis back from the hands of his red lover, then walks over to the chest and presents another treasure from within it. With both hands, he touches it with a sacred reverence to his forehead.

“I know this object. It’s a vajra thunder stick!” I exclaim.

“Yes, in Tibetan it’s called a dorje.” I watch as he covers it with something, that reminds me of a really thick condom. Then he inserts it into the tunnel of the black lover, and with several very skilled moves, he brings her to orgasm. He pulls off the condom and hands me the dorje.

“Your second penis.” While I am inspecting it, he clarifies, “You’ll only be holding it for a little while. You can try out what it feels like to have a second

penis.“

I'd better place the dorje, smelling of feminine secrets on my forehead, too. I am really trying to avoid any more kicks to the nuts at this point. I don't feel anything special.

“Attack me,” he encourages.

So I go for it. Lama moves to the right, and I follow. He makes a quick turn and attempts a kick. I leap out of reach, and when I go to make my move, I realize my feet are dangling in the air! The shock of seeing this releases me, and I topple to the ground. Instead of attacking me, Lama stands by watching.

“So now do you understand what having a second penis is good for?”

“I flew?” I gawk in disbelief.

He only nods, and prostrates to the ground three times in the direction of his altar. He then waves for me to follow him into the next room. The second cave is just tall enough to crouch and waddle, though some parts require crawling on all fours.

“Why didn't we come in from this direction?”

“You'll see now.” He turns to me, and with a scrunched up look on his face says, “No matter what happens, no matter what the situation, you must protect the dorje like it's your real penis. You cannot drop it under any circumstance. Is that clear? It's an extremely precious object. Do you understand?”

“I'm sure it is if I can fly with it! Where does this precious dorje come from?”

“It belongs to a secret magical order, called the Eight Alliance. A long time ago, Guru Padmasambhava gifted it to one of his Tantric partners, Yeshe Cchogyal. She would use it to perform her Tantric exercises, one of them you just saw here,” he clears his throat, and I recall the black lover who had climaxed through penetration with the dorje.

“Yeshe Cchogyal...that sounds familiar.”

“It better. I was reciting from her words earlier when you were picturing the rose you lost your virginity to. ‘Ram ham. Ram ham...we link our microcosms with the distant macrocosms of Heruka. Through the sexual connection of our bodies, the hook from my guru’s penis ignites into the flaming penis of Heruka’...remember?”

“Yes, I remember. So how did you get the dorje?”

“I’m just guarding it for now. It was first rediscovered by Guru Anahdan.”

“But isn’t he a sadhu?”

“Yes.”

“And Hindu?”

“Relax. Those are just labels, Kelly. Yeshe Cchogyal was the last one to meditate with it at a hermitage nearby the Tashiding monastery in Sikkim. Well, maybe meditating is not the exact word. You saw it a few minutes ago. There, Yeshe was cleaning the thorns of an old lover from her rose.”

“She knew how to get rid of the thorns?”

“Why yes. The initiated female Tantric knows how to remove them, and make herself a rose without thorns again. This way, all her partners are protected from energetic vampirism, and losing all their good karma to her lovers. And if an initiated Tantric unhooks a female, her rose becomes a blue lotus.”

“And how does she do it exactly?” I study the dorje in the dim light.

“The legend says that Yeshe Cchogyal had a bloody nose during this meditation, and that she offered her blood on the tip of the dorje, or the head of this penis,” Lama sparks his lighter and points out a spot on the dorje that looks like rust.

“But Tantrics know very well that this blood didn’t come from her nose. It came from a scratch inside of her vagina. She probably didn’t use the condom we normally put on it, and the metal must have scraped her. When she finished

her ritual, she wrapped the dorje, which then contained all the thorns she had removed, and along with some other treasures, she very carefully hid it under the stones of the hermitage.

Because her blossom was very often visited by the great Tantric and Tibetan king, Padmasambhava, the dorje became a very powerful treasure. She knew this, and hid it to prevent the dorje from being stolen by bandits who would often rob the mountain hermitages.” Seeing the look of surprise on my face, Lama says, “You know, the power of the vagina is not only defined by karma, but also by who penetrates it. This is why men have always been so crazy about women who have been unhooked and cleaned by a Tantric's penis.”

He continues, “Before she left, she marked the stone that hid the treasures with 'Om ah hung' written in the blood from either her nose or inside her blossom. Guru Jara said the words are still visible there, today.”

“Guru Jara?”

“Yes, you see, Lama Ciring Citar, who was also a great Tantric, found the ‘Terma’. And because he was the caretaker of five Himalayan villages dwelling at 12,000 feet elevation, he was forced to stay and guard the monastery, he decided to give the 'Terma' to Guru Anahdan, a Tantric teacher, healer and magician who was on his way to the sacred flames of Muktinath\*.”

“What is the ‘Terma’?”

“It's a very secret text written by Padmasambhava himself. It was either hidden by him or one of his Tantric partners for future generations to uncover. Of course, he was assuming students in the future would be more mature and ready for his teachings.”

“Uhuh...”

“By following the instructions written in the 'Terma', Guru Anahdan

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\* Muktinath: A sacred site in the Nepalese Himalayas for both Hindus and Buddhists, as it is home to an eternal flame which has been burning for over 2,000 years

along with Guru Jara and another sadhaka discovered the precious dorje belonging to Yeshe Cchogyal, and a priceless revision of the 'Tibetan Book of the Dead' written by Padmasambhava.”

*Sweet! I want to go on a treasure hunt...*

I’m daydreaming while Lama grapples over a challenging feature of the cave, which now begins to narrow. Once Lama successfully reaches the other side, he finishes the tale on all fours.

“It was a grueling search. They combed through several hermitages in Sikkim, but mostly stuck to the old monasteries of the Nigmapa school. They found nothing. It appeared as if they would have to continue their hunt into the neighboring Bhutan when they received information from the caretaker of the oldest monastery in Sikkim about a flying lama from Tashilumpo monastery.”

“He flew? Like I did?”

“Yes, only he flew for much longer with the help of the mantra ‘Om ah hung’ and his well-trained mind developed over years of meditation. Locals still speak of his flight across hilltops, even centuries later. When he heard the news, Guru Anahdan instantly recognized that the flying lama discovered the secret hiding place of Yeshe Cchogyal. And very soon, they too found the treasure. Even after hundreds of years, they spotted the sacred bloody mantra written on the stone just east of the flying lama’s monastery. All the precious objects still lay hiding there under the rocks, exactly as Lama Ciring Citar predicted.”

I grip my second penis, hoping to feel some of the magic I felt earlier.  
“And, how did the dorje get down here, underground?”

“It's immense spiritual power both attracts and frustrates people. Even since the times of Yeshe Cchogyal, the holder of the dorje was always in mortal danger. Actually, while in Sikkim Guru Anahdan and Guru Jara were the subjects of multiple lethal attacks.”

“How lethal are we talking?”

“The first attempt happened when the pick-up truck they discreetly left Sikkim in plummeted over a mountain ledge. All fifteen passengers died, but led by foresight, Guru Anahdan and Guru Jara asked to get out of the truck just several minutes before the crash. They decided to continue on by foot. Once the assassins realized this, they sent another jeep after them. When it finally reached them in a forgotten mountain village along the road, the three travelers were assaulted and the young sadhaka was stabbed five times. A crowd of alarmed villagers swarmed his body and the bloody knife that now lay beside, and ultimately disrupted the offenders and halted the attack. The wounded sadhaka gasped for air as blood gurgled from his lips and there, his breath ceased, forever.

‘He’s dead! He’s dead,’ someone in front cried out for the other villagers to hear. At that moment, Guru Anahdan pulled out the dorje of Yeshe Cchogyal and began stroking spiritual power from it. And while performing the third mudra using the dorje and his fingers, a spermy liquid began to exude from the blood mark of Yeshe Cchogyal. Guru Anahdan rubbed this sperm-like balm, this sacred salve, over the wounds of the sadhaka's body and brought him back to life. Witnessing a miracle, the villagers rejoiced and bowed to Guru Anahdan as if he was God. The news of this young man’s resurrection spread far and fast and attracted the unwanted attention of people longing for objects that could perform miracles and such feats as this. Finally, after several more attacks ensued, we all decided to hide the dorje here underground.”

“Who was trying to steal it?”

“The same power hungry souls who tried to kill Padmasambhava after several months of his intense concentration and Tantric practice in Maratika cave. There he brought the Tantric teaching to perfection with his partner, Mandava. Their Tantric connection uplifted them to Amitabha\*, the ruler of

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\* Amitabha: One of the Five Wisdom Buddhas, means 'Infinite Light'. Resides in the Eastern heavens

Paradise, and beyond toward the other adibuddhas and toward Samantha Bhadra, or Akshobhya\*. This spiritual transcendence created an impenetrable layer of protection for Padmasambhava which shielded him from all future murder attempts.”

“Was it the same protective power that Guru Anahdan used to save his wounded student?”

“Very similar.”

“I thought spiritual people were somehow, you know, more vegetarian than the average person.”

“That's only for beginners and intermediates. Initiated Tantrics, fully enlightened yogis, devotees kissed by god, avatars and the holders of magical objects have been the targets of deadly attacks since the beginning of time. Five years ago in Sikkim was an especially unstable period. Guru Jara left for Rumtek monastery to meet Guru Anahdan with one intermediate student who was hoping to become a sadhaka. There they encountered the violence and rivalry among the lamas who fought incessantly over which local boy was the real Karmapa. The monastery survived this intense clash only thanks to the police, but everyone was very on edge there for awhile.”

“So the holders of magical objects are targets? Are you trying to tell me something?” I shake the dorje at him.

“Listen, until they know you have it, you are perfectly safe. But come to think of it, I heard about some questionable characters wandering around here for the last couple of years looking for a new incarnation of Naropa. So you'd better be cautious of who you befriend. Serious talk is circulating about returning the dorje to Tibet. Unfortunately, it seems it's no longer safe here.”

“But I'm not going to Tibet.”

“I know. You're only borrowing it for now. You will give it to Guru Jara

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\* Akshobhya: One of the Five Wisdom Buddhas, whose name means 'Immovable One'. The Western counterpart to Amitabha



for me, and Padmasambhava will bring it to Tibet. You're just my delivery boy, which by the way is a supreme honor," he says with a bow. Then true to form, he clocks me in the nose.

"Oww!" I catch the blood as it begins to stream from my right nostril. "Are you nuts, you fucking psycho!" escapes me.

Lama grabs my shoulder and turns my body to face the wall. "With your finger, please write 'Om ah hung' here. And next to the line, make an imprint of your bloody palm. I'm sorry, but this is the only possible way you can carry the dorje into the daylight."

As he utters the word 'daylight', my visibility in the passage illuminates. We are coming to the edge of the cave now. I wipe my hemorrhaging nose and do what he demands. Obviously, I'm not the first to get hit here. The wall is full of illegible signatures and palm prints, most of which are missing fingers.

"Nice group of handicapped carpenters you got here," I wipe my nose with my sleeve.

"These are signals, you moron! You see. Here you are," he points to my freshly printed palm. "Five full fingers: some unimportant rookie-delivery-boy-nobody. And here...here I am," he shows me a blood prints which has only a thumb and no other fingers. "The greatest initiate on this wall, a man whose wisdom and capabilities far exceed all the pitiful mayflies who believe they actually control this world."

*There is nothing better than spiritual humility.*

"What do two or three fingers mean?"

"It's none of your business, rookie. Your visitation rights are over. We're sending you back into the real world now, so I ask for your full concentration."

"Where am I going exactly? This cave is a dead end."

I gaze behind him at the stone wall on which I just autographed my name in blood.

"You gotta jump."

He points out a very tight hole just at our feet. I crouch down and observe that this opening widens six feet or so as it extends down.

“You really think it’s safe to jump into a hole like that?”

“You coward. Old grannies would jump that.”

“Yeah right! I would like to see that. Maybe only on a euthanasia tour.

“Go! Or else I will leave you here.”

I step forward.

“Jump feet first,” he instructs, and I leap in without hesitation as if hypnotized. The dorje I'm holding clinks against rock.

“Rookie, mind the dorje! That's most important,” he reminds me.

The moment I dive into the abyss I am so terrified that I instinctively reach up to pull myself back out. But he sees me coming a mile away, so he sits right on top of the hole, blocking me from crawling back up. And instead of my escape, I smash my hand into the mad monk’s ass. I don’t have the courage to surrender to the unknown below, so frozen in fear, I wait for him to get tired and move.

Lama says nothing. He seems to be waiting too. And after a moment...

*Oh my god! It smells like someone cut one in here!*

My body nearly retracts into the deep hole from the stench. Then another one. And another. The monk lets them rip like he’s in a farting contest. I'm trying to shield my face and breathe into a little pocket of fresh air wafting in from below, but through my wriggling effort to cover my breathing, my body slides lower and lower, until my fingertips are gripping the sides of the chute and the rest of me is dangles in mid-air. My instincts of self-preservation keep me defying gravity, and I'm hoping my olfactory cells will just get use to Lama’s farts. But the funk only gets worse.

*This dude must have just shit his trousers.*

I manage to reach up and jab him in his hip with my left hand. He uncorks the cave, and my lungs can finally inhale clean air. I scramble to climb

back up, but it's impossible.

In a panic, I yell, "Help me you shit head! Or I'm going to die here!"

Lama crouches over into the hole, and I feel an incredible sense of relief. Then all I see is the sole of his shoe right before it lands on my forehead. My poor nose starts to run red again.

"You bastard!" I squirm to slide my face out of the way.

He shouts back this time, "Rookie, there's one more thing you need to know. According to the color of the flames that burnt away your thorns, you are a manglik!"

Then comes another thrust upon my head, even more forceful than the last. My fingertips unclench, and I descend another foot before my palms latch onto some protruding rocks. I'm hanging on by a thread again, but I know I can't brave this forever.

"Help! Help!"

I squeeze the dorje hoping I can fly again.

"As a manglik, you must accept monastic celibacy or become an initiated Tantric."

"What?"

"A manglik brings bad luck and unhappiness to their partners. It's foretold through your Vedic astrological birth chart. One of the most famous mangliks today is Aishwarya Rai. She was required by her fiancé's family to first wed multiple trees ceremoniously until the karmic curse of misfortune wore out."

He lands one last punch to my dome, and all I can see is his fist fading as I plunge backward. I'm falling, and I'm focusing on the dorje. This free fall doesn't last long. I hit a diagonal plane and begin to glide down on my buttocks. A dribbling stream helps to carry my body along this smooth slide. A sharp curve at the end tears open my pants right on the ass and nearly crushes my head, but I duck at the last instant. The force of this natural toboggan lasts

only seconds, whipping me twenty meters further. If I wasn't so worried about death, I would be loving every minute of this. But my worries are just beginning.

Once past the wild curve, I release into a giant, endless cavern in the earth. After free falling another thirty feet, I close my eyes and say so long to my life. Then I remember the dorje, and I tighten my grip, praying to levitate before I hit the bottom. My feet slap the ground, and I'm waiting for game over, for it all to go black.

*This is the end.*

But something else happens. Instead of smashing into pieces, I'm plunging deeper. The freezing kiss of water shocks my face, and it finally dawns on me what happened- not just at the end of my fall, but back there in the cave too. It's like an anesthesia is wearing off, and I'm waking from a super vivid dream.

*Why didn't I make a move in Lama's harem? You dumb ass!*

Nearly alone with eight nubile nymphs and no real competition, and I behaved like a castrated puppy. I have a hard-on just thinking about it. Too bad I was so fogged. I completely missed out on a once in a lifetime sexual experience. I finally surface, and I'm huffing pretty heavily. I peer up into the distant darkness leading back to Lama's den, and then it hits me.

*That's why he set my balls on fire!*

"That bastard!" I yell out enraged and smack the surface of the pool. I take a deep breath and dive under the cave ridge toward a blue light. In seconds, I'm breathing in open air. It takes some time for my eyes to adjust to the sharp daylight, but once they relax, I can see Guru Jara circulating above my head on a paraglider. He dips closer so I can hear him.

"What's up? You get the dorje?"

I raise the hand holding my second penis so he can see it.

"Good job. Touch it to your wounds and repeat the Tantric mantra you

wrote in blood inside the cave," he cries downward.

I glance around and spot some blood swimming in the water around me. So I tap the dorje to my bloody nose and lip, and even to my butt which I scraped a little when my pants tore. As I'm attending to my wounds, I recite 'Om ah hung' over and over. I will never forget this mantra, just like I will never forget that mad lama, even if it does feel more like a dream than reality. I search around to see if Lama will also emerge from the lagoon.

"What a crazy guy!" I shout to Guru Jara who is lifting higher in the atmosphere.

"No, really? Lama?"

"Lama...more like loony! Sex, farts and violence..."

"Wow, he really thrashed you," Guru Jara teases from above my head. "But it's a huge honor to meet him."

"What?" I squint at the sky.

The wind carries him too far, so I wait for him to circle back around.

"He's Guru Anahdan's peer. He studied in several monasteries of the primary Tibetan branch, but he belongs to none of them. He is a traveling Tibetan Tantric. They call him Lamapa."

When I notice that Lama does not follow, I ask, "Shall I go after him?"

"Definitely not. He probably stayed back with the girls."

Guru Jara spirals another round in the wind. When he reaches me, I'm already halfway to the bank.

"Do you want to try and catch my feet? I'll pull you out of the water, and we can fly out of here."

"No, thanks. I'm not flying anywhere," I answer and keep swimming. Guru Jara recedes fast into the haze as he tries to land on the hill through which I just plummeted. I can't see him anymore. We reconvene on the hilltop where we first met Lamapa to finish our milk tea, which by now has gone cold.

"Do you think he put drugs in this tea?"

Guru Jara shakes his head.

"So you were there before?" I wave to the stone covering the inconspicuous entrance to Lamapa's den.

"What happened between you and him is none of my business. So please, don't ask me what happened between Lamapa and me."

"I just wanna know if he beat the living crap out of you, also."

"Don't bother me, Kelly. We have to go," he announces, reverently blessing his forehead with the dorje I lugged from the center of the Earth.

"So you really found the dorje in Sikkim under that stone with the mantra written in blood?"

Guru Jara first carefully places the dorje into his backpack before speaking.

"Kelly, only when your cup is empty can we go further."

"But I already finished with that slop."

I show him the empty pot he calls a cup.

"What I mean is, your questions and answers can come only once you are complete with all that you have just experienced, once you have digested all the thoughts and feelings that accompany meeting an exceptional being like Lamapa."

"Ok... so where are we going now?"

"Lamapa is sending us to the man who'll know more about Naropa's whereabouts."

"Who is it?"

"His name is Lama Sangha Tenzin."

I assume it's probably another lama from a neighboring village.

"I hope he won't kick me in the face like that crazy Lamapa," I say pumping my fist.

Guru Jara makes no sound. I wonder for how long we'll be trekking this time.

*This shouldn't take more than five or six hours.*

How clueless I was.

The next day, we are still walking. By this point, it's clear we're headed somewhere of an epic distance, and Guru Jara is still giving me the silent treatment. He thwarts all my attempts to converse with the same reply.

"Kelly, only once your cup is empty can we go further."

Finally after this continuous pressure and prodding to speak with the guy, he lets me walk about a hundred meters behind him. He actually asked me if I wanted to go first or last.

*Pff, dipshit. How can I go first if I don't know where we're going.*

So I fall back with enough distance to give him the sense that he is alone in the Himalayas. We make plans to meet at an approaching mountain pass he knows about on a dusty road with a few simple shanties.

"Right here awhile back, one intermediate student who aspired to be a sadhaka nearly died from high altitude sickness," Guru Jara explained. "That's why I didn't want you to join me through that mountain pass in Zanskar. Without magic, she would have definitely died."

"She?" I ask.

"Yeah, Lamapa didn't like her from the start."

Then he sat down to meditate under the shelter the roof of a crumbly shack. While observing the luminous clouds at twilight, I remember Lamapa describing one woman with utter disdain.

*Oh yeah! The stinky whore!*

Just as I sink deeper into the boredom, a tractor comes rolling along the upper ridge. At first, all I can do is stare at the apparition, but eventually I manage to snap out of it in time to flag down this vehicle. When it stops, I wave Guru Jara over and start loading my backpack. But instead of following my lead, he thanks the villagers and ushers them to travel on. That night, we

sleep up at Kunzum pass in the bone-chilling wind at 13,653 feet elevation. For sustenance, we make some shitty soup and half-cooked rice. I'd rather be laying in soft bed, stroking my satiated belly full of steak burritos.

At dawn, we head out again. Walking downhill makes me so sleepy.

## CHAPTER 11

Tantra doesn't make me sleepy. I interrupt the steamy memories of being in Lamapa's cave by trying to imagine him here at my side, sharing this icy fort. I pretend to lean on him. I feel him holding a flame to my ass, burning the thorns of my ex-lovers. I zero in on Fiona, the most repellant partner of my past, and I recall as intensely and in as much detail as possible the moment when my penis first penetrated her. Though this time, I envision using Padmasambhava's thunderstick instead. I am repeating the moment of penetration over in my mind like a visual mantra. This is the moment that absorbs the most survival power from the women you've had intercourse with. Through your concentration on the memory of penetration, her self-confidence, courage and all other positive traits associated with the masculine are channeled out through the hook connection.

I remember Guru Jara gave me one of my first Tantra lessons while we were watching for waves next to our tent at the Tiger spot.

"That's why the Don Juan women like playing games and postponing intercourse as long as possible. By doing this, they get to soak up this vital and youthful masculine energy of self-confidence and courage from their suitors. But this only works for her if they're in regular physical contact with each other. On the other hand, through the hook your penis leaves inside a woman



during sex, you can take her energy anytime, anywhere, even if you haven't seen her in years...and even if her physical form alters after this life through reincarnation."

"Even if her physical form alters...good one."

Guru Jara turns to watch a female surfer riding a small barrel in.

"So what's a Don Juan woman? What's that about?" I sit upright on my board.

"Well, sexuality distinguishes two styles of people. There are the Don Juans and the Casanovas. The first group lives for the moment of penetration, while the other yearns most for the moment of orgasm.

"I'm not sure I understand the difference. Without penetration there would be no ejaculation, and penetration without ejaculation doesn't satisfy anybody."

"It's less about satisfaction and more about revealing the main features of a person's soul."

"Uh-huh. What do you say we go catch some waves?"

"Kelly, I know it might seem over your head now, but it's really very simple. Casanova women get power from their sex partners by sleeping with them, whereas Don Juan women get their power from not sleeping with them. And Don Juan men start to fade in a relationship as soon as they have sex, but Casanova men only start investing in the partnership after they make love for the first time. So if you want to gather Casanova energy from the hooks, you should focus on the memory of orgasm. This works best for when you want a soft feeling like love, creative inspiration, gourmet sensuality or the enchanting dance of a fairy."

"Wtf? The dance of a fairy? Where did you get that, a gay bathhouse or something?"

I couldn't stop laughing then. And I'm laughing now too, but this time I laugh at what an idiot I was. It's a miracle Guru Jara taught me anything

considering all my asinine comments, but I'm so grateful he did. These teachings are warming me back to life here in the freezing embrace of K2.

After Fiona sufficiently thaws my second chakra, I move on to Lisa, the lover with whom I had the strangest break up. The painful flashback of this breakup seems to be agitating my third chakra. So I quickly jump to the equally awkward memory of first penetration, and how she had required me to sign her book of lovers first. Instantly, I sense a white heat rising inside of my belly, and unexpectedly, I get a stiffy. In my situation, this could either be a miracle or the last jerking contraction before death washes over. Though I would expect rigor mortis in another leg.

There are two types of hooks left in a woman's spiritual womb and created through sexual union, and each has a different impact on both partners. Succubic hooks occur when the first penetration happens with the woman on top, and incubic hooks form when the man is on top. I'm really glad I placed a succubic hook in Lisa that first time we made love, even if I knew nothing about Tantra and sexual hooks at the time. I remember she was sitting on me in the Leo position. From the closeness of a kiss, I watched the expression of surrender on her beautiful face as she took my cock into her pussy. Succubic hooks are ideal for heating up the third chakra since they are connected to the element of fire, but are a little more difficult to access since the woman is in the power position. But incubic hooks help to clean and circulate the energy of the second chakra since they are connected with the element of water.

I flash back to Fiona for a split second. I remember how she had come into my room, asking to borrow something while I was working on a sandwich. She leaped straight for my bed and started to undress. There lay a full-on naked woman in my bed. So of course, I stopped eating and stabbed my sword into the most appalling woman I ever had. I remember she was in the Pisces position, which is the same as missionary. I shift back to Lisa, and I'm

imagining her face, her life, her whole universe just one second before I penetrated it. From this moment on, her world would forever send it's energy into mine. When I first heard this teaching of the Eight Alliance, to which Guru Jara belongs, honestly, I didn't take it very seriously. But since then, I have experienced first hand just how extensively Tantric hooks influence human life. I am totally convinced that this very teaching will save my fading body from freezing to death.

As I reminisce of Lisa, concentrating on that moment of penetration, the memory reel takes control and the scene of our first orgasm plays out in my mind. Like a kingdom of ice, a chilling wave engulfs my bones. If you're looking for Don Juan energy, which is vitality, strength and overall survival power, thinking of your ejaculation is a huge problem. You have to avoid any visit into Casanova land, blocking any thought of orgasm whatsoever. My body temperature is drops rapidly now, and I regret this amateur mistake. I'm sitting inside a snowy fortress, reaching for a hint of warmth in the frozen scarf Yeshe Li gave me. It reminds me that the time has come to grab energy from the lover with the most beautiful body. I repeat the visual mantra of first penetration into Yeshe Li, and like a fisher man dozing off on a cast line, I wait for the Tantric hook to bite.

*What's taking so long?*

My nerves are frazzled, and I fret if I can even return to the Tantric dimension after my rookie mistake. But when I combine the image of first vaginal penetration with first oral penetration, I feel the hook I left years ago in Yeshe Li's perfect body tug on my line, and I reel in my catch.

After just an hour, I'm full of all the Don Juan energy I need. Now I can shift my focus to orgasm. The loving energy of our Casanova moments stabilizes all the vitality I've already evoked through the hooks, and love finally triumphs over the freezing numbness of this world.

At this point, all I can taste is orgasm and the post-orgasmic bliss and

connection that follow it. Every cell in my body relaxes as my insides heat to a boiling point. It feels as if the snow around me melts in affirmation. A rush of lava-like liquid courses in, and all at once, everything both inside and outside of me tenses up with the yank of a sizable fish struggling on the line between the hook stuck in its body and the fisherman retrieving it. I continue to feel the warmth build, even now that I've relaxed my efforts. I just let the connection do its thing, and I wait to see how long these hooks will feed me with the strength and body heat of these women. I'm well aware that this way of getting energy doesn't make the ladies feel very good. They might have a headache or find themselves in an argument for no apparent reason. Or some of them could faint, but right now it's my only possibility of surviving the night.

"For Tantrics, it's only ideal to use the connection to the hooks if you can save a life by doing it. And it's very important that after any time we do it, we pay back our ex-lovers by sending them a good dose of precious and pure energy for their growth and vitality," Guru Jara taught me on Tiger's Spot, while we lay on our boards, waiting for the next set of good waves.

"Is it possible to use the hooks in a good way?"

"Of course it's possible, but only avatars, experienced Tantrics, fully enlightened yogis and people in love can really do it. All the other men can't stop sucking energy from women, even if they wake up and decide they're never going to do it again. But if a woman takes on a new sex partner with a higher Tantric index than her, this means someone with greater accomplishment or power in an area of life that she wishes to grow in, he can actually help her grow in that certain area for some time. But she should pay attention to the complete picture because the same is true for the reverse. If she sleeps with someone who is less successful in an area of his life, he will drain her power in that area.

The energy sucked out through the hooks is exactly the force that keeps a human being alive. Most people start to feel like they're in mortal danger if

they can't have another hit of it. It's potent stuff. If there's enough of it and a soul doesn't stray too far from its body, I can even bring the dead back to life using this energy. Seriously, this Tantric power could bring Pinocchio to life from a piece of wood. That's how miraculous it is."

"So what if you try it and there's not enough energy?"

"Ah, then you end up with a poltergeist or a zombie. Or maybe a not-so-dead vampire-type or a human vegetable who barely survived his own death."

"Is it the same energy Guru Anahdan used to bring that sadhaka who was stabbed back to life?"

"And how would you know about something like that?" he asks suspiciously.

"Lamapa initiated me into your mysteries. He told me I'm extremely talented and that you should be treating me like an advanced student."

Guru Jara just smiles and offers me his wave, "Look, great wave! Paddle!"

Not until later did I fully understand that our sexual energy is not only responsible for creating a new life, but it's behind the creation of everything in this world. Virgins aside, for the majority of the world this vital resource circulates through the sexual hooks as love, jealousy or even passion. This dance of energy exchange is exemplified in the experience of "I can't live without you". This can change in a split second to "I can't stand you" and back to "I can't live without you" again before you know what hit you. This very energy that people give and take through the hooks and thorns can tip the scale towards Nirvana for a Tantric adept, or towards an adrenalin super-high for a brave adventurer, or towards ultimate fulfillment and happiness for just about anyone.

Societies are built upon the fight for this sexual energy and this creates enumerable problems. In most civilizations, people walk around sucking energy from each other constantly. Many waste it away on meaningless

activities, while only a few are able to organize their lives to make it really work for them. For most, there is never enough to go around, and with every new sexual partner more of our power and energy escapes us. And after maybe seven relationships, we feel like we've changed, like we're not ourselves anymore. And after fourteen, we realize that our ability to love has diminished beyond recovery, just as our ability to feel happiness or true passion has. It's no coincidence that fourteen is the maximum number of hooks an initiated Tantric can remove in a one healing session. More than that could kill him. His karma could be severely damaged, leading him to experience an accident or another fatal event as a result.

I move away from the hooks for now. I don't need them anymore. My mind is finally calm. Looks like I'm not going to freeze here after all. With a fresh breath of life pumping through my veins, courtesy of my ex-lovers, I return to the original plan of preparing for the extreme exploit, the whole reason I trekked up here in the first place.

I'm getting ready to recite "Abrahadabra, Abrahadabra" again, but there is one minor distraction. I have to piss, and in this weather that's no easy feat. If possible, I'd like to avoid being discovered here later as a snowman with a frozen fountain.

## CHAPTER 12

With extreme caution and very deliberate movements, I chisel out a sheath to take a piss through the wall of snow sheltering me. I am thinking of a man who was lost in these mountains forever and acknowledging that real possibility for myself.

Back in the village of Losar, I was observing a local lama and daydreaming about how Lamapa had to be lived right in this spot five years ago as he was being introduced to the stinky whore he spoke of with such detestation.

“White Lama died here,” Guru Jara mentions quietly.

“Who?”

“White Lama was the nephew of Pierre Bernard, the first Western guru of Yoga and Tantra. Ring any bells?”

“Bernard? Nope, no bells.”

“You’ve never heard that quote, ‘Love is a leap up to the highest and purest flames of a soul’s flesh. But when the fire turns to dirty ashes, it’s time to move on again’?”

“Cool. But, I’ve haven’t heard it.”

“I don’t understand how someone who claims to be so deeply interested in Tantra doesn’t even know the first Westerner to be confirmed as the reincarnation of the most important Tibetan lama,” Guru Jara mumbles into his footsteps, which have been slowly cutting away kilometers towards the next village of the vast Spiti Valley.

Then he starts to sing.

“Om ah hung benza guru pema siddhi hung...”

*What's he trying to do with this song?*

The mention of a reincarnated lama captures my attention. Maybe it’s somehow connected to my mission with Uncle Bank. I wait for his song to finish, but after ten repetitions, I conclude this will never happen.

“And this White Lama, was that a long time ago?”

“With reincarnation, nothing is really a long ago because everything is always reborn again. I can see that my mantra didn’t help you. I’ll try it directly from the book then, with a more proper accent...Om ah hum vajra guru padma siddhi hum...”

After three rounds, I shrug my shoulders, not knowing what to expect.

He tells me, “This mantra is to Padmasambhava. He is Guru Rinpoche who founded the first Tibetan monastery in Samya in 749.

“I knew that was a mantra,” I confess.

Looking a little stiff, Guru Jara continues, “White Lama was accepted into Lhasa in 1937 by a famous Tibetan regent, Reting Hutuktu. Do you know him?”

I shake my head, and yawn to show him I’m a little bored with this history lesson. He finally stops safeguarding this precious information and spills the whole story.

“Thanks to his visions during meditation, Reting Hutuktu found the 14th incarnation of the Dalai Lama. At that very same time, White Lama was entering Lhasa, where he was proclaimed to be the reincarnation of Padmasambhava by the lamas living there. And so the yogi, Theos Bernard, left Tibet as White Lama, ‘born from the lotus’, purely Tantric of the left hand and the author of the ‘Tibetan Book of the Dead’, Padmasambhava. You really don’t know anything about this?”

“I only remember Lamapa telling me that Padmasambhava will be the one to carry the dorje of Yeshe Cchogyal to Tibet. How did White Lama die here?”

“It was during the second World War, and White Lama was waiting for his big comeback in Tibet after being away for ten years. When the moment finally came to return, they wouldn’t grant him a visa. India had just split off into three parts. The British had just emptied the country, and the situation was looking more hopeless than he expected.

Lama Anganarika Govinda tried to warn White Lama to wait until the religious wars had cooled off. Govinda was a German Buddhist who spent the war in Indian captivity camp, the same camp Heinrich Herrer, the author of ‘Seven Years in Tibet’, had escaped from. Lama Anganarika took his own



advice and waited a whole year before going back to Tibet, then wrote about this journey later in the best seller, 'The Way of the White Clouds'.

Meanwhile, White Lama, hungry for Tibet and trusting in his life's luck, set off on his pilgrimage towards the Ki monastery. That's where we will sleep on Monday night. He went there seeking out some manuscripts which he used as an official reason to make his entrance into Tibet legal. The border crossing is just behind the hill from the monastery."

Guru Jara nods towards the mountains in the background and says, "That there is Tibet. White Lama was in a hurry to get to the Ladakh-Ngare pass on time, which leads along the Indus River and through the monasteries of the Kailash mountains. He had to make it there before winter because passes over fifteen thousand feet are very difficult to cross at that time of year. But on the 12th of September, 1947, he was mugged on his journey by armed men. It could have been anybody, robbers, guerillas. But one version of the story upholds that he found a treasured manuscript in Ki monastery unveiling and describing the mystery of immortality and everlasting life. In this version, the attackers came after the manuscripts. But more often, rumors will tell you they were mugged by Buddhists who wanted to kill their Muslim porters. Everyone in the caravan was captured, including a young Tibetan who should have lead the group over the border. Wounded, White Lama escaped by horse, but he was trapped in the immense valley of the Indus River. In the end, the legends are all the same. The muggers were not keen on keeping an American witness alive, so they waited for White Lama on either side of the valley. With no food supply or proper clothing, and without knowing how to navigate the wasteland of the high altitude terrain, he couldn't risk the voyage into Tibet across the perilous mountains. He probably died here because of his wounds."

We wade through a cold stream that crosses our path. Only after this does Guru Jara continue.

“If you study Tantra, you should definitely know about him. White Lama is seriously considered by some Tibetan lamas as the real reincarnation of Padmasambhava, which is just as big as of a deal as the Dalai Lama or Karmapa. To be honest, for a Tantric it’s even more important. Even though these are two very honorable tulkus, most of their incarnations were lived in celibacy. Padmasambhava had many long-term and temporary Tantric partners, called karma mudras, or just mudras, and with their help he brought the Tantric teaching to the wisdom of universal perfection.”

When I hear the word 'Karmapa' I stumble, remembering how Uncle Bank practically had a heart attack over the mere mention of the name or the lawsuit to prove his real incarnation. Guru Jara is very talkative today. Maybe he'll spill something interesting about these reincarnation frauds. I would love that, because so far all I have for Uncle Bank is receipts of expenses to be paid.

## CHAPTER 13

### *What a prick I was!*

I’m not in the mood to reflect over the morality of my past, and actually, there's no time for that anyway. After this inconvenient pissing, I have to prepare for chanting.

Abrahadabra, *Abrahadabra*...

When Guru Jara first introduced me to this alternative version for succubic born people of the famous magic mantra, I asked if he knew any card tricks to go along with it.

He replied casually, “For now, just play with ‘Abrahadabra’ in your head, anytime, day or night, and imagine the faces, sighs, smells and mannerisms of

your ex-lovers while you say it.“

And now, all these years of research with this mantra will culminate in the greatest ride of my life. I slap my legs to get the blood moving, and I begin repeating.

“Abrahadabra... Abrahadabra...”

The vibes are changing. Something is definitely happening. To make sure I don't lose this transformation, I turn up the intensity. Suddenly, the universal darkness I first experienced with Lamapa when he burned away my parasitic-thorns cloaks everything around and within me. Flashes of light penetrating the strange darkness are striking closer and closer to me until finally they are everywhere. I am dissolving into these flares of light, just as the energy I invoked through 'Abrahadabra' and the hooks of my great seven lovers dissolves in me now.

I'm not afraid, because this light has no hue. Re, the Sun god, and Horus, the Son of the God, made this exact light known in the minds of the people as the 'Light of God'. Others might experience this light as an impersonal omnipresent power, a glow both visible and invisible to the eye. The revolution of Tantric faith, which all contemporary religions and sciences have reflected up to now, first took place in Egypt during the building of the Red, Great and Racheff pyramids. Its expansion throughout the rest of the world began with the construction of the smallest pyramid of the Giza, Mykerin or Menkaure in ancient Egyptian. An ocean of energy vibrates within me as I vibrate throughout the world's oceans. I am dissolved in 'Abrahadabra'. I see myself in the desert with a pyramid at my back. There is the Egyptian god Horus.

*I want him to....*

The vision blacks out as if someone switched off the electricity. No lights, no pyramid, no desert warmth. There is just the reality of this material world, the inescapable knowing that I am huddled inside a snowy fort taking shelter from extreme conditions and the pain of every inhale, a piercing connection

between the bone-chilling air outside with the sensuous heat of my torso inside. I'm disappointed that I didn't make it further, but I'm fine. The only thing that really worries me now is the long-term hypothermia. I feel warm enough for now, but I'm aware that these feelings could already indicate the next stage of hypothermia where the lifeless nerves cease all sensing.

Even if it's not my wish, I have to admit it's possible. My frozen fingers deliver a similar diagnosis. Panic floods back fast thanks to the loss of my concentration and free will empowerment. All the energy I worked so hard for, all the 'Abrahadabra' and succubic hook concentration was all in vain. The reality of scarcity is winning over my mind, and I have to admit that not only are the warmth, light and desert hallucinations, but I am dying here.

I can picture the moment they will find me, maybe in six months at the beginning of climbing season. I pray they will search my pockets because I have prepared this message for them:

“Please, leave my body here in the arms of K2. And at the Gilkey Memorial, please add a simple plaque for me with these words:

'Here ended the pilgrimage of Kelly, the Tantric, a student of the missing Guru Jara, the surfer.'”

*Bah! I just realized what I've been thinking about! Screw this, I don't wanna die here! At least not in my sleep.*

I slowly start to wiggle my digits, and with renewed determination, I shout, “If I have to die, let it be tomorrow while fulfilling my destiny!” I return to the preparations I left off with before the Re sunshine...

## CHAPTER 14

“So some tourist visits Lhasa, and someone thrusts this bullshit on him that he is a Karl Marx's reincarnation, and that's it? When he returns home, he's now Karl? That's really corny.”

“Kelly, it was a totally different time during White Lama's visit. Nearly no one could enter Tibet. Tibetans were still living like they did in ancient times, and White Lama was only the third American to ever enter Lhasa. You couldn't meet a Tibetan lama anywhere but in Tibet, or very near by it. Back then, spiritual seekers were publishing books about the existence of the sacred city of Shambhala, and scientists like Albert Einstein were writing the introductions to these books.”

“No way, Einstein was New Age?”

“I don't think so, but he did write the preface for 'Mental Radio', in which U.B. Sinclair first described the phenomenon of telepathy.”

“Anyway, it's corny. If someone tried to persuade me into believing I'm the reincarnation of some famous dude, I would tell him to go to hell. Only gullible idiots would believe something like that.”

“Kelly, White Lama was definitely an intelligent guy. He wrote his masters thesis on 'An Introduction to Tantric Ritual'. And for his doctorate he prepared a famous paper on Hatha Yoga, ‘My Personal Experience’, that became a guide book for thousands of Western yogis from his generation.”

“Ha! A college like that would be easy for me, too! A PhD in yoga...ha! Where do you get something like that? In Lhasa?”

“No, he got it at a very traditional institution actually, Columbia University in New York, heard of it? where White Lama studied. Columbia also dispenses the prestigious Pulitzer Prize. And by the way, White Lama, also studied law degree on top of philosophy.”

“So is the book is about yoga being good for your health?”

“Sure, that kind of information is in there as well, but mainly it's about the experience of practicing yoga regularly. Done in the proper way, yoga can bring your body towards completely new possibilities. White Lama was a serious practitioner himself and every day he performed thousands of uddhiyana bandhas\*, nauli kriyas\*\* and khechari mudras, along with the reciting the mantra 'So Ham'. He also spent a few hours a day in Shirsasana.”

“Shirsasana is head stand, right?”

“Yes, White Lama could hold a head stand continuously for three hours a day. His second wife who was an opera singer wrote in their divorce papers, 'My husband doesn't help me with the household. Instead, he stands on his head every day for three hours. Why does he do this? Because he gets magical powers from it. He's learning to kill me from a distance so he can get away with murder without punishment!'

“I can see that divorce was nasty since the beginning of time. Ok, so why did White Lama do all that stuff every day?”

“He was convinced as a Hatha Yoga practitioner, that amrita, the nectar of immortality, was dormant somewhere in the body and could be awakened through headstand. He believed a regular headstand practice could make the body so light and spiritually receptive as to guide it into another dimension, possibly even immortality.”

“It sounds like he was doing the same thing you described about Tantra, waking up this vital life force.”

“Actually, yes. The asanas of Hatha Yoga evolved from sexual positions, but I'll tell you about that when you are at least an intermediate student. And now, let's try a headstand.”

After falling onto the rocky earth a few times, he gives me some advice.

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\* Uddhiyana Bandha: Is an abdominal lock used in Hatha yoga obtained by pulling in the abdomen just under the rib cage after a complete exhale and holding. Bandhas allow you to powerfully control the flow of energy from the breath

\*\* Nauli Kriya: A cleansing exercise in Yoga for the internal organs done through a side-to-side rolling of the abdominal muscles

“Make your fingers into a triangle on the crown of your head, and then, place your palms on the ground at the spot where your elbows protrude. Now slowly pull up your legs, but keep your knees bent in the royal sexual position.”

“What's that?” I ask as the blood rushes to my head.

“If you find a partner who has mastered headstand, you can press her legs toward her belly and penetrate her from the bed.”

“I can see that headstand is really perverted stuff.” I laugh and turn flush.

“Some people sure think so. A crew of New York police officers broke into the house of White Lama's uncle, Om Omnipotent, during his Shirsasana practice. They read the warrant for his arrest while he watched the whole thing upside down.”

“What did he do?”

“Nothing that time. He kicked the cops out in front of dozens of people he was teaching 'the art of reversion', as he called it. He was the first pop star Tantric, something like Osho of the jazz times. Because society was more sensitive then, the cops always had plenty of excuses to trouble him. A lot of people hated him simply because he would pick-up women using lines like, 'I'm not a man. I'm a god,' and 'With me, you'll experience the divine.'”

“Don't we all do shit like that.”

“Officials also despised his chakra pujas.”

“What's a chakra puja?”

“It was what he called 'chakra mass'. People would meditate in a circle around a couple in coitus, and this would invoke Tantric power for every one present.”

“Sounds like a sweet peep show,” I wobble a bit.

“It was the early 20th century, and society was very uncomfortable with Omnipotent's teachings. While in headstand, he'd remind people,

'We are the only creatures on the planet who can perform headstand. So

please take full advantage of this privilege and allow the inverse circulation of the streams within to gift you a more spiritual, more youthful and healthier body. Look at me! I've only been in headstand a short while, and I already feel beautiful, much better than before. My headstand is bringing me new life...'

And right after the words, 'new life', the police busted their way in, hoping to catch the uncle of White Lama red-handed with something illegal. And because at first sight, the headstand looked unusual to them, they moved in to make the arrest.

'Dr Pierre Bernard, also known as Omnipotent, you are under the arrest for the offense of...'

The cops circled his inverted figure, tilting their heads sideways and looking perplexedly at the perpetrator. Omnipotent took his time getting back to his feet.

'You came to arrest me for practicing the art of reversion?'

All at once, everyone present relaxed and started to laugh."

"My head hurts," I flip back to my knees. "Hmm, I don't know how effective that is. The only thing I feel is dizziness."

"Yeah! You only did ten minutes! White Lama would be laughing in your face. To acquire some real power, for example, the ability to kill from a distance with a mere thought, or to walk on water like Jesus, or levitate, or prophesize the future, or live to be 200 years old or reach Nirvana, you have to stay in Shirsasana for thousands of hours. That's why White Lama practiced three full hours a day."

"Yeah, but all those hours spent in headstand where just a waste. They killed him anyway. He died so young."

"He died at Vivekananda\*, which is an ideal age for souls who have already fulfilled their destinies to pass."

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\* Vivekananda: Death at age 39, so named after Swami Vivekananda, an important yogi and Hindu monk who traveled to US in 19<sup>th</sup> century representing Indian Parliament. He played a big part in the spreading of yoga to the West. He is regarded as a saint in India.



“What age is that?”

“Thirty-nine.”

My skepticism must be written on my face because Guru Jara continues, “As my teacher Guru Anahdan said, 'I don't know who convinced the people that the meaning of life is to get old.'”

“I'm not trying to discuss the right time to die. I'm just saying that his everlasting headstands were a waste in the end.”

“Kelly, the sacred abilities of siddhi\* gained through headstand enable us to resolve our lives in the breaking point moments. These moments are the reason why we are here. If you fail in these moments, your entire life will be a waste. Guru Anahdan told me that in life everything is as karma finally wants it to be. The only exceptions are people who prepare a sacred weapon with which to meet their fate. This sacred weapon can be karmic merit, the mercy of God, or Tantric siddhi. Thanks to this holy weapon, used at these crucial deciding moments, we can change the predetermined stream of time and events.”

“Guru Jara, you must have drank yourself stupid. And I really don't know when or where you did that. You still don't see how you're contradicting yourself. This guy who stood on his head for thousands of hours died young because he hired the porters of the wrong religion. That choice cost him his own life and the lives of all his party. If he was so advanced, why didn't he change the predetermined stream of events then? Or at least hire Hindus. When else but in a brush with death should he use the Tantric siddhi amounted from thousands of hours in headstand? That is, if he had any at all...”

Guru Jara opens his mouth, but then closes it. He's speechless. He has no argument against me. I leave it at that. My rhetorical victory is certain. And suddenly, the gray valley we march through appears as endless to me as the

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\* Siddhi: In Sanskrit means 'attainment'. The achievement of magic or supernatural powers through spiritual practice

strange rants I have to listen to all day long. I felt completely disillusioned since Lamapa showed me the real face of spirituality. I will never forget his combination of violence, sex and vulgarity. Though oddly, the wounds I touched the dorje to recovered abnormally fast.

Guru Jara finally reopens his mouth again, though sounding worlds away. "One old Thai yogi who studied in Rishikesh at Shivananda in White Lama's time told me that he didn't die because of his wounds. Hindus had nothing against him. They were at war with Muslims, and so after he recovered from his injuries, they let him go under only one condition. He could not return to India. So in autumn, White Lama set off for Tibet with several animals. According to some legends, he reached Tibet and went on to live and meditate in a cave positioned one day's journey from the sacred Mt. Kailash. He was blessed to have the guidance of a local abbot from a monastery in the area, until he actually died twelve years later, during political struggles between Tibetan guerillas and Maoist armies. Communists considered him to be a CIA agent, and after very cruel investigations about smuggled weapons hidden bunkers used for attacking Chinese convoys, they shot him."

"That's quite a story."

"Maybe it's just a fancy legend spiritual seekers living in India spread around. But there is another possibility. White Lama may have frozen to death on his way to Tibet. Some of his remains were found by Yak shepherds several years later. That Thai yogi told me that, as well. Kelly, if it's true, it means you are right. White Lama wasn't able to transform his headstand into the siddhi ability of tummo tummo. Otherwise, he wouldn't have frozen to death."

"Tummo what?"

"Tummo tummo. It's the ability to keep warm inside in temperatures below zero degrees Celsius without the help of clothing. Naropa taught this way of transforming the heat inside the body into a magical heat that can protect a naked body in extreme cold."

“Here comes more bullshit.”

I would never say this to Lamapa.

“Let me guess. You haven't heard of tummo tummo, either? You take energy from the last meal you consumed, your organ activity and the circulation of your breath and blood, and transform it into a miraculous warmth, which heats the body like a burning stove, not only inside, but outside as well.”

“I maybe read about that once in a Tibetan fairytale. But anyway, it's not scientifically possible.”

“Exactly. It sounds totally impossible, right? I also never understood how Guru Anahdan could stand outside totally naked on a cold mountain night with all the other aghora sadhus. One day, we walked to the closest snow and he showed me tummo tummo. It's real, Kelly. The snow all around his body really started to melt. Even without clothes, he was protected from the frost.”

“You were naked like a skinny dipper out there?”

“Not exactly. I was wearing a loincloth, and some of the other sadhus were covered with the ashes from Shiva's fireplace.”

Guru Jara now stands in front of me, narrating hypnotically. He looks long and deep into my eyes. I am powerless to protest. If he kisses me right now, I could do nothing to stop it. All I know is that he said tummo tummo is an immensely important teaching for me.

I relax deeper and deeper into his eyes. It feels like I'm falling in circles into an eternally deep well. When it all stops, it's a harsh hit. No smooth descent like I experienced escaping Lamapa's cave, but an abrupt, halting smack, after which I let out a groan. And when I finally grab hold of consciousness, I awake in freezing snow. It's nightfall, and I'm in my snowy home base on the second highest peak in the world.

My realization shocks the words out of my mouth, “Oh my god. He knew it already years ago.”

Guru Jara knew from the very beginning that I was a traitor hired by a bank to find Naropa. He also somehow knew that in the future I would end up here wrestling with the cold for my life. That's why he was talking on and on about some goofy American that was trying to melt the snow with his body using Tantra. Otherwise, why should I care if White Lama froze to death on his way to Tibet or not. Guru Jara was telling me all that so I could use the information in this very moment. I'm sure of it now. He already knew that my ability to master tummo tummo would suggest my survival in a distant future, the same way it suggested it about the destiny of White Lama in the deep past. This fight for my life will be my masters initiation. If I survive tonight and successfully ride my snow board down K2, I will reach a level of advancement, which Judo terminology calls six Dan. And I will finally swap my black belt for the logo of the Eight Alliance. The elation I feel overcomes my anxiety, and despite my best efforts and the deadly risk of it, I fall asleep.

## CHAPTER 15

When I awake, it takes several stupefied seconds to remember where I am. This happens to me quite often, usually when I have a fever or a crazy hangover after a drunken blackout, or sometimes if I pass out at the house of a one night stand. Sometimes, it'll happen during a long journey at high altitude. The shock of the mind not knowing it's whereabouts is followed by the mad roller skating of schizophrenic thinking, trying to figure it all out. You don't know what is sleep and what is waking consciousness, what is reality and what is the triple axle of hallucination. In these moments, it's best to start with what you know for certain, and the only sure thing I know is that it's cold. That, and if I want to live, I can't fall asleep again.

I'm focusing on my battle with the ice. Even after Guru Jara showed me

how to do it, I never believed in traditional tummo tummo, or that it was even possible for the body of a naked lama to melt the snow around it. I especially never believed that it could work for a regular guy like me. Definitely not. On the other hand, the influence of Tantric hooks on my body, mind and soul, I am completely sure about. So I continue with the stuff that already rejuvenated me once tonight, before I lost the will to stay awake.

With my mind's eye, I activate the hooks that worked best for me about an hour ago, and I revisit Crowley's mantra, 'Abrahadabra'. It's working even faster than before. My mind melts into a green light. From this green, a desert appears, and then a pyramid that has 'Abrahadabra' scribbled all over it...

**Right in the heat** of magic combat, Kelly fails to realize he is drifting from this world. Instead of focusing on keeping his body warm through movement, he is mesmerized by his pyramid vision. He watches as the silhouette of a strange figure emerges, and he follows.

Horus...

The sub-zero temperatures and hypothermic conditions are now interfering with the function of his cells and nervous system. Like a whistle in his ears, Kelly hears from all directions...'Abrahadabra... Abrahadabra'. His head booms as if it might burst. Kelly suddenly becomes aware he can no longer sense his body, and this is the last light of reality from the material world that his conscious mind experiences.

He then slips into a mortal coma of hypothermia. Like most people who died this way, Kelly doesn't feel like fighting anymore. Happily, he surrenders to the incredible relief, melting himself into the infinite Abrahadabra, into the sound of magus's universal penis, into the last wave activity of his brain. And just like that, he steps onto the Egyptian-Tantric judgment scale of a dead man's soul...

# BOOK TWO

## SHAMANIC PROTECTION

## CHAPTER 1

Kelly felt disappointed by the results of his Jerusalem rituals. Without success, under the flying stone on which Abraham sacrificed his son to God, he had leaned his forehead on the ground for long hours and offered himself completely. Without success, under the stone which Mohammed lifted to the heavens at the Western Wall, he had recited thousands of verses from the Kaballah, from Psalms and from book of Solomon. Without success, under the olive trees in the garden of Gethsemane, he had surrendered his ego in the hopes that his soul would know Jesus' agony. Without success, at the top of the Olivet mountains in Pater Noster, from the first line of the Our Father prayer, he had desperately tried to become one with the spirit of the holy city that spread out below him.

Kelly, disappointed by the results of his Jerusalem rituals, is debating with a priest from Ghana over the meeting of the apostles with Jesus after his crucifixion and resurrection. In the gospel of St. Lucas, it is written:

"Several days after Jesus' crucifixion, two of the apostles went to the town of Emmaus. Jesus joined them on their way. Though they walked and talked with him, they did not recognize him. He even listened to the stories they told about the Son of God."

"Father, how is it possible that they didn't recognize him?"

"Because they didn't believe their senses. People wish to live miracles, but they do not first believe in them. Even when he reminded them of the last supper of the Lord, and they finally recognized him, they still couldn't believe it was him. If one wants to grasp the grandness of Jesus Christ, one has to open his heart."

"Yeah, I remember now. They thought it was the spirit of a dead man," Kelly says, opening the Bible that Guru Jara gave him in Ladakh while

receiving the third knot on his kata during his first initiation. At this moment he received his first dan, or in Judo terms, the black belt. Kelly began to read the last lines of the gospel of Luke to the priest, who had been listening to Guru Jara in the exact same place over twelve years ago, though no one was aware of this connection.

"The apostles were frightened. They acted as if they had seen a ghost. Jesus comforted them, 'What is the matter? Let go of your head, and trust in your heart.' They still didn't believe that it was really him, Jesus Christ. Jesus kept comforting them, and it wasn't until finally, he showed them his hands and feet, that they fully believed. They wanted to see his wounds as proof of his crucifixion. The wounds are the model for every Christian because crucifixion and resurrection are the things that totally distinguish Jesus Christ from all other big names in human history. It is exactly these wounds which took away sin from you, from me, and from all people who believe in Him."

"Father, then why, when they finally recognized him and were willing to be with him under any price, did he leave them?" Kelly reads again, from the Bible.

"I must go and fulfill everything from the teachings of Moses...then he lifted his hands and ascended from them towards Heaven...Amen."

"I believe that in this crucial time, Jesus Christ remained faithful to his teaching. Are you familiar with the eighth chapter of the gospel of Matthew?" The priest borrows Kelly's Bible and reads aloud:

"The Son of a God is a pilgrim. He does not keep a den as do foxes"...'Jesus, I will go with you anywhere. I must only bury my father, first'...'No, if you want to come, come now, and leave the dead to bury their dead.'"



Soon after, they leave the lane of the old city. The sunset turns into darkness and supper into sleep. An old house in ancient Jerusalem where Guru Jara slept years ago, today becomes a shelter for this spiritual trekker. Here, Kelly experiences a night which lifts the spiritual stagnation of the last days into a miracle.

Kelly awakes to find himself levitating one meter above the ground. Even though he experienced something similar long ago with Lamapa, his attention is not on his weightless, floating body. It is mesmerized by the beings who are levitating all around him and judging his level of readiness. He is shocked to find Guru Jara and Yeshe Li among the flying beings. They wave and signal him to follow behind. But the more Kelly is drawn out from his sleep, the lower he comes to the ground.

"You must focus on the blue light of a candle flame," Yeshe Li advises. While watching his fruitless attempts, she is reminded of a young bird trying to fly for the first time.

"He is not ready," echoes all around the space. This crucial decision is made. The beings turn their backs and go on their way.

"Wait! He is so close!" Yeshe Li speaks out. She begs the others to be more tolerant, but receives no response. Before she follows suit, she looks around and whispers to him an important secret. "Get up immediately and go by bus to Egypt. On your way, you will meet two beautiful women who will help you to make your initiation in the pyramids."

Guru Jara, who had come back for Yeshe Li, hears everything and as she disappears through the wall, he adds, "After your initiation, be ready to serve the people, and she..." he waves to the place where Yeshe Li vanished, seconds before, "she will come back for you after twelve years. Be ready then, for another test."

"Wait! Wait!" Kelly tries to stop Guru Jara from flying off.

"Don't forget to be ready and in Egypt after twelve years." he only hears the voice reverberate in the empty room from which the last of them had already departed.

Kelly sits up in bed. He ineffectively makes an effort to levitate his body, so he can follow the spirits of his friends. He counts.

*After twelve years, it'll be 2019.*

## CHAPTER 2

I can't sleep. I think I'm in shock or something. I need to get grounded, so I walk all around Jerusalem. I leave the slowly waking city, and from the hill I let them drive me to the bus terminal, just in time. The morning bus to Cairo is ready for departure. It will drive the whole day, and by sunset, it will drop off its passengers at the ancient city in the middle of the desert. And at the edge of the desert, where the Nile cuts through, there lies the world of the pyramids.

On the bus, there's a pair of cuties without male company. They are the center of attention. The whole bus is flirting with them. I'm guessing they are Swedish, and I'm reminded of a beautiful girl I know, Marta, who is from Sweden. She had some kind of amnesia, always forgetting where she was from, and her Swedish roots were only tickled at an ice hockey match. From time to time, I check out these girls. I impatiently wait to see if they have some message for me that would confirm that my night escapades of the spirit were indeed real.

*Too bad I wasn't more interested at the time in what Marta was saying.*

I'm wondering what a man can actually remember after experiencing

amnesia. Maybe his favorite food? Would I remember snippets here and there, like she did? Or would my life start over from scratch, again? What would happen to all my education, my Tantric initiations? Would everything be gone? While I'm sorting out the remnants of restarting the human brain, we cross over the border of Israel into Egypt. It appears that my travel mates are just normal girls. I'm slightly concerned for my mental health. I hope what I saw last night wasn't the beginnings of a schizophrenic disorder. Then I remind myself that schizophrenia is not a sickness, like the flu or epilepsy, but a diagnosis slapped onto unexplainable individuals, and I calm down. Maybe its because we're finally leaving the Holy Land, this kingdom founded by crusader and Templar knights, who sought to conquer and possess the place of God's grave through sheer physical coercion, believing it would secure their own salvation. I'm watching the endless Egyptian desert of Sinai as I go back over the events and visitors of the night. I wonder if we really can conquer paradise through our physical bodies, like the crusaders believed was possible, like fasting monks believe, or Hatha yogis and Tantrics.

Sinai has its magic. It was here that Moses was given the ten commandments, which were then stored into the great arch of the covenant. These fundamental guidelines have been imprinted into law, etiquette and moral code, as well as our own inner restrictions and rebellions, and they have been carried throughout history by Jews, Christians, Muslims and Atheists alike. But I am really looking forward to being in the Sahara, the land of pharaohs, where I will realize my greatest wish of all.

As we move from Asia into Africa, the most outgoing of the girls comes over and sits next to me. "We've got a flat in the center of Cairo. Do you want to sleep over with us?"

"Why not," I reply, and I watch her pretty face from pretty close up to detect whether her offer has anything to do with my night escapades of the soul. I don't notice anything special. Or I don't really have time to, because as

soon as I say yes, this beauty is back to her seat. I can hear the roar from time to time of the group of men hovering over these girls. The accent of the voice changes according to which suitor is currently going for the goal. There is nothing more Tantric than the analogy of scoring a goal, symbolizing vaginal penetration. The goal looks like a sure hit. The girls seem really interested in world travelers. At this moment, I could care less about where and with whom I'm going to sleep. All I'm interested in knowing are the details of my initiation in the pyramid. Besides, the offer for a sleepover can mean anything, but so far all signs show that these are not the girls to help me with my Tantric initiation. Organizing overnight meditation in an Egyptian pyramid is no simple task, but after my magical evening in Jerusalem, I can feel that I'm fated for glory. A night spent in the pyramid, alone, perfectly adhering to the prepared exercises and guidelines that Guru Jara followed himself twelve years ago during his initiation....this is my one goal.

There's one thing about that, though. I have no earthly idea how I'm going to do it. I haven't a clue how I will fulfill the purpose of my journey, which began forty months ago with me crawling over the mountains of Ladakh, toilet paper in hand. So I reach for my spiritual trekking diary for some inspiration, an idea, or a stream of familiar energy. I'm looking for what Guru Jara calls procedural ropes, which will help me develop the way up the mountain side.

**Paul Brunton, 'Egyptian Mysteries', 1935.** "It took quite a while to receive permission to sleep overnight inside the Great pyramid...In the middle of the night, from my spiritual perspective appeared several tall figures, sages in sandals wearing white robes and bearing the symbols of initiated ancient Egyptian high priests. Then, I noticed that from my reborn self sprang out a silver beam of light, connecting me with my old self, which was laying down on a stone. This silver

umbilical cord shone as brightly as the full moon, and lit up the whole king's chamber. I saw myself floating in my reborn self over my physical body. I realize now, why Egyptians of the pyramid era depicted the human soul using the hieroglyph of a bird. I have wings, and I am flying and observing my deserted body laying below."

I'm skipping randomly over the procedural ropes that I already prepared, and I'm feeling excited as the chaotic, transient world around me ceases to exist.

**Napoleon, 1798.** He had been alone inside the Great pyramid, and when he crawled back out into the dark of night, the officers of his army saw that Napoleon was white as chalk, and he was shivering. Napoleon believed that through the magic of the Egyptian pyramids, he could call upon a miracle, and uplift his career so that history would never forget his name. He was inspired by the Egyptian initiation of the famed Alexander the Great. We all know that Napoleon fulfilled his pyramid dream, but nobody knows what actually happened inside that night. He would always dismiss the curious questions of his friends about his magical night spent inside with a single sentence, "You would never believe it."

The diary pitches from my hands as the bus makes a screeching halt at the last possible moment. Bumper to bumper, our bus driver explodes a flurry of curse words out the front door. Frustrated drivers had converted the side of the highway into a ring of wanna-be-boxers. To those unfamiliar with this local ritual, the screams and passions of the participants might appear frighteningly serious, but in the end, everything concluded with just some childish slapping, strangling, and collar grabbing. In this roadside jam, crowds of drivers leave

their cars to enter the driving school of life, cheering on the fighters, cursing them for blocking the road, or fervently imparting opinion on technique. The match finally ends when the colossal-sized driver of a colossal-sized truck commands, without compromise, that the fighting cocks get back behind their wheels and continue on their way. Instead of parting ways peacefully, the opponents shake their fists, still threatening each other, and press on the gas.

*Welcome to Cairo.*

Inside the bus, the atmosphere is getting thick. The rioting of the drivers seems to have reminded us of the reality of a long day's journey. The exhaustion and worries pile up- overflowing bladders, numb buttocks, watery stomachs, lungs full of desert sand, sunstroke, heat exhaustion, sweaty neighbors with a tired smile napping over your shoulder, and the collective need to find sleeping accommodation. I loathe the end of an arduous journey, whether by plane, car, caravan, bus, or boat. It doesn't matter. The end of your travel time is always a voodoo cocktail of stupor and boredom. What is left of a recently finished past is mixed together with the anxious imaginations of an upcoming future. This stress has the unfortunate power to effortlessly chase out the divine winged essences of people, leaving behind only their crude human bodies. Toward the end of a long trip, your travel mates lose all sense of humor, and they start farting alot more. I'm trying to focus on myself. I'm guessing the journey through the center of this traffic jam will take awhile, so I go back to reading my spiritual trekking journal.

**Paul Horn, from inside the Great Pyramid, 6.5.1976** "We received the kind permission of the Egyptian museum to stay inside the Great Pyramid after closing time and record my music from inside the king's chamber. This permit lasts for three hours, from six to nine in the evening. I brought with me a photo of Guru Ramana Maharshi and incense sticks. Right when the lights went off, I started with a Hindu

puja. Then, I sat down at the sarcophagus in a meditation position and started to play...I believe that a trail of energy from people and events lingers in places, like in the king's chamber of this pyramid. It stays here forever, and I'm only touching upon it with the notes of my flute...Our time is coming to an end. I wave the rest on, and we move towards the queen's chamber, where my feelings lead me to play higher note. So, I'm play my piccolo and a C flute...It's five minutes to nine. The recording has finished, and we are running towards the exit where they are already waiting for us. "

**Dr. Zahi Hawass, headmaster of the pyramids, for 'Independent Magazine', 8/30/1997.** "All spiritual seekers, Rosicrucian Order, new age people the Cayce foundation, and many others like them are very welcome at the pyramids. I love to say that Cheop's Great Pyramid is the best psychiatrist in the world. People come with their problems, they meditate here in the pyramids for awhile, and everything is cool again. For the last three years, the number of new age fans arriving at the pyramids has grown exponentially. There are thousands, even millions of them. Many beautiful people. I call them pyramididiots."

**Howard Vyse, 1837 .** The Lieutenant who deflowered both the Mykerine's and Chefren's pyramids with dynamite, decided to spend the night inside the Great Pyramid. In the morning, after crawling out of its womb, he yelled to the world the marvel of their night spent together. 'I discovered the name 'Cheops' inside of the Great Pyramid!' Based on this Egyptian graffiti found inside of the pharaoh Cheops's name, the Great Pyramid was decided to be the tomb of this late pharaoh. Some people believe that Howard Vyse forged this hieroglyph so he could become a famous Egyptologist. Others claim that he faked the hieroglyph at the command and with the help of ancient Egyptian

high priests, so that together, they could protect the real, magical meaning of the pyramids in Giza. Most people think that Howard Vyse simply found the sign of the great pharaoh, Cheops, during his night spent in the pyramid, and like other Egyptologists working there overnight, he proved that nothing magical, or even interesting really happens.

I know exactly what Guru Jara would say to these skeptics. I can just hear it now...

*"Noisy visitors will never find deer in the forest, even in the very place where the ranger observes crowds of them every morning."*

**From the memories of Aleister Crowley, with his wife, November, 1903.** "Rose had to behold the great magus she had married. So immediately after dinner, we take some candles, and we go over to Cheops's Great pyramid. I put some lit candles on the corner of the sarcophagus and I start the magical invocation. The king's chamber is lit up by ultraviolet astral light, and suddenly, everything is visible as if we were under a full moon. The dirty candle light looks ridiculous in this new lighting, so I blow the flame out."

**Guru Jara, August 1995.** "I had already gotten used to the interesting phenomenon of seeing in the dark from my meditations deep inside of caves. You touch the observed objects through colors, not through shapes, as it happens in the light. Finally, after about an hour, this effect of seeing in the dark switches on inside of Giza pyramid, as well. Once I can see here, I am finally able to observe the aisle and all the chambers. Before I get started, I want to know which colors, energies, and astral vibrations I can expect at every place inside...done. Now, I can light the candles I already prepared in a basic magical circle. I am not in a hurry. I



still have over twelve hours to go before the caretaker of the pyramid does his regular morning rounds along the waking Sphinx and the first excited tourists swarming the gate."

**Aleister Crowley, Memories, 1903, and Equinox of the Gods.**

"Astral light illuminates the entire pyramid all during the invocation, and even remains, a little less strong, until the dawn. We tried to sleep with Rose, (Crowley means magical sex when he uses the word sleep) but it was not possible to sleep here. The ground was unbearably cold and hard...no, no, the light inside the pyramid was not a subjective illusion. It illuminated the space so brightly that I could read from the magical texts without the use of any other light. Many people have accused all the work I have done in Egypt over the past three years and the Book of the Law as being a commercial lie. Despite this fact, I remain calm, even now, because I am experiencing all which I have seen before in the king's chamber of the Great Pyramid, again. Although the invocation is starting spontaneously, I have to interrupt it in order to protect my wife. Mathers (the founder and leader of 'Golden Dawn') has been trying to kill her through disgusting attacks of black magic. He has been targeting my wife since the moment I saw through his game. He tried to trick me using a sixty year old woman who was playing a beautiful lady, longing to have a magical moment with me. During our sexual connection, the old hag would have taken away my magical protection, enabling his black magic to kill me, later..."

"Are you coming? The taxi is waiting for us."

I shut my notebook. It's the girl from the bus, and she's acting like we're dating, which the rest of the guys around don't enjoy. Both boys and men getting off the bus are instantly wide-eyed and paralyzed, watching to see who the other girl will choose. I'm really curious too. I would take the Australian

dude. He seems cool. But surprise, no body else joins us in the taxi. The taxi driver slams the trunk, and the curtain goes down, leaving the puppy dog eyes of several glumly staring as we head toward the main square.

The girls have a flat just opposite of the Egyptian museum. During our ascent up to the seventh floor, I'm chewing over the words left for me, either by Yeshe Li's apparition, or by my hallucination, today before dawn.

*"Get up immediately and go by bus to Egypt. On your way, you will meet two beautiful women who will help you to make your initiation in the pyramids."*

## CHAPTER 3

*Isn't everything that has happened so far proof that Yeshe Li really visited me last night, that I wasn't hallucinating?*

I look around, and I see two strange women in a strange apartment. I shake my head a little surprised. But no, this kind of thing can happen to a man pretty easily when his energy has been softened by Tantric exercises. The greater the build up of Tantric energy in his body, the more he will magnetize Tantric experiences into his life, like this one. And in fact, the less energy he puts into making contact, the more it will just happen.

I take a deeper look at the girl who initiated our encounter. She is the self confident, passionate type, definitely conceived in the star sexual position of a cardinal sign, and through a succubic hook, which means her mother was on top. I finish with my karmic diagnosis rather quickly. She's pretty easy to read. I say it's either Aries, Libra or Capricorn.

While she shows me the flat, I rule out Libra. This might work in the old days when this position was more romantic and connected with a lady-lover standing and hugging a tree. But not today, when the same position is transferred into an urban alleyway. That doesn't fit for this beauty with the rebellious behavior of Che Guevara.

Then she spouts, "Surprise!" and springs opens the balcony door. They have just a breathtaking view of the city. From above, I can see the renowned museum founded by the esteemed Egyptologist, Auguste Mariette, which houses a collection of hundreds of famous pharaohs and mummies. Included in this collection is Horus, who confirmed the magical invocations of Crowley and the visions of his wife Rose that led to the proclamation of a New Age of humankind.

*Wow. So, Horus is just inside there, filed under number A 9422.*

But actually, if you want the *real* Horus, you go for number 9913. Guru Jara told me that. It just flashed back to me now.

She touches me very politely, so I can rule out the Capricorn position. This position is called Virsha in the 'Kama Sutra'. Belgians named it "payday position". Guru Jara dubbed it 'the Minotaur'. But most people refer to it as Reverse Cowgirl. I don't know what this fox calls it, but according to her tight thighs and ass, I imagine she loves it. I can picture her riding me in this position all night, but I highly doubt she was conceived in it.

I watch as the headlights of cars below circle around the square. Feeling like a StarTantra specialist, I breathe deeply, taking in as much fresh air from the nearby Nile as possible. Then I turn to her, and I am immersed in her luxurious lips.

And right there, I can see her parents. They are young. They are parked far out of their town, and after several hell-bent positions, her mother arrives in the driver's seat facing the wheel atop of a warm, thrusting human seat who squeezes her thighs rhythmically and pumps her so passionately, the whole car

rocks like a galloping horse. And in the moment when her seat screams, 'I'm coming!', she collapses onto the wheel in orgasmic ecstasy. She pays no attention to the sounds of horn and flashing turning signals. For her, there is only "Om Ah Hum" pulsing everywhere, bodies shaking with the melody in the dark ruddy lighting of a bar decorated with the purple robes of Tibetan lamas and a twinkling white lights. Yes, this beautiful blonde, who is now offering me a cigarette, was called to this world exactly like that. Definitely ascendant in Aries, a bubbling instinct and appetite with no qualms about breaking down social convention. She often goes after the man, like she went after me in the bus. Aries rising is very vivid in bed, and sometimes they can't even wait for it, and already while you're making out, they'll start to rub their pussy on your thigh, or they'll take control by grabbing your hand and stroking themselves with it.

But damn, I don't need another passionate night. I need a night in the pyramid! And so, in the moment when our wholesome physical connection takes a left turn and becomes a little too obvious, I leave the balcony and go sit down inside on the carpet.

Now, I finally get a chance to check out the other girl. She looks like Amelie from Montmartre. Well, the one in the movie was quite tiny, and this one is pretty tall. Even if she's not the sexual goddess her friend Blondie is, this well-mannered modest beauty is very lovely. No, no, I don't mean any wabi-sabi like, art finding beauty in the ugly sort of thing, but a genuinely charming grace, without any pop-star, flaunting it to the whole world.

With Amelie's every move, I can see that Guru Jara would definitely place her into the group of four fixed signs he calls, 'the erotic impetus-wheel', but I immediately scratch out Scorpio and Aquarius as possibilities. So now, I'm left with only the incubic hook creating Taurus position or the succubic hook planting Leo position. She looks more like an introvert, so she was probably conceived in the incubic position. But, for such a cool and pretty

chick, she seems a little too introverted. I'm feeling suspicious about my diagnosis, so I wait, and I chat with her about photographing people while traveling.

Meanwhile, Blondie comes back in smoking a joint and sits down next to us, making some sounds that I don't pay much attention to. I'm totally captivated with imagining Amelie's conception. I can see her mother. She was a painter, pressured by her parents into becoming a lawyer. She is sitting on the lap of a jobless bohemian, and discreetly swinging her hips, so as not to catch the attention of the rest. They have their legs outstretched, taking up the whole the sofa, so everyone else has to watch '120 Days of Sodomy' from the floor or an armchair. Some of them are discussing the need for revolution, and others are copulating, or getting ready to, their hands sticky with secrets. But nobody else goes for the noble Kama Sutra position called Kshudgagana; only the couple who became the proud parents of Amelie after ejaculation.

I'm trying to catch her eyes to confirm my diagnosis, but Blondie jumps in and asks, "And what do *you* think?"

I slowly turn to face her, trying to buy myself some time. Of course, I have no idea what they've been talking about. I have some vague memory, after she joined us on the carpet, of her describing flogging some guy in bed, and how she wanted it again and again, until finally after ten orgasms, he passed out. I remember her bragging about how she was whipping him and shouting, 'Fuck me, fuck meeee!', probably stoned off her ass I can imagine. But I haven't overheard any more 'fuck me', so they're probably onto something else by now. And I have no idea what...

"What sign is your rising in?" I ask instead of answering her, and I wait to see if my assessment is accurate, and if she really was conceived in the Aries position.

"What? We are discussing the injustice of the Israeli-Palestinian conflicts, and instead of participating, you come with some sissy astrology

bullshit?“

She looked like she wanted to whip me as well. From her inflamed response, I decide that my verdict is right, but what I can't figure out is which side of the conflict she's on. So I keep my mouth shut. Besides, I promised myself I wouldn't start anything with them. Blondie would definitely be a top, and would probably flog all the life out of me, so I'd have to forget all about my initiation tomorrow in the pyramid. Plus, she'd probably make me get up early in the morning to go buy bread to feed the homeless or some shit. And after a few weeks, when she's completely bored with me, she'll send me off to join some freedom fighting army. And no doubt, still totally gaga over her, I'd do it too. So I'd end up shot and killed, face down in the dirt, covered with a thousand flies, and meanwhile, she'd be telling some travel mate on a bus that I fell asleep in bed after ten orgasms, and that she could only wake me up by kicking and screaming 'Fuck me, fuck meee!'

I'm noticing that my mind is kind of drifting in an absurd stream. The herb that Blondie brought in is making the room a shade darker. I bet it's some good shit. The girls are back to their discussion, and I'm daydreaming. With my eyes fixed on Amelie, I continue with my rising sign assessment.

The Taurus position that was fancied by the barflies of Montmartre, like Toulouse-Lautrec in the golden age of Paris, was nicknamed the "flogged mare", or "converted to the faith", to express the reality that this position is really the same as missionary position, but with one important difference. Here, the woman lies on her belly, not on her back. This position seems very likely to me as a possibility for Amelie's conception.

Two young, white collar folks with promising careers decided on their eighth date to give each other a totally innocent massage, just to relax a little. And then, when after an hour of massage, nothing happens, she starts touching herself while he works around her clavicle. This encourages him to politely penetrate his bursting penis between her thighs. And nine months later, that

very polite penetration would bring another life into the daylight. Yes, Amelie was conceived that way. I'm pretty sure of it.

My previous error of Leo rising was no doubt due to interference from Blondie's omnipresent aura, and also that French charm Amelie oozes with every move. But now I suddenly see it, the Taurus rising in her every smile and frown. She is enchanting.

*If you want her, you have to tell her.*

My brain receives the text message from my other head, three feet below. My penis is totally right. People conceived in the Taurus position never push the boundaries created by their inhibitions, but if you visit them within these boundaries, they will give you such a shag that you think you'll lose your cock. And if not in the first round, then in the second, which will come right after the first. They know exactly how to take care of their energy more than anyone else, and they can continue playing the boundaries game you started forever.

So if I had to give up my pre-pyramid celibacy, then I would choose Amelie. She will rock my world, and I won't have to drudge, because she'll do it all herself, even get herself off by hand. And after our orgasms, she'll bring me ice cream and just let me sleep contently in her bed. And she won't bother me with politics or saving the world, because the only thing we'll talk about is...

Her: Do you want vanilla or chocolate?

Me: Vanilla.

Her: Ok.

Then she would go get it in the kitchen, and when she comes back, she'll place a little spoonful on her breast, a second on her clitoris, and a tiny taste on her lips.

This weed is really strong. Maybe I should go get some fresh air. I look Amelie straight in the eyes, as if to say, 'I want you right now', even if I know that for Taurus rising seduction, it's not enough. But Blondie crosses her thigh over mine, and Amelie answers with a look that says, 'It's not up to you now.'

Now, you are her toy.'

## CHAPTER 4

"Get up immediately, and go by bus to Egypt. On your way, you will meet two beautiful women who will help you to make your initiation in the pyramids."

Guru Jara, who had come back for Yeshe Li, heard everything, and as she disappeared through the wall, he adds, "After your initiation, be ready to serve the people, and she..." he waves to the place where Yeshe Li vanished only seconds before, "she will come back for you after twelve years."

I keep replaying last night over and over in my head. It already feels like it was years ago. Cairo, the pyramids, these chicks... I feel like I'm dreaming. I'm looking at these two pretty total strangers.

*Yeah, you could definitely have all sorts of fun with these girls.*

But what I really want to know is, how in the world can they help me with my spiritual trekking. My dismal doubts are interrupted by Blondie's thigh, now sliding across my belly until her crotch makes contact with my body. She doesn't stop there, and she begins to gently press it into my side. When she sees nothing is happening, she goes for my package, petting me over my pants. I glance over at her.

"Want a hit of this joint?" she smirks at me. "Maybe later," I mumble and turn onto my stomach, so she can't reach my penis.

"In this position, I can't guarantee your satisfaction," she says, sounding bored. Then she starts telling me about Amelie, who is now having a shower. She tells me she's a physician, and that she, herself, is a professional photographer, just back from a shoot in Palestine. Blondie is snacking, mixing



together dates, almonds, raisins, peanuts and tahini- a disgusting combination of several delectable items.

"Want some?" she offers me a date and opens her legs.

"Later," I reply as Amelie emerges from the shower, and Blondie leaps up to replace her.

I spread out on the floor, alone for awhile, but it's not long before Blondie is out, too. Considering how beautiful they are, they are both super speedy in the shower. Experienced travelers, for sure. Now, it's my turn. When I return from the shower, they are both sprawled across the carpet naked. They are eating grapes and drinking wine and Egyptian mint tea. I stand there in awe. I am overcome with the desire to draw or photograph this incredible display of Shakti power. The entire setting was magnificent, and not just because it foretold of the threesome to come.

I'm fully aware of how much energy a threesome takes out of you. I'm trying to work out how to gracefully back down. I didn't come to Egypt to do what I normally do everywhere else. I came here to focus on my spiritual progress so I can be ready for anything the next time I am tested. I stare for too long, and a stereo attack of horny chicks knocks me backward.

Amelie can't get enough of it from behind, standing and leaning over the bed, which Blondie really appreciates. Her only acceptable and truly beloved arrangement is woman up, man down. I'm on bottom, made to move like a sewing machine by a cane with Egyptian symbols on it, which allows her to ride me madly like a jockey in the home stretch.

I wait for her to collapse, but instead of giving in, she shouts "Faster! Faaster!"

I rest my hips on the floor, grounding myself, and despite the cane whippings, I refuse to go any further. She stops, measures me with a far-away look, and then, she squeezes my ball sack and makes it hers. I let out a crazy yell and jump up to my feet. When Blondie begins whipping herself next, I go

to relax in between Amelie's thighs.

*It is so nice to watch the sensual and delicate, passionate face of a lover.*

I watch Amelie's expressions of pleasure. That is, until the moment Blondie licks my ass. It tickles, but otherwise, it's all right. Then, with a very skilled maneuver, she rams her finger into my hole and starts banging me with it.

*Shit! No, no, no. I'd better go and play the sewing machine and jockey game with her.*

I'm not sure how many times she peaked, but I do know she washed me out, and I fell asleep in the middle of having sex. I knew she would try to wake me up by kicking and screaming, 'Fuck me! Fuck meee!' And of course she did too, the poor wretch.

Three hours later, I'm standing half naked on the balcony, coming down from a wild ride, gazing below at the calming labyrinth in front of an old wing of the museum. I find myself in an absurd situation, a pilgrim seduced and speculating over Yeshe Li's prophecy about two girls in a bus. My thoughts skip to a charming travelogue of Gary Snyder called 'Earth House Hold'. Gary Snyder, also a Tantric of the left hand, a rock climber, environmentalist, and Zen Buddhist, noted in his book, "Mind is nothing but another apprehension of touch, and there are too many people, here and now. Let us become animals, or Buddhas instead."

Yeah, I went to Egypt to become Buddha, and these women made me an animal.

NO says YES. My alter ego opposes.

*These lovers became your Tantric bridge. They are helping you, an animal and living being, to step upon the bank of Buddhahood.*

I'm listening for the voice of my heart, my negotiator. So, I call in a great authority on the matter, Patanjali, who is considered to be a forefather of yoga,

and my favorite of his quotes: "Uninterrupted connection between mind and object is the meditation, also called Dhyana."

*Can you hear that?*

YES is asking.

*If my gorgeous blonde jockey during her sewing-machine-ride was concentrating on pure pleasure, and therefore experiencing uninterrupted connection between mind and object in the burning sensations of our bodies, this beautiful woman became a Buddha.*

*Ok, says NO. So, that means that Amelie, who was constantly controlling her actions, mind, and expressions, even during orgasm, was the animal, right?*

NO.

*It is fortunately the opposite of what you are proclaiming here. The one not loosing control is not totally lost, while the fiendish savage tossed by uncontrolled ecstasy will be not saved, even by purgatory.*

The faithful monk, Origenes, put it well, for women like her: "Every woman shall be ashamed anytime she realizes that she is a woman."

I let the debate of my YES and NO die down and I check in with myself, because I still don't know if I sinned, sullyng my pilgrimage possibilities, or if I uplifted myself from the dusty road traveled up to the apex of the pyramid. If sex is a sin, a seductive temptation on the spiritual journey, then the answer is clear. But who suggested that the most powerful force a human possesses is evil, simply because one cannot tame and control it? Both Saint Anthony, who lived in the Egyptian desert thousands of years ago, and Saint Alfonso Rodrigues were sieged by naked women like I was today. Often the number of nude temptresses trying to seduce these saints reached ten or more.

And me? Shit. I succumbed to only two. Should I have fought more? Or should I have shared some sacred Tantric teachings with them? Also a desert hermit and bishop, the monk Origenes, known as 'two in one', spayed himself

by his own hands, so as not to yield to the women who tempted him from his spiritual path with their breasts, their caresses and kisses, their pawing and rubbing, skin to skin, as Blondie tried on me. It was this self-castration that made Origenes a forefather of Christian monasticism. He is not so well-known though, because he also connected the immense love of Jesus Christ with reincarnation, which ultimately would allow for salvation of all souls, including sinners and fiends.

I'm questioning, should I have behaved like Origenes and hit myself in my balls when these girls jumped me, like Lamapa? I'm questioning some more. What would Guru Jara say in this situation? One of our particular discussions comes to mind...

"Celibacy is virtuous, only thanks to Tantra," Guru Jara taught me. And when I was too dumb to understand it, he explained it to me. "The impotent don't have to sustain celibacy, because it will not affect him at all. Celibacy doesn't work because of abstinence, but because of the sexual power that it accumulates. Unfortunately, most people can do nothing better with this precious reserve of energy than to simply store it. But for initiated Tantrics, it's different. Spirituality is not celibacy, but sex, which celibacy gathers and builds by keeping it in the body. And that is why celibacy is not only a sexual position, but also a yoga asana."

"What? How can celibacy be a sexual position?"

"Guru Anadhan taught that celibacy is a sexual position, parallel to the yoga asana of Shavasana, or corpse pose, which is actually the most difficult position because it requires you to lay in complete and centered stillness. Only advanced adepts should practice it. Those not advanced enough would simply waste their time by laying on the floor."

"So, people who are celibate are advanced? Or they will become advanced after celibacy?" I ask, looking for clarity.

"This is exactly the fundamental lapse in understanding. Long time

celibacy should only be practiced by someone who is already advanced.”

“So what should all the other, not advanced people practice?”

“Balancing asanas, stretching asanas, Tai Chi, Kung Fu, Karate, conditioning asanas... anything really that they can express their body and soul through.”

“But I mean, what should they practice Tantra-wise?”

“Casanova, Don Juan, Kamasutra...or Freud's assistant, Wilhelm Reich.”

“I don't know him.”

“He is the man who transformed Freud's teachings about the ‘virtuous’ people who blocked and restrained their sexual needs, proposing that sex was in fact healthy. He said, ‘Primary sin is nothing more than a fear of myself.’ He brought Tantric teachings to a sexually healing, physical level, where he taught that orgasm creates a blue-green colored spiritual energy that humankind needs for survival.”

“And which asana is that?” I sarcastically pop off.

“Well, that would depend on what sexual position you're in.”

“Ok, very funny. But seriously, if extreme celibacy is like Shavasana, what would the opposite be? Like, what asana would represent this idea of humanity's survival thanks to regular orgasm?”

“Well, considering that Wilhelm Reich believed that brothels were the sacred catalysts of the spiritual renaissance, I would probably guess Swan.”

“That's ridiculous! You're saying a whore house is basically a church? That's just as crazy as the monk who castrated himself because he was having some fantasies.”

“Of course, these are pretty extreme examples, but physical castration and worshiping of animalistic sexual energy is neither good nor bad, if your head doesn't make that judgment call, and if they are also not judged by someone who your head listens to.”

*Yes! Finally, I have an answer...*

I'm relieved, regaining the awareness that my wild sex with Amelie and Blondie is only good or bad according to the decision I make inside myself. And I have decided that I will make this night a glorified fest of flowers garlands on the doorstep of my initiation in the pyramids and follow in the words of Gary Snyder.

"Mind is nothing more than another apprehension of touch...Don't be a mountain climber. Be the mountain, and you will fill up with snow and start an avalanche.' This is just the inspiration I need. I stop being the travel agent of my spiritual trekking pilgrimage, and I become the journey itself. And some of this journey, I filled up with sperm.

According to Guru Jara and also to a famous Greek historian, Herodotus, Mykerine's pyramid is the greatest sexual memorial of all time. That's why Guru Jara chose the Mykerine pyramid, the smallest of the Giza pyramids, for his own initiation. He called the pyramid 'Menkaure's Luminary Lingam', which represents a penis in the moment of ejaculation, the outpouring of the white, life-giving iridescence that I saw for the first time inside Lamapa's cave. I saw many ejaculations there, actually! I have to laugh remembering Guru Jara's disgusted face saying, "Kelly, I'm now revealing to you the secret of Menkaure's chakra puja which I fulfilled inside the pyramid chamber, and which will help you to reach the sixty-four mighty lights of Universal Transcendence, and all you can see is an orgy of sweaty bodies?"

Well, I probably haven't changed much. In spite of all the scolding, I still see just three sweaty, naked bodies. And at that moment, a mist of *deja vu* washes over my face, and I suddenly get the feeling, that what is happening, right here right now, has already happened before, and that Blondie and I actually know each other very well...

*Its probably just contact high from all this weed smoke circulating around,* I explain to myself.

How could I possibly know this sex-crazed woman? Maybe from a past

life? Sure! Maybe I carried a boulder for Menkaure's pyramid in a past life, and she humped me so right, that I remember it even after 5,000 years! After all the sensations with her today, I can easily imagine that Blondie was the famous Rhodopis from the poem by Sappho, who's vagina made it possible to build Menkaure's pyramid. One sexual ride with one man equals one boulder inside Menkaure's. Thousands of boulders...that would explain that woman there, inside. I peeked in at Blondie's silhouette.

But this one does everything for herself, for her own pleasure and satisfaction. She is a collector of sexual experiences. While Rhodopis on the other hand, performed the greatest ritual of sexual magic that mankind has ever witnessed. In the name of the Oracle at Delphi, she devoted thousands of acts of coitus to the completion of the pyramid, and to the oracle.

Guru Jara answered my burning questions about Rhodopis in an enigmatic way, "Menkaure's pyramid holds the greatest accumulation of energy and knowledge inside. It's the gateway to the secret of Tantra, the gateway to everything. It unlocks the evocative secrets that mandalas, yantras and sacred geometry hide within themselves. It is also a Tantric code to understanding a Biblical miracle, when high on a mountain and in front of the eyes of the first pope, Peter, and brothers Jacob and James of Compostela, Jesus's face was transformed into the Sun and his body began to shine brilliantly with beams of radiating light. At this moment, the voice of Moses, a former Egyptian high-priest, spoke. This is the same Moses, who after leaving Egypt, obtained the Arc of the Covenant along with the Ten Commandments on Mt. Sinai. So the voice of Moses spoke out toward Jesus, with the illuminated face of a sun, "This is my beloved son.'

"Hmm...so...this...I don't understand at all," I said after hearing it.

"Sure, because you're not an initiate. But you're pretty advanced, so I'll give you a hint. Before Padmasambhava who was 'born from the lotus', founded the first monastery in Tibet, he visited a holy place, the town of

Varanasi, considered to be a doorway between the world of the living and the dead. Padmasambhava got drunk here, and when they wanted him to pay his bill, he pierced the ground with his staff so a shadow of it was visible on his table. 'I will pay when the shadow moves. Until that time I will drink!'

So he drank for many hours, without the slightest movement of the sun, who in Egypt is personified in the god, Ra. This game lasted until the Maharaja himself paid Padmasambhava's bill. Padmasambhava pulled his staff from the earth, and the sun, after many hours of standing in one place, set immediately and night fell upon them. The next day, he was teaching at the university where two hundred years later would unexpectedly arrive a very significant professor, Naropa, who would later set off to find the famous errant Tantric, Tilopa."

"Good story, but I'm still lost."

"Are you still lost if I tell you that his staff might have been an obelisk?"

I nod my head with certainty.

"Even if I remind you that the first attempt to replace the pyramid with an obelisk occurred in Egypt shortly after Menkaure's death?"

I nod again.

"Ok, well in that case, I want you to write down everything you have just heard, and you will memorize it as a spiritual riddle, a zen koan. Repeat this riddle again and again, at different times and in different situations, and one day, through this riddle, you will realize and understand the greatest mystery of this world." Guru Jara told me this years ago in Ladakh, and still, I got nothing. I still don't get it. But just now, standing on the balcony after our orgy, I get the feeling it might finally snap...

And nothing. As always, the only thing I can see here is a beautiful legend that even the author didn't believe while writing it.

*The important thing is not to die from fucking*, I tell myself, still thinking about the story of Rhodopis. After she had had sex for every stone in Menkaure's pyramid, the pharaoh buried her there, inside.



I welcome in a deep breath, inhaling the fragrance of the Nile. I lean over the balcony railing. I am finally and definitely coming to a solid conclusion that my night with the girls would not complicate my pyramid initiation, and I forget about old stories for now.

*Spiritual trekking is about sensation and experience, not information.*

I remind myself of the first rule of spiritual trekking, and I try to dive deeper into spiritual experience with a game of Nirvana Ping-Pong. It's Guru Jara's version of a secret practice of Aghora sadhus. He learned it from Guru Anadhan just before his death, under the condition that Guru Jara would help him to adapt the exercise to the limited attention span and stressful mind of today's average human.

I'm replacing thousands of ping-pong balls of attention with red thoughts, and I'm playing as many as I can by immediately labeling a simple YES or NO to each thought.

*What a romantic night...*pops into my head, and as soon as possible, I respond without another thought...*YES!*

*It's a little chilly out...*NO.

*Is that an ambulance?*... NO.

I play successive thoughts in the same way, imagining they are flying at me in the form of red balls, now. It's the second level of Nirvana Ping-Pong.

*That was great sex...*YES.

With every answer, the thought is closed.

*Did I give that book back to my cousin?*... NO.

*Crap, that was my fault...*YES.

My brain is increasing the number of thoughts, zipping them into my attention. Some of them are pretty weird. I respond by quickening the pace of my answers, based on my first feelings.

*Will it be ri-?*...NO.

*Are-?*...NO.

*I-?...YES.*

For best results, Nirvana Ping-Pong is an exercise should be practiced for at least three days straight, which I already fulfilled because I haven't stopped playing since I arrived in Jerusalem. Actually longer, because I first started on the boat over from Cyprus. Anyway, I am really surprised by how fast and how well this exercise works for me. I see my thoughts as they emerge as ping-pong balls. Then, I smash and finish them before they start to run wild with association.

*Well, I'm obviously still in a good shape,* I say to myself after five minutes of this. It looks like neither the journey by bus nor my threesome with the girls dampened any of my magic abilities after all. I'm happy because the only way I can succeed tomorrow in the pyramid is to be perfect, absolutely precise in transforming myself into the object of my concentration.

*Don't be a mountain climber. Become the mountain. Don't be a magus in the pyramid. Become the pyramid itself.*

It will be a miracle if I'm lucky enough to spend tomorrow night in a pyramid, one that may never be repeated ever again for various reasons. That is why I don't want to screw it up by not being ready. On top of that, the very auspicious astrological alignment tomorrow will only be repeated again after a hundred years.

The girls' laughter carries in. Looking over my shoulder into the room, I can see their beautiful bare bodies. They are still smoking and talking in French. These women are indestructible. If I was at home, I would have been sleeping for ages by now. A pleasant wind blows in. The warm air coming from the Nile has a nice taste to it. I close my eyes for awhile. My brain seizes the opportunity to hit me with a tricky thought.

*Beat poet, monk, ecologist, bohemian, and mountain climber, Gary Snyder was a Vamachara Tantric.*

This really confuses me. Why am I thinking about this right now? Why does it

matter if Snyder was a Tantric of the left hand or not? However, I'm also aware that nothing is a coincidence during a spiritual trekking journey. So I beat my brains about what connects the poet with the Tantric. And finally, everything is clear...

*Dont separate humanity from the world of magic.*

My YES is far too delayed, and I lose the whole set of thoughts in this round of Nirvana Ping-Pong. And after that one, I lose another when I admit that Yeshe Li that last night in Jerusalem was right about everything.

## CHAPTER 5

The only part of Yeshe Li's prediction that has not been fulfilled yet is my initiation being connected to these girls. Why hasn't this happened, yet?

Well for one, I guess I did spiritually close myself off to both of them from the beginning. I thought they were too ordinary. So rationally, I cut them out of my magical inner circle. Yes, I live with them. Yes, we eat together. We make love together. We talk together, but on my way to the pyramids, I am always alone. I really didn't allow them a window into my spiritual trekking.

Guru Jara always says, "Spiritual-minded people think that non-spiritual people are somehow not a part of the eternal existence. They have somehow accepted their material existence on this planet, but they have cut them from the sphere of soul inside their heads. It's a total misunderstanding of Tantra, of the principles of soul and of spiritual trekking. Who is or is not part of the

eternal existence is definitely not decided by us, our heads or our personal opinions."

I have to talk to the girls about the pyramids.

"Hey!" Blondie unexpectedly jumps out from behind a curtain and gives me a bear hug.

"Blondie?" It's pretty impersonal, I admit, but I have a hard time remembering her name. It doesn't really suit her, though. It's too stereotypical.

She slaps my buttocks and looks to the stars, which are rarely in view here thanks to the Cairo smog. I have to give her a cool nickname. I have never seen so much wild limitless Tantric energy in one body. Her nickname should properly capture this geyser of life force.

*I will call her Shakti. Nah. That's too general.*

I immediately decide. Plus, it sounds really out of place here in Egypt.

*Oh! I got it!*

Magi believe that the Ancient Egyptian version of the Hindu goddess Shakti is Sekhet, the mother of the first builder of Egyptian pyramids, who was also the reincarnation of the god, Thovt.

*Sekhet is just perfect!*

Right after renaming her, I could feel Sekhet's breasts radiating heat and pressing into my back.

"Tomorrow at this time, I hope to be inside a pyramid," I say.

"Menkaure's is closed," she returns in a casual tone, as if she is talking dinner plans. "So you have to choose between the Great or Chefren's."

I can see how Sekhet, the mother of Imhotep, magus and architect of Joser's graded pyramid, became embodied into Blondie the moment I gave her this new name. I know that everyone's dream is to be inside Cheops's Great pyramid, and it is for me too. But according to my teacher, I should prefer Chefren's. Guru Jara told me that Chefren's pyramid is the esoteric heart of the world.

"I want to go to the Great pyramid," I say finally.

While she is lighting her cigarette, I give it a second thought. Maybe it's better to follow the advice Guru Jara gave me sitting on his surf board like cowboy on his horse in the middle of the ocean, waiting for another wave. He told me, "It's no coincidence, that to the eye of the contemporary observer, the middle pyramid, Chefren's, looks bigger than the Great pyramid. It's the result of the modern world's neglect and marginalization of the heart center. A bounty of untapped and inactive love energy has been building up in the spiritual labyrinths of heart all over the world. And one of these great stores is just in the middle pyramid of Guiza."

Exhaling a puff of her flavored cigarette, Sekhet smokes out my dilemma. "The Great pyramid will be a great problem."

"Why is that?"

"After closing, the pyramid is usually occupied by meditation groups, stuck up tourists who rent the space and don't want to be jammed in there with the commoners. If you're there, they will find you for sure. And once those fools leave, it'll be after sunset, which means it will be impossible to get inside anyway."

"I think a spiritual group like that would approve of a magus performing ritual inside the pyramid. Don't you? If I'm all focused in the center of a magic circle there, doing my thing, I don't think they'd rat me out."

"Man, don't you know anything about people? They would envy you so much, even if you were their grandmother, they would still rat you out! 'Hey look, there is somebody still meditating over there. Oh, Mr. Police Man! Can I stay and meditate here, too?'" Sekhet imitates an uptown lady. "There are normally twelve people to a group, and each of them pays way more to stay after hours than you would for one night in Cairo's Hilton. And they only get a maximum of two hours there in the pyramid. Imagine they find you down there, totally solo. Of course they're going to ask you how much you paid to be

there on your own. And of course, some of them will be willing to pay whatever it costs to have the experience for themselves. And undoubtedly, one of them will give you away.”

I imagine this hypothetical group, and I have to admit, “Yeah, you’re right. People are bastards. Alright, you win again. I will have to be initiated inside the pyramid built by ‘the last extraterrestrial’, then. That’s what Guru Jara calls Chefren, because he was the last pharaoh to build one of the real gigantic pyramids, over a hundred meters high.”

I look up to the night sky. “Do you like stars?”

“I dont mind them“

Tomorrow at this time, I would like to be in Chefren’s pyramid, then,” I confirm.

“Good for you. Great choice. The middle pyramid really is the most beautiful.”

“Why is that?”

“Because it stands behind the Sphinx,” she says, giving me the approval of her artistic eye.

I’d better get ready for tomorrow. I still have to go over the plan Guru Jara gave me, which includes a map of my hiding spot. It’s in an alcove in the ceiling of the hall leading to the heart of the pyramid. But one big problem still remains: the cameras and alarm system. The morning after Guru Jara’s pyramid initiation, the guards arrested him as he came out, and after that, cameras were installed everywhere by some U.S. company, so I’m sure it’s pretty legit. Maybe I’ll just let go of all my worries go and open my heart to Sekhet, like Yeshe Li wanted from me in Jerusalem.

“I was there just before closing. I know of a good place to hide,” I reveal to her.

“And what about the security system?”

“Yeah, that’s the only thing I’m worried about.”

“You shouldn’t be worried. You got me. If you’re a good boy, I will help you,” she holds my fountain pen, trying to bring it back to life.

I back off a little, “How could a foreigner like yourself possibly help me with a tightly watched security system in an Egyptian pyramid?”

“That’s a secret, but if you’re forceful enough and you nail me down...then I’ll have to tell you, directly into your microphone.” This time she starts sucking on my fountain pen.

“I don’t think I understand your dialect,” I say pulling my pen from her mouth. “I’m really worried they’ll catch me.”

“Darling, with how much you think all the time, you should realize that as a photographer who likes entertainment, I have A LOT of pictures of A LOT of very important people, who are at my beck and call to help me anytime I ask.”

“So, you’re going to blackmail the pyramid superintendent?” I’m laughing at the absurdity of this.

“No, no, Doctor Hawass doesn’t like to be photographed if he’s not hugging a mummy or some other artifact. Besides, I don’t blackmail anybody, you naughty boy,” she says and flicks my penis with her finger so it loses its erection in a single click. “People just like to do me favors from time to time. And now, do your best, otherwise I will have to call the cops and tell them to arrest you for breaking into an archeological excavation,” she says sternly into my mic.

“But...”

“Did you just hear me? Stop thinking about tomorrow, Kelly,” she lets go of my shaft and kisses me on the mouth. And to confuse me to the maximum limit, she adds, “Yeshe Li would be disappointed, seeing you how badly you have been dealing with your worries about the future. At your spiritual level, you should be able to keep your mind steady and present. And this moment is not about the fucking pyramid. It’s about my hungry pussy!”

“You know Yeshe Li??” I heave, eyes widening. I wasn’t sure if I heard her correctly.

“I know her as well as you do. I could recognize her clitoris blindfolded.”

“What?! You were lovers? When?” I am simply stunned.

“In a Kung Fu monastery,” she laughs at me.

“What?”

“I wanted revenge on my ex. That fuck face liar. I thought about it every day. Then I saw that movie, Kill Bill, you know that scene where Uma tip-taps her fingers on the chest of her ex and they both know, that after he takes a few steps, he’s done for? Fascinating, right? So, I borrowed loads of Kung Fu movies to inspire me, and the movies finally brought me there, to the Shaolin monastery in China.”

“Your thirst for revenge took you to the most famous Buddhist monastery in the world?!”

“It sure did! Wanna see my deadly Kung Fu moves?”

Before I could react, her fist landed on my balls. I fell to my knees just as she smashed in my chin.

“Ha! You are so hypersensitive! That’s such a problem with spiritual seekers. But at the same time, pain is the best spiritual teacher, no?”

“OOOOUCH!”

I send a punch to her gut, not my hardest, but no sissy punch either. She cringes but only uses the pain to take another hit to my balls. Then, both squatting, we start to kiss. She gives my lip a bite and stands up.

“Did you see my reaction? I used the reflex of my body to the pain to execute an even better, more surprising punch. Pain, hunger, physical exhaustion and sleepiness are the greatest treasures of mankind and the best spiritual teachers. They are available anytime, anywhere and for free!”

“Yeah, I can deal with hunger, but I’ve been working on the rest. So, you really went to China to punch your ex in the balls?”



“Well, originally I went there for a gig, shooting the monks before they left on a world tour to show off their jumps and leaps and stuff. I chose two of them to be my models. They were really incredible. They were able to stand up on a high rock, balancing on one leg while lifting the other leg all the way over their heads and hit each other with their hands. I loved them, and they loved me. Our days together were just delightful. Finally, I had plenty of pictures, so they started to teach me,” Sekhet says and goes to knee me in the balls, but my reaction is fast this time, and I escape the hit. I felt like I was back with Lamapa, only this time Lamapa was gorgeous and dead sexy.

“So you met Yeshe Li at Shaolin?”

“Shut up and listen, ok. In Shaolin I met my two fighters,” and she slaps me. I manage to cover my face, but I notice my lip is bleeding from her bite earlier. It looks like what we did inside was just tender foreplay for this hard-ass chick.

“Then where did you meet Yeshe Li?”

“One of my little fighters had kind of a little penis and a very lazy tongue, so we started to leave him out.”

I squib with a short laugh, but she looks very serious, so I keep my mouth shut and pay attention.

“Of course, he suffered after that and was very jealous of us, and finally he ratted us out to the abbot. So, we had to take off, and suddenly I found myself with a no-longer-a-virgin boy hanging around my neck all the time. All he knew was what they had taught him at the monastery. He had been living there since he was five years old. So, I supported him, I fed him, and together, we took photos of Chinese UNESCO sites. But then he got seriously lazy, and not just in bed either. It seemed he wasn’t capable of anything besides jabbing, kicking, and jumping, and he was going after every guy who so much as looked at me. While we were together, he beat up like fifty guys. I couldn’t deal with it anymore, so I began looking for a Kung Fu monastery to drop him off at.”

“Understood. It sounds like marriage.”

“Exactly! He was like a possessive and militant husband on paternity leave, except we didn't have kids. Anyway, I caught word of this massive festival of martial arts that happens just once every two years, and voila... we decided to go.”

“Where was it, exactly?” I am mesmerized by her outrageous past.

“On the Wudang mountain,” she says with a dreamy tone. “It was so beautiful...”

“Yeah, the wilderness there is amazing. Any time I want to feel touched by nature, I put on *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*. They shot that film there, you know.”

“Nature? Are you insane? I watch Animal Planet if I want to see nature. The beauty I’m talking about is musclemen from around the world, showing off their stuff and fighting each other like it was life-or-death. Like I said, pure beauty!” She laughs, and adds, “and I fell in love there...with a woman! I met Yeshe Li at the opening ceremony, during my over excitement at a photo shoot, I tripped over a tea set she had in her backpack. Whoops. There was a real sparkle between us from that first moment, and because she was a woman, my Shaolin lover didn’t beat the living day light out of her. Pretty soon after we met, he got roped into another fight with a stranger who shouted something to me like, ‘Great ass! Would it appreciate a massage?’ But the fight didn’t last very long. The loudmouth was really good, and when my monkey-lover landed on the road for the sixth time, he didn’t get up. It was his first loss ever, so he didn’t take it very well. He wouldn’t speak to me or touch me. He couldn’t even look at me for the entire day. So that was it for us.”

She sighs, “Yeshe Li... love at first sight. She took me to Emei mountain and then to a monastery in Yunnan. My defeated ex-lover became a monk again. The morning after his big loss, he came to me and sadly heralded that he was leaving me and that I would have to take care of myself again. He chose a

monastery, I can't remember the name now, but there they were beating him with sticks four times a day. He looked so happy when he told me he was practicing Tiger with a sword."

"So after him, you and Yeshe Li dated?"

"Yep. You jealous?"

"A little."

"Yeah, you should be. We painted the Tao all over eachother's bodies with our tongues. It was so exquisite. You could never experience that with a man."

"You're a fan of Taoism?"

"I'm not, really. But I like it better than Buddhism. It seems to be more focused on ordinary life. My Shaolin ex was really happy that Taoism beats Buddhism on the Wudang mountain, and Yeshe Li also taught me the natural flow of the Tao. She explained to me that my problems didn't come from my spirit or my mind, but from my body, which has to be purified of the poisons of civilization. Then, through the transformation of water into fire here," Sekhet pats my solar plexus, "and fire into water, here, " she presses the center of my lower belly, "the body will be transformed into pure light."

"Interesting," I nod.

"Yeah it is, but Yeshe was obsessed with it. There is nothing worse then dating a die hard fanatic. I tried to change her, but she was too serious about it. She was constantly talking about saving the world, and then she took off somewhere where even soldiers are afraid to go."

"Where?" I pounce, eager for information.

"I have no idea. Actually, no one knows because it is a place that four countries have been warring over."

"Which countries?"

"China..."

"And?"

“Pakistan? I’m not really sure.”

“You didn’t go?”

“You must be crazy. I would never go where it gets that cold, even if they were crowning me Miss Universe there. So, there’s no way in hell I would go just for some ascetic Kung Fu cult.”

“Alright. So, what came next?”

“Nothing. That’s it. You still love her, don’t you?” Sekhet gently strokes my hair. “Don’t worry, I bet she is still somewhere up there in that mountain monastery. She has been visiting me in my dreams, lately.”

*Yours too?* I wanted to say, but finally didn’t .

“So, you left your love just because of the cold.”

“You’re damn right. I’d leave anybody because of the cold, even if I knew I’d spend the rest of my life regretting it. Why do you think I live here in Egypt? Plus, I still had to accomplish my mission and kill my ex, who was the whole reason for me going to China in the first place.”

“I thought you went there to shoot promo photos for the Shaolin Tour.”

“That too,” she laughs. “But somebody had to explain to the jerk that women have feelings. Before me and my dear little Shaolin boy split up, I had told him the whole story of my insensitive asshole of an ex. So, he went and very enthusiastically stole from his master’s bedroom some very secret texts for me. And according to these texts, he taught me how to kill my ex, exactly the same way as in ‘Kill Bill’. And that was actually the beginning of my Chinese adventure.”

“What text was it?”

“Some text about secret Wudang Kung Fu points or something. I studied for several days when and how to hit the correct points to inflict death.”

“That’s crazy!”

“I know right! And the best part about it is, death comes way after you hit the points. So, just imagine the perfection of it. You hit someone perfectly

in these points and they die two weeks later! So, you are totally in the clear with the authorities.”

“So, did it work?” I am totally immersed in the possibility that this bar tramp could manage something that me and my friends fantasized about all during adolescence.

“It was a little complicated. My ex was an Aquarius, and I couldn’t remember the exact day of his birth, so we weren’t sure if he was already a Rat, or still a Pig. Each Chinese zodiac sign has its own death points and time window, you see. I put my bets on him being a Pig. There was a big party just after my arrival in his city, where he was certain to be. The death hit had to come between the hours of nine and eleven at night. I passed him twice and each time, I hit him in the back with my elbow, but I was never sure if I got the right spot. It was right there between the second and third lumbar vertebrae.”

“Where the Gate of Life is?” I ask her.

“I dunno. Shaolin guy told me it was acupuncture point GV4.”

“Yep, that’s the Gate of Life point.” I am hunched over in laughter.

“Stop interrupting me. You’re ruining my story. So I’m at the party, and I can’t wait any longer, because as I said, for a Pig, it only works between nine and eleven PM and it was five minutes before eleven! I was furiously drunk by then, so I came at him from behind while he was talking to his boss and pierced his death point with a Coca-Cola bottle. I really hit the right place that time because he yelled so loudly that he dropped his champagne and the band stopped playing. When he saw it was me, he yelled only, ‘Are you crazy?’ Pretty lame last words I thought, but anyway. Since he was supposed to be dead within two weeks, I went to visit him at his office after three to check. He looked quite healthy and didn’t want anything to do with me.”

“See! So it’s just as we settled on in puberty. Death points only work in the movies,” I exclaim with a sigh of relief.

“You are terribly skeptical, Kelly. I just chose the wrong sign for him. He

wasn't a Pig after all. So I prepared plan b- attack the Rat. Rat's weak spot is LIV2, right here on the top of the foot. Can you feel that?" and she stamps on my foot, sending an excruciating throb up my lower leg.

"Don't worry. You're not gonna die. It only works on Rats, and only between eleven PM and one AM. And this was a problem, because since that party, he was totally avoiding me. So I had no chance of meeting him at the necessary time. He even refused an invitation for friendly sex. So, I persuaded our little 'Amelie' and one other girl friend, and we invited him over for a super foursome. Of course, he was all for that. He arrived way too early at nine o'clock. He was pissing us off from the start. We didn't want to risk getting into an argument with him and scaring him off before eleven, so we all jumped in bed and fucked ourselves silly until then. I snuck out of the room and grabbed a broom with a long stick and waited for the right moment. The right moment came when he was doing Amelie in her favorite position." She looks at me, "You remember that one, don't you? But just to make it clear..." She leans forward over the balcony railing and pretends I am doing her from the rear. "So right then, I went for it. I hit him with all my strength straight to the foot using the broomstick. Something cracked, and I knew immediately that I hit the death point brilliantly! He slid to the floor, yelping. He was really pissed. So, we kicked him out, and look. Right there..." Sekhet points to a part of the square below, "he was limping and hailing a taxi cab. We opened a bottle of champagne and waited for the good news. For Rat, death comes twenty-four hours after the hit."

"And?"

"He croaked."

"Whaaat? No way."

"Sure he did. The next day, Amelie called to tell me they found him dead that very morning."

"But I thought that death points only work in the movies!"

“I already told you. You’re too much of a skeptic, you joy-sucker. Alright, fine...” Sekhet spits out the true version of the story when she sees I’m not buying it. “The chief of police who came to question me about the orgy told me they found some poison in his body.”

“And?”

“And what? He was dead.” When she says the word ‘dead’, she kicks her foot backward and leans her head onto her right shoulder, sticking out her tongue.

“And what about the poison?”

“I don’t know. We didn’t really talk much about that. We started talking about the pictures I was showing him. He really liked the one of himself dancing on the table half-naked undressing a belly dancer. I’m always happy when someone really appreciates my work.”

“I see,” I say with the rhythm of someone who takes too long for the punch line to hit. I’m trying to decide what I am going to ask next. I’m pregnant with a million questions, but I don’t even have a chance to give birth to one of them. Sekhet, the lover of my Yeshe Li, gives me a sharp kiss and I’m instantly mute. She grabs me by the penis and digs her long nails in. She did it fast, but she did it deeply and skillfully. The pain is not unpleasant, but I’m certain that my shaft is bleeding. I’m at once reminded of a magical sexual order of women that Guru Jara told me about, known as Thorny Phallus. He said they are our sisters, our dakini, our teachers. They know how to extract the thorns of all the women who are energetically weaker than they are, which is most women. He told me, once you experience a sister of Thorny Phallus, you will never want a non-initiated woman again.

*I’m fucked.*

Monogamy via sexual dependency is on its way. Sekhet flings her robe off the balcony somewhere down onto the square, and totally nude, she commands me, “Fuck me right here.” I’m terrified. I’m afraid of everything you

can possibly imagine, death points, poison, infection into my bleeding penis, and most of all, I'm afraid the dated railing of this old balcony won't survive the pounding of our bodies together. And when she starts moaning into the silence of the night, I'm afraid some orthodox Muslim will see us and shoot us with his rifle.

And then I realize how many worries and blocks this crazy woman, Sekhet, could uncover in me in a very short amount of time. And then swirl all the stagnant energy together, uplift it and make it shout at its maximum potential.

I start playing Nirvana Ping-Pong with all my rising worries. Anytime a worry comes, I smack it away like an orange-colored table tennis ball. I'm winning. Jesus it's beautiful. I'm moaning loudly now too, and I forget all about the world. I feel weightless and liberated in my body. It isn't for awhile that my concentration starts to fade in the third level of the game. I am just able to return the serve from my brain, worrying if my ejaculation will be too early after only twenty minutes. And again, another attack comes as the worry that I will be made a monogamous slave of this wild woman. With this ball, I lose the whole set to my ego and brain. But I get up on my feet again, and brilliantly and smoothly I am returning the worries again as orange ping-pong balls. They are disappearing the faster and faster I pop them into the ball shape and play them. Time and all feelings are becoming one. I've never experienced sex like this before. All my brain sees, thinks or feels in this moment, is that inside her little well, my Tantric hammer is starting to bang.

## CHAPTER 6



“Kelly, wake up!” My face catches Guru Jara’s slap, and I sit up, rubbing my cheek.

“Ouch! What’s wrong with you?!”

“You were having a prophetic dream. I wanted to make sure you weren’t getting into trouble.”

“I wasn’t having any kind of prophetic dream, man!”

“Yes, you were. Your eyes were moving all around and you were repeating the same sounds over and over. Plus, you have an erection...classic prophetic dream. It’s when your future bleeds through into the present.”

I look down at my crotch. He was definitely right about the erection.

“Holy shit! So, what’s the deal with this prophetic dream?”

“It’s something like deja vu, but because it happens during a dream, prayer or meditation, it can actively change your future.”

“I see,” I say, a little bit checked out. I’m waiting until I deflate back to a normal shape. “So, what can I do with this prophetic dream besides get slapped like a hysterical bitch?”

“Kelly, I just told you. Through this karmic prophetic dream, you can change your future. It gets you to a similar state as tummo tummo does, but instead of physical warmth, you’re spreading psychic warmth deep into your dream or vision reality.”

I didn’t hear a word of that. I still wasn’t deflated.

“Nice thunderbolt! But you should pay attention when I’m sharing a very precious teaching like this with you. Naropa was teaching how to transform the inner warmth and lust of a person into a higher use of that energy. Without learning this, you will always only be a thunderbolt builder, nothing more.

“That’s really hilarious,” I sarcastically spout. I’m never pleasant company after I am woken up.

“You never had an erection in REM before?”

“When?”

“It’s a phase of sleep, which is when the fast twitches of your eyes happen, along with sexual arousal.”

“I mean, yeah. Morning wood is really common for me, but this one is like an unwanted protest.”

He leans in closer, “You should focus on something that directs your energy, like headstand, khecari mudra, or Naropa’s Tummo Tummo. Then you will be able to actively do something to change your life, instead of just staring at it.”

And then he said very slowly, “It is said that White Lama probably died during this Tummo Tummo exercise. He had no other choice than to fight for life using magic when he spent a cold mountain night without food, backup caravan or clothing.”

I can feel the warmth of his breath. Guru Jara is standing just in front of me now, hypnotically and without blinking, staring into my eyes. I feel very strange, like coming to after fainting. I’m thinking about déjà vu, and gently push him away. “Yeah, that’s nice, but why are you so close? Are we going out now, or what?”

“Yeah we are, and have been for several weeks already,” he chuckles. “Kelly, I wanted to pop into your future for a minute. I wanted to see what you saw in your karmic prophetic dream.”

That was maybe the first time ever I heard him pronounce my name warmly. Before it was always more like he was talking to some unknown travel mate sharing a seat on a bus. Still smiling, he sits next to his backpack and unwraps a hardened half of a pizza that we bought yesterday at a guest house serving Italian in the main village of Spiti Valley. Well, if you can use the word valley for a place situated at 3,680 meters above sea level. We breezed through Kaza, and then spent about three days at the Ki monastery. Just before his

death, White Lama was looking for an ancient Tibetan manuscript there containing a secret to enlightenment and mortality, not only for the soul, but for the psyche and physical body, as well.

This pizza is pretty bad, but even bad pizza can uplift your spirits and make your life a little better in this exhausting altitude. Because we're snacking, I'm certain we are close to today's destination. Guru Jara never arrives at the goal of his journey tired or hungry. He follows the rule that all pilgrim sadhus of Guru Anahdan follow: The end of one journey is the beginning of a new one, new relationships and new stories. And it must be started with enthusiasm and vitality.

While other travelers arrive somewhere and go straight to their new home, Guru Jara finds a nice pub first. In this pub, he eats good food, he enjoys a drink and a chat. Then, once he shakes off the dust from the previous journey, nice and relaxed, he sets off to the place where he will rest his head that night. I was right, and in a short while we are ascending the steps of some historical landmark monastery called Dankhar Gompa. I find it boring. That is, until the moment I fall asleep during a little puja that Guru Jara and two lamas are performing.

Actually, I'm not even sure I fell asleep. Guru Jara gave me a couple of strange instructions, and only after I fulfilled them did he say, "Now, without stopping, turn your eyes around while keeping them closed. We will use your karmic prophetic dream, while the important parts of your brain are resting at theta level."

I am circling my eyeballs around thinking puja is worse than mass. At least during mass, you get up from time to time and shake your neighbor's hand, but here there is only blah blah blah, lamas muttering something over and over that they are reading on papers from inside the box Guru Jara brought with us from Ki monastery. They call it a book, but if the wind blows, there would be a mess all over this place. Suddenly, I notice that my eyes are

rotating all by themselves now, and my penis is filled with a rush of blood. I'm dreaming again.

## CHAPTER 7

“By the power of truth, I am alive. I am conquering the Universe.”

It's echoing inside Chefren. It's me who is repeating this mantra of sexual magus, Aleister Crowley, in Latin.

**“VI VERI UNIVERSUM VIVUS VICI , VI VERI UNIVERSUM VIVUS VICI, VI VERI UNIVERSUM VIVUS VICI..”**

Again and again, I fill the pharaoh's temple with the mantra, so the great pharaoh will appoint me as master of the astral circle of goddess Maat's vagina. This magical circle should erase me from the Ka of humans, I'm hoping, or at least the memory of the guards who saw me earlier today.

“Move along, boy. We're closing in half an hour,” they informed me upon entering the narrow tunnel which penetrates to the interior of the pyramid. There, they offered me a guide and the opportunity to check my backpack. I refuse the kind men on both offers because I know something they don't. I plan to stay until morning, and in my backpack, I'm carrying several magical tools that I would sorely miss during the course of the evening. Plus, in a short while, the guards will finish up their closing duties and head home for the night, and they would obviously be left with one extra backpack at the check counter.

'Hey, whose backpack is this?' they would wonder.

'Hey, isn't it that guy's? He is still inside, no?'

And after a while, they would come yank me out of there by my ear or drag me out in handcuffs, snuffing out my dream of becoming initiated in the Egyptian pyramids. You can't even go near the pyramids after closing hours, anymore. I found that out just after arriving in Giza, There's a new wall up now, winding through the desert like some disgusting industrial copy of China's Great Wall. On top of that, the pyramids are guarded after closing hours by policemen and soldiers. You couldn't step up to the entrance, even if you tried.

You can climb this graffiti artist's dream from a nearby Muslim cemetery that the sphinx has been watching out of the corner of her right eye for centuries, but this really only gets you a good spot to meditate or snap a photo, at best. This eye-sore of a wall draws a line in time, separating out the romantic, historic Giza of Guru Jara's memory. Only VIP groups of pyramidiots, as Hawass the director of pyramids calls those able to pay for two hours meditation inside the Great pyramid what they would pay to stay at a five star resort.

"In April of 1999, the pyramids of Giza came as a shock to a group of twenty pilgrims. They were twenty of my sadhakas whom I had been trying to get pure and clean before leading them there. Spending days amidst the silence of the Coptic desert monasteries was our first step. Nightly meditation at the hermitages of the Sinai Mountains was the second. The final step was to meet the pyramids face to face, but they were absolutely culture shocked once we arrived upon civilization. It seemed impossible that our spiritual trekking could reach it's intended climax, due to the hassle of hundreds, or maybe thousands of moving figures. In a local shop of perfumes and Egyptian antique replicas, we sat drinking tea and listening to the owner complain about the end of the good ol' days.

'You know, they gave me so much money, I just couldn't refuse. I'm moving to the country side,' he was speaking more to the cat goddess on

display than to us. He looked as if he would like to apologize to her, 'Yeah, they're building a McDonald's here. And a Pizza Hut. Maybe some fried chicken.'

'KFC?' a woman from our group interrupted his sad speech.

'I don't know. Some Amercian fast food,' he dismissed her.

And we left his pharaohan residence to a clay house where the temples for after death rituals originally stood, at the foot of the Great pyramid of Cheop's. We took some goats and hens with us from his place, and went to meditate a little further into the desert from the house and closer to the pyramids."

After these thoughts about fast food, I awake to find the monks and Guru Jara no longer paying attention to me. They are now casually eating rice from their bowls.

"Would you like to have to some rice? Or do you need a nice slap to help you distinguish between reality and a karmic prophetic dream?"

"When I was a young monk, I would also fall asleep during pujas," said one, "and when my teacher caught me, he would wack me over the head with a stick." Then, he showed me a scar on his half-fast shaven scalp.

"Guru Jara, I was dreaming a thousand pieces of bull shit. I was in a pyramid. I was riding a snowboard on an avalanche. I was screaming 'Mahamudra', and then I was running all over some Muslim city with a hard-on as full of thorns as a rose's stem.

"Wait, wait a minute. What exactly were you dreaming about?"

"Thousands of strange, disconnected shards. You were in Egypt with some commoners you were leading to initiation inside the pyramids.

"How many people were there?"

"About twenty."

"Yeah, that was five years ago. It was beautiful," Guru Jara said. But then with a resigned look, he waves his hand, sadly adding, "but it was for nothing."

"How come?"

"It turned out that on this particular spiritual trekking expedition, Egypt 1999, no one in the group was ready for initiation."

"1999? I thought karmic prophetic dreams connect the future with the present?"

"I told you that just to help simplify it, as a guideline, so you wouldn't think about it too much. Karmic prophetic dreaming is a state, when the future— which symbolizes results, consequences, reactions, and harvest- bleeds through time and space, back to the moment of planting the seeds of the action. The bleeding through can happen at any point in the time continuum. People usually experience these moments in their dreams, or as an intuitive experience, or as a feeling of *deja vu*."

"Ok, wait. So for example, if someone in Albania is looking down the barrel of a gun ready to exterminate in the name of blood revenge, you want to tell me that in a karmic prophetic dream, he would see the death of the person who was the reason for the revenge?"

"Yes, or some other instance between those two moments."

"I see. And you didn't already know that none of those twenty were ready for initiation?"

"I knew that one person was ready, but I didn't know who. I just had a hunch about who it might be, but finally it turned out to be this older woman, an engineer. Though, she made a classic athlete's mistake."

"Athlete? I thought initiation was mystical and immaterial," I said sarcastically.

"Of course, but the body has to keep up. A balance between spirit and body is ideal, and this balance is what White Lama was always emphasizing. The problem is, usually spiritual students are divided into two groups. There are the hard workers without talent, who reach their goals through sheer physical and psychological power. And then, there are the talented ones who

easily fly to spiritual heights, but they totally underestimate the role of the body in their spiritual growth, just like this lady engineer on her grueling spiritual trek. She couldn't keep up, and during the preparative meditations, she collapsed."

"Am I also in danger of that?" I ask, slightly worried if there's some curse that I will fall into and also fail. I feel ok, but maybe he's secretly brainwashing me somehow. It was super bizarre today, the way he was looking into my eyes...

*But enough spirituality. Concentrate on your mission Kelly, I command myself. No emotions. No meditations. Just quickly find Naropa, get Uncle Banks on the phone, and jet out of India, already. No emotions. Just business,*  
I repeat over and over in my mind, hoping to snap myself out of it.

Meanwhile, Guru Jara continues, "Initiation is always a state of being on the edge, physically and psychologically. And if the body and nerves don't resist, the system gets fried, and the time of rapid spiritual development is over for many years. So yes, you are also endangered. And if you try again for initiation after failing in the future, even worse things can happen to you."

"Why didn't you wait with this lady for awhile? You told me in the mountains that the pace of the group is determined by the abilities of the weakest member."

"Kelly, there was no point. She had no time available to extend. Let me put it this way, back home, she had a very demanding, high-stress managerial job, two teenage sons and a husband waiting. So it was a miracle that she could even put together that much time for herself. And besides, several days of rest wouldn't have made a difference."

"What actually happened?"

"Her departure home was approaching, so we had to progress quickly if we wanted to get her initiated. This meant an ocean of astral work for me and an immense amount of physical and psychological pressure for her. Even if she



was able to perceive a soft, spiritual vibration in her meditation practice, we realized that she was still not ready for feeling the stronger intensity of spiritual energy necessary for initiation.”

“And, what do you mean by ‘not ready’?”

“When you send 220 volts of current through a device equipped to handle 32 volts, you fry the channel of current. In technology, this balance is reconciled with the usage of an additional device, like an adapter. In spirituality, this balance is reached either through your own personal work and significant upgrades or by a guru. Both ways work as a transformer of this electrical and vibrational mismatch.”

“So, what finally happened to her?”

“Her voluntary physiology stopped working. She couldn’t even bring herself to move enough to evacuate the pyramid. When we finally got her out and up to the surface, she completely collapsed, and she knew she had failed.”

“From what? Where does the intensity come from?”

“From the pressure of all the astral visions and lights she experienced inside of the pyramid, from the heat of the desert, and from the exhaustion of several weeks of challenging spiritual trekking. She was laying on the ground like a puppet. The local merchants all left their businesses to find ice in the middle of the desert and bring back it for her. They believed that ice would quickly bring everything back to order.”

Guru Jara’s face expresses his efforts to recollect, and finally, from the thousands of students he knew during his guru era, he retrieves the right one. “Diana was her name. Huh...ice. It was sweet and sad at the same time. While the locals patted her down with ice right in front of the entrance to Chefren’s pyramid, hoping to aid her quick recovery, her and I both knew that it would take a miracle for her to recover her spiritual momentum in this lifetime. It was such a pity. It would have been enough for her to run, or ride a bike or something a few months before her departure to Egypt,” Guru Jara sighs,

reminiscing his pilgrimage tradition. “And now, let me be. It’s time to get ready for nightfall.”

## CHAPTER 8

In the morning, the trek continues. Kelly is happy and relieved that Egypt escaped his dreams this time, though his dreams were mad enough. The craziest of which he is still chewing on. Snowboarding during an avalanche was pretty terrifying, but superb, nonetheless. He just can’t figure out why he was crying out like a coward the word, ‘mahamudra’. As they are turning into a monastery in Kungri where they hope to find out something of Naropa, the words ‘juicing up’ come to Kelly’s mind.

*Ok, so maybe I was screaming ‘mahamudra’ because it’s some kind of magical mantra that was somehow juicing up my snowboarding abilities.*

The truth was, coming down the mountain on that avalanche was the biggest ride he ever experienced on a snowboard, and because learning techniques that develop his physical performance is the only spirituality he is really interested in, Kelly couldn’t wait to ask about this magic mantra for snowboarding.

“Guru Jara, what is mahamudra?”

“Mahamudra?” echoes from Guru Jara's mouth. He takes a deep breath in, looking very pleased.

*Oh, great. Too bad I asked. I can tell he’s got a lot to say about this one,* Kelly’s attention drifts as Guru Jara begins to recite.

“Fucker, in fucking, you seek your universal enlightenment

With your erected vibration, you command 'en garde, enlightenment'  
Man-whore, you collector of orgasms, diligent as a bee  
In the shakes of orgasmic explosion, by Nirvana the body is changed  
Into heavenly perfection from the energy where head as well as clitoris  
experience an eternal rave.”

I applaud, sarcastically, but at length. I am totally in astonishment that this lunatic, is not only reciting an obscene poem, but he is actually singing it, too. For this reason alone, I don't catch all the content and lyrics of the song, but I do notice that it's pretty dirty stuff.

Guru Jara interrupts my ovation. “I'm not finished, yet.”

“I bet this terrible thing isn't done, yet. Where did you get that? The tune is horrendous by the way, and the lyrics are even worse. This has to be some 50 Cent, probably stoned out of his gourd. Or maybe some other b-rate rapper, babbling after trying to meditate.”

“Kelly, this is a very sacred text, the Ganges Mahamudra. And this is the exact answer that Tilopa gave Naropa when he asked, ‘What is Mahamudra?’”

“But, it makes no sense.”

“Do you know Cobra, the translator? He is a very well-known Indian saddhu. You'll meet him soon. I wrote to him when we were in Kaza and told him where to meet us. One of his many passions is poetry.”

“Oh, perfect.”

“Yes, and you're probably already able to guess that he translated Tilopa's spiritual song into modern language. And if you're interested, I also have his translation of the biblical Song of Solomon, which is an even bigger trip, by the way.”

“Oh no, thank you. No more songs, please.”

“Ok,” but after five steps, he speaks again. “I am thinking it'll be best to finish the Ganges Mahamudra before starting something new.”

And, he continues to rain this terrible answer to my question on me.

“Fucker, do you still shine like the moon for eternity?  
Man-whore, do you still rain as a young Leo for eternity?  
And if they didn't die out, across the threshold you replace the common with  
the immortal, and, so I, Tilopa, am singing about the lost Mahamudra  
Who would tell you ‘I’m still here, in your heart that I even conquer, now.’”

Silence. I don’t applaud this time. Why would I? This doesn’t explain my  
dream, or any secret mantra for upgrading my board skills at all.

“Yeah, yeah, you really helped me a lot with that. You told me nothing. I still  
don't know shit about Mahamudra.”

“Kelly, look, I’m singing to you here that in Tantra, Mahamudra is  
everything. It is the base of Tantra itself, the very essence.”

“Ok...so...still total shit. Do you not have something more concrete?”

“Ok, man. So, etch this down in your brain. The biggest mystery, the  
greatest secret of your life..”

*Finally, we are getting to it, some magical sex secrets*, I’m thinking and  
lean in to listen closer.

“Mahamudra is the most beautiful vagina that you have ever entered or  
will ever enter.”

“The most beautiful what? Dude, it’s just a hole!”

“Big mistake, Kelly.”

“It’s no mistake. I’ve entered a lot, and I can tell you which of the girls  
had the most beautiful face, hair, voice, legs, tits, ass, but how should I freakin’  
know which of them has the most beautiful vagina? You’ve seen one hole,  
you’ve seen another, no?

“I’m telling you, big mistake Kelly. Big mistake.”

“How is that a mistake?”

“Because you are neglecting the fundamental essence of your life.”

“I thought we were talking about fucking here, not philosophy.”

“Yes, we are. So tell me, why do you pursue connections with new

women? Do you talk to them so you can make new friends, or have someone to go to the movies with, or have an conversational partner for your intellectual arguments, that all end with a friendly kiss outside of Cafe Kant-Nietchze?”

“Are you loco, Guru Jara? Why would I talk to them? Obviously, I’m trying to get them into bed. Everything I do, blah blah blah, is for that goal alone. That’s why I like girls who are super easy. I can shorten the whole conversation to just three sentences: Hello, how are you? Are we going to do this? Ok, I’m going back to the bar now where my friends are at.”

“You see, Kelly. You just unveiled the altar of your life! Congratulations. Now you are becoming a self-aware Tantric because you already know that the core of all male activities in this world is vagina, and everything you do, whether it appears to be connected with sex or not, you do so your altar, which is vagina, vibrates with life. Women, from this perspective, are Tantrically advanced. Each of them knows which of their lovers had the most beautiful penis for her. Life passes by, and for many women as their lovers add up, they can only really distinguish us by it.”

Guru Jara looks distinctly into his crotch. “After ten years, these women are all gathered together, catching up, at a a class reunion, and one says, ‘I met your Kelly recently’, and the other woman would say, a little bit lost, ‘Who?’, as she goes through her mind, over millions of neurons of information. ‘Was it the little smurf one? No, that was O. Or that painful giant? No, that was R. Or the one with the turkish sabre? No, that was B.’ Then the other would remind her, ‘No, Kelly, the one you told me had a penis like a coke bottle’. ‘Oh, my Kelly! I remember now.’”

“Ha! Ok, I can remember them like that too, then. Especially if they had a tight vagina, that it took me an hour to just to get inside of. Those little ones I remember even more then the yummy pussies of just the right size, and of course, way more then the garage-sized ones that I had to use a fist just to make them feeling something.”

“So, you’re saying you mainly remember the women who had a significantly smaller vagina than your penis needed?” Guru Jara asks me seriously.

And because he looks like he is giving me some Tantric diagnosis, I quickly add, “I also remember the size of the clitoris well, and if she liked anal sex, or if she was a virgin. Well, at least I remember some of them.”

“From today on, you will perceive and distinguish women and their vaginas like a Tantric. And, as a Tantric, you will be aware of the reason why you are hunting women, and you will regard their vaginas as the secret center of your world. And one day, you will understand Mahamudra, the altar of Being, itself.”

“Why not? That’s definitely a better teaching than that stupid song. But anyway, you are wrong. Not every man wants to get into a girl’s panties. The same goes even for me. One day, once I settle down, I will hunt women just as a side hobby. There will be other things more important to me.”

“Kelly, now you are sounding like my old man. Only someone who either managed to transmute his sexual energy for creative use in a non-sexual way, or someone who used up all the ink in his impotent fountain pen talks like that.”

“Yeah, but I know young people who live like that.”

“Sure, maybe because they’re worshipers.”

“Worshippers?”

“Yes. Maybe they were already born as advanced Tantrics, who are able to see God in someone’s sex, not in their personality, but in his or her radiance. There, you can see a reflection of Shiva or Durga.”

“Yeah well, that just means that their goddesses get fucked by somebody else faster.”

“No matter, because for the worshiper, sex would only be another animalistic ejaculation, giving him far less energy than he could get from a

single glance, one mere thought of his object of worship, the transmitter of divine energy in the opposite sex.

“Yeah, but they must suffer a lot!”

“Well, normally they do suffer a lot, but they can also feel a lot more. And eventually, most of them realize that their worshiped object, the high priestess of Tantra, is transferable to another. When the pain of losing one’s worshiped object is gone, life will always bring them another high priestess who will enable them to feel divine energy, once again. And they will court her, invest their time, money, and attention into her to make her even more divine; to make the moment of penetrating the altar even more valuable, more grand.”

“So, you mean to tell me that girls who walk around being spoiled by those weak, over boiled potatoes are Mahamudras?”

Guru Jara bursts into laughter, “This freaks you out, right? Don’t worry. There is more than one high priestess in a man’s life, just as there is more than one high priest in a woman’s. Not many, mind you, but enough. However, Mahamudra is the most precious.”

“Most precious?” I ask, completely enticed now.

“Only a small selection of people are fortunate enough to have five or more Mahamudras embodied here during their lifetime. Though, he usually meets only one or two of the five. Or they may all show up during one time period, and he is forced to refuse another, so as not to lose the first. And then, after he inevitably loses the first because of some other unforeseeable circumstance, he’ll never again meet another in his life. That is why it is said that Mahamudra is just one woman for a lifetime.”

“Ugh, that sounds terrible. Terribly monogamous. And, how come some people postpone having sex until after they’re married?”

“Religion, no?”

“Yeah, but some of them do this even if they don’t have religious beliefs about it. That’s what I’m interested in knowing. Also, I’m curious about the

people who date each other for ages before they sleep together for the first time. Why do they that?”

“Maybe because their fathers would kick their asses.”

“Very funny.”

“Well, some of them might instinctively feel that nothing will change their relationship more than having sex for the first time. After the first intercourse, Don Juan types stop perceiving a woman as the core of their universe, a Tantric altar, a high priestess supervising his most valuable temple. At this point, he either withdraws from the relationship, or he gets so cold that he pressures his partner into a submission. If she accepts the submissive role, he will have a good life with her. If she does not accept giving up her power, even better, because they will break up and he will go looking for another woman, one who he can worship more than anything, a woman he can pierce with the lightning bolt of his genitals.”

“That’s really interesting. And, what about the other types?”

“That doesn’t concern you too much. I think you are a Don Juan type.”

“So what? I’m interested now, anyway. I’m torturing myself here, crawling behind you through these mountains. I have a right to know more.”

“Alright. With the Casanova man, it works the opposite way. Before having intercourse, he behaves like a Don Juan type does after sex. But, he’ll get lost along the way, and if the high priestess whose temple he is worshiping is a Don Juan woman, she will make him submissive, just as a Don Juan man does to a woman after sex.”

“What about a combination of two Don Juan types?”

“They either immediately hate each other, or they get married and have kids.”

“Ha, fuck me! Thanks for warning me,” I say, wondering if Yeshe Li was a Don Juan type, too.

“And what about two Casanova types?”



“Well, they will have great sex together, and enjoy everything in the relationship. And if they stay together intensely and for long enough, they will never be able to break up. But they are also not able to live with each other for very long.”

“Why is that?”

“Because this is not a couple created for common, everyday stuff, like cleaning and paying bills. They’re about passion and loving feelings.”

“Uh-huh. So, what is it about the first time that makes the sex so different from the other times?”

“Like I already said, intercourse with a new partner is initiation by a high priestess. After this initiation, the dominating Tantric force of the joyful, spiritual meeting of two microcosms fades, at which point, the Tantric influence of power is replaced by the karma of the relationship. This is either activated by the conception of a child or the creation of a Tantric hook, with the hook’s purpose being to conceive a new life.

This is another big reason why some people postpone sex: they don’t want to lose all that beauty and joy between them. The man might not wanna lose his Tantric altar, his worshiped high priestess, just to have a little intercourse. And the woman might not want to change herself or the relationship by adding another hook, either. She may also be aware that when they sleep together, the core of his universe on the astral level has already started to move towards another, still unknown, woman. This is especially risky for her if this lover is, for her, a high priest.”

“But, there are a lot of eager lovers who screw right away and remain faithful, happy, and passionate in the bedroom for years.”

“Sure, but you never know that from the beginning. It's like playing the lottery in bed. And the more sensitive types don't want to squander their Tantric energy, marring the high and low tide of Tantric power that creates their reality just because they made the wrong choice. Women don't want to

risk another hook just to give it a shot, and the same goes for guys."

"I rarely feel like I lose out after the first sex with a girl."

"Because you are a natural Tantric, who, just like a good surfer, can ride any wave he wants nearly always, no matter if its high tide or low tide, or if the ocean is friendly to him, or not."

"But you said the rule in Tantra is that we are all Tantrics."

"Ah, sure, but it's just like any other human talent, from wine tasting to painting. There are those who are born with divine, natural talent more than others. And you got the talent of a real Tantric."

"Oh baby! I got the talent of real Tantric," I perform some dirty dancing with an imaginary partner as Guru Jara scoots away with several very quick steps. When I catch up, I ask, "And what about marriage? Do you think it's medieval?"

"Marriage is a more complex topic. It can mean something different in every culture. In the past, for nearly everyone in the world, marriage meant the only access to sex. By the way, this also applies to traditional Vama Marga practitioners, who were required to be married to their Tantric partners. And because for centuries, the first born son received most of the family inheritance, any younger sons often remained virgins for their whole life. In some countries today, sex with a spouse is still the first sexual experience for many. For example, in Pakistan I have met many twenty year old guys who have never touched a woman, and if they can't spare enough money for a wedding and a bride, they will never touch a woman. This societal pressure builds inside of them, and they often release it with other men who are in the same situation."

"Yeah, I heard that homosexuality was started by the mandatory celibacy of monks. Osho wrote about it."

"I wouldn't mix celibacy into this. Though, I am really surprised that you've actually read some Tantric books."

"Well, of course. I've even attended some workshops. And, I've read multiple books on Tantra, not just one. I've read 'Tantra, Spirituality, and Sex' by Osho, then 'Tantra' by Harish Yohari. And of course, I've read the Kama Sutra, and the last book I read about a year ago was 'Tantra' by Andre Van Lysebeth. But man, to be honest, I've never in my life heard of distinguishing the most beautiful vagina of all your partners before."

"See, and that is totally the most important teaching, not only for Tantric spirituality, but for happy relationships and real love, Kelly. People search for their soul mate their whole lives, but until they realize this one teaching I'm sharing with you now, they won't succeed. And by the way, how did such a materialist as yourself come across books like that?" Guru Jara questions.

"Yeah, there was definitely a girl. She had me going to all kinds of yoga, Kung Fu, self-development, and Tantra classes and workshops." I pause a while and include, "You know, typically, I would never even go to the movies for pussy, especially not if she gave it up already. But I was kind of crazy over this woman, even once it was over. Do you think she was my Mahamudra?"

"I don't know. Why didn't you marry her?"

I stumble when I hear his question.

"Why would I marry her? I wouldn't even begin to consider that until I'm at least thirty-five."

"Why would you marry her? Maybe because she could be the best woman you have ever met and will ever meet."

"Is this a reason to get married?"

Guru Jara's shrug says 'why not'. "There are many and various reasons to get married, not only familial, social and economical, but also for friendship and companionship."

"Yeah, she was a really good as a companion, but I'm young, you know. I'm sure I'll meet a better one."

"And, what about marriage as a gesture or ritual of devotion to someone

you love, like a Tantric wedding? This can follow Tantric initiation by a high priestess, the initiation being the first time a couple makes love. Very often in tarot, the high priest will symbolize an upcoming proclamation of devotion to someone while the high priestess will represent Tantric sex, either with a new partner, the core point of your universe, or it might mean an upgrade to a higher Tantric level of your current relationship.”

When I hear the word 'tarot', I start making notes. More and more chicks have been asking me about tarot, lately.

Guru Jara looks at me suspiciously and asks, "What are you doing?"

"What? What? You should be glad that I'm finally taking some notes."

"Yes, I am, but what motivated you to do that?"

"Well, I want to write down something interesting and smart about tarot that will help me get plenty of good girls into bed who normally wouldn't give it to me."

"You shouldn't say things like that, Kelly," Guru Jara scolds. "It's too superficial. Instead, you should say that tarot will help make plenty of good girls the core of your universe. Tarot will make them high priestesses of your existence. Good for you, if you can make it happen. You need good girls like you need oxygen, or your life will end up inadequate. Without them, the Tantric hooks in the bad girls you normally sleep with will drag you under water once there are too many, and the rose thorns will completely suck out all your good karma."

Guru Jara was probably referring to those chicks I banged in Ladakh. Just a while ago, we met two Swiss girls there who had passed us in their Jeep. We would occasionally encounter women along our way. Maybe it's the high altitude sickness or something, but in Ladakh, any foreigner will give it to you. I even had my first Israeli, there.

"No, they don't drag me down. What you don't know is..." I stare at him like I'm still talking, but then I think it, instead.

*...that Lamapa burned all the thorns of my ex's exes with the fire of z-something, so now, I'm as clear as a virgin.*

But probably only until this evening if those Swiss girls didn't lie to me and they come over, again. We had a threesome, but it wasn't actually that great. I had sex with both of them, it's true, but they were so shy in front of each other that they each took separate turns. At the end of the night, I was rushing to spend the night with the Israeli girl. Now, she was superb, but too bad I was pretty over ejac...exhausted. She traveled with me later to Zanskar, where I met Guru Jara.

"Guru Jara, so you're saying that every vagina is different, and that Mahamudra is the most beautiful vagina of my life? I'm thinking that all pussies are essentially the same. It was in Leh that I slept with an Israeli girl, and she had exactly the same pussy as this Palestinian girl from Jordan that I hooked up with years ago. She didn't want to get married a virgin, so I helped her out."

"The untrained eye also wouldn't recognize differing species of flowers. This is the spiritual essence of Tantra. As a journeying Tantric, I've seen the vaginas of women from 108 countries in the world, and I can confirm your realization, that at first sight, they are not too different. But ..."

"You were with women from 108 countries?"

"It's a long story, and it's totally not a trophy number. It's research into cultural differences."

"Yeah, cultural differences...pussy all over the world!" I burst out laughing.

Before finishing his sentence, Guru Jara sends a long gaze over the mountains towards Tibet. "Differences in cultural environment create differences in the energetic blocks that women have. From the point of view of Tantra, huge countries, like USA for example, I don't even consider as one country because of the enormous variation you find within it."

"Cool. So, can you tell me three countries where a women's vagina would have the kind of Tantric energy that could make her my Mahamudra?"

As if scanning me for the answers, he replies, "Nevis Island, South Africa, and Chile."

"You were with a woman from Nevis? That's in the Caribbean, no?"

"Please, will you let me finish my thought?"

"What thought?" I kick a small stone like a (soccer position) going for a goal, and after it lands on the ground, I cheer, "One-hundred-and-eight...goooal!"

"Offsides, you asshole," Guru Jara contends, and finishes with something about love. "The fact that the differences in women's vaginas aren't too obvious from the first look or feel makes it so any woman can become the center of a man's universe. Any woman. Regardless of her brain or body, she can become your Mahamudra or your high priestess. Whether she's beautiful, ugly, old, young, black, white, small, big, rich, poor...it doesn't matter. When this happens, the ebbing tide of Tantric power becomes most important. This Tantric power between you takes over any influence of karma, and all karmic, social, or psychological ties of the relationship move to the background. This is the miracle of love and sex that people have always sung about. This is done by inborn memories of the magnetic heart, which remembers the last incarnation in which a certain person studied Tantra. Even if pussies don't look very different at first glance, in reality, each vagina is incomparable, a totally unique and non-repeatable gate to the staaars."

"No, no. No more songs, please. I hate karaoke when it's not me doing the singing." So, I lead off with a classic, "I was born for loving you baby, you were born for loving me..."

When I shut up, he protests, "I'm not singing. I'm trying to explain to a stump that the trained eyes, mind, and hands of a Tantric know that there are no two identical vaginas in the world. This is how a Tantric can recognize a

woman's vagina as a possible Mahamudra for some men, or whether instead, she must gather and build her energy in this lifetime so she can be someone's Mahamudra in her next life. And once she becomes Mahamudra, she can then choose her sex in the next lifetime."

"You mean, she can choose whether she will be a woman or a man?"

"Exactly."

"That's stupid. That's nonsense."

"Kelly, I'm not interested in what you think. I'll be happy if you just study how to recognize the most beautiful yoni-vagina of your life. Only with her can you live out your maximum destiny, with a hundred percent possible variations of your fate, open and available to you."

The Swiss girls weren't messing with me. I found them waiting in Kungri. They were preparing for a trek over a 15,000 foot high trail called Parvati. They were hanging around, hoping to recruit a few more for their party. Some foreigners had disappeared from this particular trail in the past, and they were looking for safety in numbers.

Guru Jara is hunting down some details about Naropa, so I have some time and space to be with the girls today. I'm looking forward to being with them because I imagine they will not be so shy this time, since we've already seen each other naked and moaning. I'm hoping we'll have an extra primo ménage a trois this time, and I'm anticipating my favorite threesome position, sixty-nine with the captain, as I call it- a giant steering wheel of mouth to genitals action. The girls love weed, so we get blown. When they tell me they have fallen in love with some bikers from Israel, and that they are not going to have sex with me, I'm already so stoned, all I can do is laugh about it.

"Where'd you get this shit?" I ask them when my whole body breaks out into shivers.

"It's the best stuff you ever had, man. It's real Shiva Boom Boom."

They both kiss me on the cheek and desert me with an unbearable

erection, in the shakes of a junkie, completely frozen there. When I finally command my body to sit up so I won't vomit on the bed, too much time passes before the command reaches the muscles, and by then my head has already forgotten what I wanted. I still haven't moved. This is incredible. I think I'm dying. I have no sense of time right now, but I know from experience, no matter what kind of super duper strain this is, it has to start wearing off after two hours. So I just wait, and when the time comes, I fall into another karmic prophetic dream that takes me on a whole other ride, just as intense as my high on Shiva Boom Boom. Or should I say, Re Boom Boom?

## CHAPTER 9

My consciousness is returning and I realize that I've been digging around in my memories for awhile. That's not good. I'm suddenly aware that I'm huddled in a tiny dug out in corner of the tunnel which connects material world out there with the mystical world inside Chefren's pyramid. I have to watch my head. I don't want to end up like my colleague, Diana, did eight years ago. I have to watch my head. Nothing works better for this unruly behavior of the mind than Nirvana Ping-Pong. Feeling a wave of determination, I take a deep breath of the desert and urban air which mixes here inside the pyramid. That city atmosphere adds another sensation to the ancient flavors.

I start at the fifth level of Nirvana Ping-Pong. At this level, you change a newly sprouted thought immediately into another thought. I set my mind on contacting the initiated ones, pharaohs and Egyptian gods, like Horus, Sekhet, and Thoth...



It's easy. And why wouldn't it be. Every little thought that springs up in my head I dress as a bright green ball, and either inside or on the surface of this ball I place an image, symbol, name, or hieroglyph of ancient Egypt. I let the ball fly as far as possible, and only in the moment when a new Egyptian themed ball starts to climb up in my head through association do I elegantly play the ball. Then with the same care, I work with the new association-ball that the previous ball left behind.

If the next ball is thematically inappropriate, or feels disconnected, I give it a malachite green color and the symbol of either Horus's eye, the ankh, or the sphinx, or something else similar. In the fifth level of this game, you don't find the merciless whacking of the balls characteristic of the second level using the red balls. It's quite the opposite, in fact. Once we have painted the green balls with a symbol, we invite a long exchange, all the while enjoying the beauty of the game, which I stop playing the moment my head, itself, is changed suddenly into a malachite-colored ball. This feels familiar.

During preparations for a spiritual trekking expedition in '07, Guru Jara was constantly monitoring the EEG activity of my brain when I would experience this kind of level shift in my state of mind. The display would usually read around 9 Hz. This is an excellent sign for me, perfect for the beginning of a night of magic. My mind really seems to have captured this memory clearly, as if it was just yesterday. Perhaps it is because the memory of this experience is so closely linked with tonight.

"If you can't even get your brain waves under 10 Hz with your eyes open, the point where alpha waves are just starting, then don't even bother crawling your way into the pyramid." he said to me during my initiation preparations. He was training me to be able to switch at any time, from the frequency of a heavy quarrel, which is about 28 Hz, to alpha waves within three minutes. Of course, I couldn't do this. So, at the end of the week, Guru Jara bought me 'A Rough Guide to Egypt'.

He handed it to me and said, "That's the best I can do for your Egyptian tour considering your aptitude. Don't bother coming tomorrow."

"What?" I cried, and gave him back the guide.

"What? You don't like guidebooks?" he said, flipping through the pages.

"It's a really nice one. I read it all last night."

That day, I busted my ass in my breathing and mental exercises, resolved to get my EEG frequency down in the most deliberate way. And, voila! I made it to 9 Hz.

"Ha! You are surprised, eh? Nearly theta waves!" I flaunted, feeling proud.

But Guru Jara recognized on his little machine that it was a swindle.

"Ok, I have to admit, I closed my eyes for awhile."

I was surprised. He wasn't angry. My good results probably persuaded him that I had talent.

So he said only, "Great Kelly. Do the same thing tomorrow, only don't close your eyes."

"Why can't I close my eyes?"

"Because you would miss everything happening around you inside the pyramid. Besides, the spirits and beings you'll meet during your initiation consider it impolite."

During the following week, I finally manage to stare blankly with my eyes open. It was actually not so difficult when I realized I used to do something similar in math class every morning. It was kind of like the Naropa tratak exercise, without the naked chick. Only once when I could finally keep my eye lids open below 10 Hz did the final phase of preparation for my initiation begin.

Actually, it was more like the semi-final phase. Anyway, we were finally getting to the good stuff. It was not until I was able to calm my brain down that Guru Jara was willing to give me the magic formula for attracting the spirit

guardians of the pyramid. Without the help of these guardians, you won't see much, only what any common untrained visitor, who might have been just arguing with the his wife, his tour guide, or a nasty souvenir seller, would see.

"Don't go to the Giza pyramids. They are overpriced and boring. At the Sakkara pyramids, the atmosphere is much more pleasant, and it's much cheaper. And inside, it's beautifully decorated. It still looks like it would have a hundred years ago," Amelie advised me earlier this morning.

*I wonder what she's up to...*

**Whack!**

My head automatically goes after the Amelie ball, and I move forward with visually and intuitively creating the first magical circle. This first protective circle should not only connect me with the Ka of the mummies inside, but also wipe me from the Ka of humans who know my contemporary physical body and name. It doesn't matter if people in our lives love us or hate us. The more people that know us, the bigger astral slaves we become through this Ka, which binds with our fate, our shadow aspect, and aspects of our ego. That's why so many healthy, successful, and affluent people end up with chronic depression or committing suicide. The quintessential example of this is the '27' club. For them, it was much easier to leave this world than to be forever a slave to the Ka of their critics and fans. This Ka made it nearly impossible for these souls to enjoy the life of stardom that they had reached. Healers call this connection of Ka between human souls energetic vampirism. Common people call it the art of manipulation, and others, magick.

"Why do you think that people like Paul Brunton, Guru Anahdan, Adjna Cha, Yeshe Li, Frances of Assisi, Casanova, Aleister Crowley, and John Lennon, throughout their lives were continuously moving and changing their living situation? As revolutionaries of spirit, they knew that it was the only way to keep the inner freedom of one's own soul Ka," Guru Jara imparted.

I forget about Amelie for now because I need to make sure I am cleared

from the Ka of pyramid guards, guides, and policemen who wanted me to check my backpack at the entrance, today. Their shifts will be finishing soon, and if I don't succeed in this, they will definitely recall a very strange visitor, who, just thirty minutes ago, stormed in, insistent on keeping his backpack. And they would definitely come looking for him to escort him off the premises before closing. So as the final last minutes visitors who were let in around the same time as me make their way out, I hang tight in my hiding spot, which Guru Jara discovered in the ceiling of the entrance hall during the spiritual trekking expedition of '99 for the engineer, Diana.

On the edge of alpha and theta waves, through this first magical circle, I send the Ka of the night guards home for dinner with the distinct feeling of 'what was that I forgot to do?'

**“Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici.”**

I repeat it again and again, while the first elementals and astral beings of the night rearrange the aura atmosphere left behind by the tourists, which, with my brain buzzing at 9 Hz and my eyes open, I can now sort of see through a haze.

The ability to see spiritual beings is dictated by three types of people. The first is classified as 'Taiko', and for these people, the spiritual perspective is, 'I don't see, even if I see. I don't believe, even if I believe.' Any music which emphasizes either the drums or saxophone will specifically help them in their meditation work. Taikos are generally conceived in cardinal ascendant signs, and they are very strong and active in their physical bodies. That's why the sleeping rhythm of a Taiko, from one REM phase to another, lasts only one hour. They are able to sleep just a short time and feel refreshed and ready to go, again. Don Juan and Napoleon Bonaparte were both Taiko types. In the year 1798, Napoleon entered the Great pyramid, not because he wanted to be initiated. He just wanted phenomenal success in his career and everlasting

fame. And, through his connection with the beings he met inside, he received everything he desired at that time.

But what did he see inside the pyramid? When he crawled out from within Cheop's, the standing officers saw that Napoleon was white as chalk, and he was shivering. 'What happened?' they all asked, with the same curiosity which all of Napoleon's friends would ask in the upcoming years. And everyone was given the same answer: 'You wouldn't believe it if I told you.'

He was better off fogging the facts, because for a Taiko type like Napoleon, in order to perceive the spiritual, nonmaterial world, they have to get their brain all the way down to 7 Hz, right on the edge of theta waves. At this frequency, even with your eyes open, you never know if what you're seeing is reality, or if you're dreaming. Monkeys woken up in REM sleep will search for the food which they were just dreaming about. Even once they're awake, the dream continues in the frontal lobe of their brains. They will even crawl up a nearby tree to get it, even if there are no bananas in sight. It works just the same for humans.

I'm starting to wake up, still feeling out of it. My dream is staying with me. Everything in my body feels dry, and my head is throbbing. I finally muster the will power to sit up in bed. I feel like Napoleon now, wearing some ridiculous hat, and I'm filling myself up with bananas. Bananas are the only food within my reach, and bananas are the only thing I can remember.

**“Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici...”**

I repeat it again and again. Even if I'm still at a borderline frequency, I can sufficiently see the spiritual inhabitants of the pyramid, especially the ruby red elementals. There are crowds of them. They are curiously watching me, and I'm relieved that I'm already protected by the first magical circle. Not that I should be afraid of these first inquisitive visitors of the night. Mostly, they are just playful and pleasant, but my attention here is dedicated to much higher

beings, and I must first maximize my skill and prove myself worthy of their visit. So I focus on creating the second magical circle, which should emotionally isolate me from the feelings of the outside world and connect me with the Ka of the pyramid pharaohs and their contemporaries.

When Guru Jara spoke of his own first connection with the Ka of ancient Egyptians, I didn't take him seriously.

"They should forbid scary movies in the mad house," I howled. And I'm laughing now too, laying down on a mattress of banana peels, which are looking a little like yellow Napoleon hats to me.

"I'm happy that I amuse you," a smart-ass, imaginary version of Guru Jara pops into my field of vision. "I bet Galileo made the inquisitors laugh just like that with his garbage about the earth being round. Both the ancient Egyptians and Chinese knew that we have two souls, Ka and Ba. Though, most people usually focus on just one of these two soul, and that's often why they fall into spiritual troubles."

"So, what do I mean by two souls? Well, imagine two souls together as one Hydrogen atom. The first soul is the proton and the second is the electron. The proton is the soul at the nucleus of the atom. Egyptians used the hieroglyph of a beautiful flying bird to sign this soul, and they called her Ba. Meanwhile, the ancient Chinese called it Shen. This higher soul represents the core of a soul and the part which leaves the body for another incarnation, or to heaven."

I fling two banana peels from the bed to the door, making the sounds of a bursting hydrogen bomb. My dizzy head declares this war over, and now, I'm flying through the room like a bird. My flight lands me into another half asleep daze.

"The lower soul is like the electron from the outer valence shell of the atom, which remains even after death. Usually, it lingers in or nearby the dead body and waits for apocalypse, after which will come a resurrection for the

physical body. In several countries, I have witnessed first-hand what families will do when they are having troubles or not succeeding in something the way we would like. The family digs out the bones of their ancestors and cleans and polishes them as a ritual, and then again, with a proper ceremony, buries them in the hopes that this soul electron will stop causing problems for them and start protecting them. Sometimes, the soul electron wanders to a tree, statue, or house, where it can live as a benevolent ghost or poltergeist. This outer electron soul, our second soul, was named 'Ka' by Egyptians, and signed by the a hieroglyph of a raised hand. But most Egyptians called her 'Gui'.

"Ok so Ka, and the first was, what?"

"It's easy. Anytime you forget, just think of the main temple at Mecca. Its called Kaaba."

"Ok, that works. So Ka is the bad shell, and Ba is the good core. And people believe that a person's Ka can become a vampire and harm people?"

"Yes, it was this belief which led people to respect their ancestors. In ancient China, for this Ka, or Gui, electron soul, they developed a teaching on building a proper grave. And from this, they consequently created Feng Shui, in which still secretly survives a teaching about the two souls. You can see this in the number '8', which is 'ba' in Chinese, considered the most auspicious number. Or in the teaching of the Ba Gua, which perserves both soul names in the original Egyptian language. One ancient Chinese ceremony to appease the second soul-electron is called 'Gui-Ka', which was the marriage of two dead bodies."

The thought of dead bodies scares me awake. Anxiously, I sit up in the old, creaky bed, in this old drafty house, looking around to see if anyone else is here. Nobody. After a while, I relax again and down half a bottle of water. The second half of the bottle I spill when I slide on a banana skin. I'm sprawled out on my back on the floor, now.

*Geez, these Swiss girls really did it to me. No, they didn't do me at all,*

*actually.*

I'm cracking up at my sad stae. I lift my heavy self up off the floor. I scream out when someone touches my hand. I jolt like it was a scalding stove top, but before I can punch the intruder, I slide on another banana peel and fall back onto the bed.

"Shh! It's me."

I recognized Nut, as they called the taller of the Swiss girls. Perhaps in the summers she always went barefoot, which generally wouldn't leave a good impression in European cities.

"Shh! I don't want anyone to know I was here."

So we go at it, very, very quietly, and I am incredibly grateful to her for saving my long, strange evening.

## CHAPTER 10

“As young boys, we were always catching fish- with our hands, with fishing nets, and even sometimes with spears. It was perfect. Until one day at school, when they explained to us that we should only catch fish with the proper equipment, and in the school courtyard, they organized a seminary on fishing for us all. They invited a very experienced fisherman, and everyday after class, he showed us how to catch fish in the tall grass outside. He even explained to us in the classroom how a real fish looks. After several days of this, there was a final written test. And after the test, they told us, ‘Ok. Now you are real fisherman.’ Throughout the entire course, I didn’t see a drop of water. I didn’t



touch a single fish, but in spite of this fact, I was now officially recognized as a fisherman.

And this is exactly the style of teaching of modern Tantra, which is incorrectly called the same as the more traditional right-handed Tantra. Books and workshops full of theory. Lectures on the psychological troubles of relationship, and sometimes the very appropriate, professional touch of the body through massage.

“And, what is that good for?” I ask.

Guru Jara goes on, “The real right-hand of Tantra is the full, non-physical value of sex, this orgasmic connection with God, as Tilopa or Saint Teresa of Avila experienced. What modern style Tantra is good for I learned as a kid my first day back at the water with my fishing license. I will never forget that day. The whole day, I stared at the float and finally, I only caught one fish weighing one measly pound. This total fishing failure never happened to me before I took the seminary to become a ‘real’ fisherman. Before that, I had always caught a boatload of fish from that same river.”

I have a headache. I can’t keep up with his pace. I definitely wouldn’t sign a petition on the health benefits of marijuana. I’m not even nodding along with Guru Jara’s monologue, today. I’m not responding or even asking any questions. But in spite of my poor state, I’m breathing in fresh air with the feeling that life is beautiful.

“This was the day I decided that practice would always be preferred in my life. Why should I study fishing at workshops, or study skiing from a book, or the theory of the kinetic energy of surfing, when I can fish, ski, and surf. With Tantra, it’s the same. Traditional left-hand Tantra, Vama Marga, but even fully embodied right-hand Tantra, both only know the classroom of life. Instead of books on Tantra, the touch of penis and vagina will always be preferred, because this touch beats a million theoretical lessons in a school yard without fish.”

In the village of Tabo, which is considered more a town by local standard, Guru Jara really went from theory to practice. Two English girls were waiting for us there, accompanied by a skitsy Indian guy that had dread locks like Bob. After they all greet each other, he finally introduces me.

“..and this is a tourist who finally grew on me. This is Hippie, the best woman in the world, and this is Cobra, former Aghora saddhu and founder of the Order of Saddhu Bikers. And this is...” he reaches his hand towards the other girl, but finally doesn’t say her name. He says only, “Introduce yourselves to each other guys.”

The saddhu bikers intrigued me more than these chicks did. I found out from the other girl, Nikki, that as an Aghora saddhu, Cobra didn’t have attachments to anything. Everything that happened in this world, was neither good nor bad to him. So, he had no rules about sleeping with foreigners. In the beginning, his peers tolerated this, but when he met Hippie, he became sexually attached to her. The other saddhus reigned judgement on him and gave him an ultimatum: either us or blondes. This saddhu, Cobra, did not have to meditate over his answer.

"Fuck you, mother fuckers. You are all spiritual trash. Real Aghora would never judge about sex because a real Aghora knows that nothing is actually good or bad. Fuck off, all of you," and with those colorful words, he expelled them from the order.

But there were more of them, and when finally, they didn’t want to leave, he told them that he wasn’t going to spend his time with ‘untouchables’, and that as a person who was spiritually above them, he would be lowering himself if he stayed. So, he packed his stuff and left.

When he saw that none of the saddhus made any attempt to stop him, he cursed them again, with a sour ‘Piss off!’, and that was that.

Nikki’s friend, Hippie, who saw the whole thing, said that the other saddhus were thrilled to get rid of them, mostly because Cobra was always

smoking everyone's pot. He was already up to eighty joints a day.

Once he separated from the other saddhus, he became completely attached to Hippie. Several times a day, they would practice the Aghora Tantra teaching, going deeper and deeper, while constantly moving and traveling about, which is the only lifestyle that can guarantee the freedom of a soul. But because they were always wasted and feeling lazy, they never got too far. Cobra sorted out this problem by buying a giant motor bike, ala Harley Davidson, and became the founder of a community of Shivaistic saddhus, who journey around on bikes. Today, there are already several more members.

"Where did they get money for that?" I asked that girl, Nikki.

"Yeah, I'm also interested in this. I think that rich pilgrims must buy them the bikes. I'm sure they come on a spiritual pilgrimage from Bombay or Bangalore, or somewhere else in South India, and they are just happy knowing they will get a blessing from a real Himalayan saddhu."

"You cunt. Why you lie? I am spiritual person. No gifts. Only sexual," his hoarse voice sputtered in broken English.

"Alright then. So, where *did* you get the money for the motor bike?"

"I get this bike through meditation. I'm levitating in lotus position, sitting over Kedarnath Temple, and then, suddenly, Shiva appeared to me and said, 'Shivo ham, Cobra. You will upgrade my Aghora Order for a new time. You will saddle these two wheels of karma, and you will save humankind with your followers before a premature apocalypse, now at the beginning of the Kali yuga.' And when Shiva finished, I'm sitting on this bike, and I'm rushing to Gangotri, big aura everywhere!"

"Yeah sure, Cobra. Stop smoking. You're totally cooked."

"Why are you bullying me all the time, you stupid cunt? Hippie tell her to keep her hole shut. Why you all the time dragging her everywhere with you? She is spiritually destroying me."

"Cobra, please relax. We brought Nikki to Guru Jara to help her in her

dark hour of the soul."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I remember now. Look Guru Jara, we bring you this youngster so you look at her. She has some fucking problems from the fucking threesome."

He turns to Nikki and says, "Yeah you, cunt. Fucking in a threesome. Ok. It's ok. But, then guru Cobra had to rescue you from your shit."

Nikki doesn't react much. She just calls out from the distance, "Whatever, crazy."

"Yeah, go fuck a stick," snaps Cobra, and then explains further. "Look Guru Jara, her old man pushed her into threesome, and now she is totally fucked up."

Hippie corrects him, slightly. "She's totally sexually blocked. She's jealous all the time. She feels humiliated and dirty. You know, she was thinking she would try it once and then they would be together, but from that moment, he couldn't even consider sex in a twosome, anymore. So now she's blocked up, and instead of having sex with someone else or having some fun, she spends all her time thinking."

"What do you mean by 'thinking'," asks Guru Jara. "Like, how is she thinking?"

"She reads strange books about the meaning of life. She goes to sitar concerts. She tries to meditate, and for several hours a day, she just cries. Alcohol, smoke, even the dozens of guys I tried prescribing for her haven't helped her get over the break up."

"Yes, exactly. She's crying and crying and crying, like a little girl. I wish to tell her, 'Stop forcing yourself into India. People like you better to stay home with mama.' But then I remember, if I shout at her, I am just the same. So, I shut up." Cobra slithers back into the conversation.

"Me, if I'm like her, I would cry for myself the rest of my cunty fucking life. But I can't stand it anymore, these negative vibrations, so I tell her, 'Look

you cunt. It will be ok. We go to see Guru Jara, and he will fuck all your problems out of your head."

"Cobra, this is what you're saying about me?" Guru Jara has a laugh.

"It's true, isn't it?" Cobra defends himself. This is a man who got his nickname from his notorious pick up line, 'Will you come with me? I will show you my cobra.'

Approximately after one hour of talking, Nikki and Guru Jara agree that there will be Tantra and that I will also be a part of it. At first, I'm thinking that we'll both get to bang her, but finally I'm only sitting with my back towards them, staring at the wall, hearing nothing, until the moment he tells her, "and now, there's going to be penetration. If you have the feeling that you would like to stop it or need something, please press my hand or speak out."

I didn't hear her say anything, but according to her moan, I'm guessing he sank his bird into her.

Technically, I can't see much. The porn on Redtube definitely beats this. At some point, he asks her to decide if she wants me to stay or not. She doesn't want me there anymore. so I go sit within reach in the bathroom and try to hear what they are talking about.

"That really knocked me down by that."

"Having a threesome with somebody we are in love with can be an intensely challenging Tantric exercise. It's not only tapping into our sexuality, but also our issues with love, envy, trust, jealousy, greed, and simply, any feelings most often connected with adultery and breakups."

"Yes, this is exactly what has been vibrating inside me this whole time."

"Nikki, it's natural to feel a bitter pain when you see your see your beloved surrendering to another, and he looks happier and more excited than he does with you in the same situation. And, it doesn't even really help to know that 80% of his happiness and excitement is not even about the other woman, but rather the combination of having a threesome and of penetration of any

new woman."

"But that doesn't excuse him," she says with an inner strength.

"I don't want to defend him. He should not have gone through with this if you weren't ready. What I want to say is, much of the negative energy you have experienced and that has been blocking you is not at all connected with him, or with that other woman, but with your own inner struggle of your rebel versus your good girl."

"I don't understand how that could be connected."

"Sex and Tantra are as powerful and strong as atomic nuclear energy, and after the explosion of your energy during this threesome, all of your inner fights and doubts became more visible, more amplified. If you accept the energy of this threesome as your personal experience, as something that belongs to you, not to him or to her, it will give you the power to sort out all the essential troubles inside you and in your life."

"I'm not strong enough for that kind of acceptance."

"If you can trust and manage not to talk about this with anyone for forty days, the unhooking we did today will give you all the power you need. Also, you should add this exercise.." he lowers his voice, but I can still hear his instruction. He tells her that she should repeat 'Guru Jara, Guru Jara' out loud during every orgasm within the next forty days, and the healing power from the unhooking, and her trust in it, would penetrate more deeply into her astral and physical body.

"And, if for any reason, you want to return to things as they were before this unhooking, all you have to do is talk about the unhooking or stop believing in it within the next forty days. The new energies will shut down and you will have to find another way to sort out your problems. So for now, just continue breathing into your flute, and you can get up in about ten minutes. I'm going to go get rid of the worst of the fourteen jerks, and we will talk in the evening and decide if we will pull out another thirteen tomorrow, or if our Tantric ritual will

be complete."

"Is it really true that threesomes awaken the same energy as tummo tummo?" I ask once we've left the room, "and that this energy, if it gets loose and out of control, can hurt people, just like what happened to Nikki?"

"It's an ancient spiritual practice. During his Tantra teachings, Guru Tilopa sent Naropa to pick up a girl for sex. Then, during love-making, when Tilopa could see that Naropa was just about to reach orgasm, he interrupted, commenting that his practice needed celibacy, and with a stone, he hit him on the penis. It felt like something out of a Marquis de Sade novel. Once the pain had faded, Tilopa asked Naropa to borrow his sex partner. While Naropa watched his master make love to his girl, he was able to reach high spiritual heights. The difference between Naropa and Nikki was that he was ready, having had previous teaching. So the accumulated energy of Tantra Triveni Ghaat sent him higher, while Nikki got burned down. So, today we'll start with ..."

I'll never forget what he taught me that day. I promise Guru Jara that I will keep the secret, and later I will come back to this artTantra triveni ghaat. For now, I have only an observation, that this girl, Nikki, really came back to life. For the first time ever, she was able to stand up for herself to her family, and from then on, she would only do what her soul longed for most. And she would go on to have some very cool adventures in her life.

## CHAPTER 11

After all my experiences in Tabo, my legs are exhausted and my head is still spinning. But I'm trying to be fully present while having a superb chat with Guru Jara on why society spits on left-hand Tantra, but enjoys modern sexual commodities like promiscuity, porn, Playboy, Penthouse, and Hustler. Right then, Cobra pulls up on his motorbike. Hippie and Nikki already passed us on their bikes earlier this morning.

"Hey guys, wanna lift?"

"Yeah, sure we do!" I answer enthusiastically.

But Guru Jara refuses the ride!

"Why not?" I whine, with a look of amazement on my face.

"The faster you travel, the fewer messages you receive along your journey. It's better to only travel fast once you know the destination of your journey with certainty. And well, I'm looking for somebody who I know nothing about, besides that he was Naropa in a past life... And this is why I have to go slowly, by foot, following the hints and clues of Life."

Cobra disappears into the dust in front of us. The roar of bikes is echoing in the valley, meanwhile, we crawl ahead, step by torturous step.

In the evening, we all gather again and sleep outside. Cobra manages to go at least ten rounds with Hippie and then calls me over. Aghora saddhu Cobra holds his traveling skull in one hand, sipping wine from it, while he slowly maneuvers his fingers within the vagina of his Tantric partner with the other hand. He doesn't bother to stop fingering her when I approach. He even asks me if I want to replace him for awhile.

"Now, this is what I call Vama Marga. But I had better study today," I answer to his drunk eyes.

"Sssstudy?" he slurs.

"Yeah, I have a ton of notes from Tabo that I want to get straight in my head so I can finally understand the bridge between left and right-hand Tantra."



"Boy, it's very simple. If your little man is not standing, then it's right-hand Tantra, and as Guru Anahdan says, it's not actually Tantra. It's the science of Tantra."

He takes a taste from the skull of God know's who, adding, "Kelly, be careful. The right bank of Tantra is very dangerous. You sit, you study, and then, when you want to stand up, nothing stands. You can study Tantra, sure. And write essays on it, give lectures on it, even get your PhD in Tantra, but you will not be a Tantric. Tantra has to be lived. Modern right-hand Tantra contradicts it's own teaching, having the unspoken expectation that you don't live it. You just discuss the philosophy of it. Well, if you don't live Tantra," Cobra ritualistically pulls his fingers out from Hippie's vagina and passes them below his nostrils, "there will come a breaking point, after which you will be unable to live Vama Marga Tantra at all, no matter how badly you want it."

"I don't know. I think that fundamental theoretical knowledge is the base of..."

"Look, you ass," Cobra snaps, sounding very irritated, "if you long for right-hand Tantra, get up and leave this campsite of real Tantrics. Go home and listen to the opinions of your grandma and your uncles. But if you really want to know what real Tantra is, pull out your cobra and shake Hippie sideways before she cools off."

I glance around and see that Guru Jara is sitting and talking with Nikki by the fire. So unnoticed, I slide into a very wild English lady.

In the morning, Hippie is criticizing my style of fucking, and I'm criticizing Guru Jara's attachment to this tired way of traveling by foot, in some vain hope that during our trek we will see some magic sign that will tell us where to go. Hippie laughs, walks over to her bike, and after a minute, she is back.

"You don't know much about making a pilgrimage do you? You don't have any idea how privileged and lucky you are that you are getting to know India with

Guru Jara."

I have to agree with her. Then, she puts something in my hand.

"Here you are, a little present," she says, and I close my fingers around it. "This will always guide you, Kelly. Whenever you are feeling unsure, just throw the dice."

I look down at the dice. This is not your typical dice. Besides numbers, there are also words written on it.

Soon, we're moving again, and walking again at a painstaking pace. I am rolling the dice around in the palm of my hand, while carefully contemplating something Nikki said earlier. The dice escapes from my hand, and tumbles to the path.

"Ah, I see that you have the spiritual trekking dice there," Guru Jara notices.

"Hippie gave it to me," I say, meanwhile reaching for the dice laying at my feet. "Hm, I got 'No Memories'. You know what that means?" I ask.

"Yeah, 'No Memories' is '1'. It means, what already happened no longer belongs to you. You have to let it go. It's from the first of six nails that Naropa hit on the head while watching Tilopa take his lover. Later, from these six snippets of spiritual guidance, Naropa created the six yogas. If number one appears on a spiritual pilgrimage, it symbolizes parting ways with a travel mate, interrupting communication with home, or changing accommodations, and definitely, not going back to yesterday's places. Not even in your mind. Kelly, forget about Tabo. Forget all about Nikki. She has her own destiny to fulfill, her own journey to follow."

"Pssh. I'm not even into her," I protest. "She's into me. Plus, she's not my type."

During our breakfast, I do more research into the meaning of the next five numbers on the spiritual trekker's dice.

"'2, No Plans', '3, No Judgment', '4, No Worries', '5, No Control', '6, No

Action'."

"Throw your dice," Guru Jara nods in my direction as we are prepare to set off for the day. "Number six, 'No action'," he reads. "I had a feeling about that."

And so, he decides to stay put at our camp for awhile. In the meantime, the girls and Cobra continue on their hogs up to Sumdo, a village bordering Tibet, where the Pare Chu River enters the Spiti Valley 'in beautiful sips', as Cobra put it. He hopes to somehow cross the border so they can ride under the Kailash Mountains, like a freestyle motocross competition.

So, we are posted up at our campsite, and Guru Jara is giving me another tip.

"Morning is the best time for meditation because part of your brain is still asleep."

"You mean, meditation is something like being asleep?"

"No, no. Meditation is to be absolutely awake while the EEG activity of your brain is at a level associated with being asleep."

"Uh-huh. I don't understand."

"It's easy. Your head feels asleep, but your eyes are wide open and alert, and you're not falling asleep, either."

"What the hell? That's why we all hated first period in high school. How is that connected with Tantra?"

"Think of morning erections."

"You ass. I don't see how that matters."

"Well, I tell you. The REM phase of sleep during which our eyeballs are shifting around behind our closed lids is a natural Tantric meditation, and from exactly this kind of meditation comes the majority of Tantric exercises."

"Yeah, but doesn't everyone have this phase?"

"Yes, exactly. I'm telling you, Kelly, we are all Tantrics. REM is the natural prayer cycle we must go through five times a day, respectively at night,"

he says. "Our reward for this prayer is a connection with the spiritual world from which our souls come from, and upon awakening, we remember the Tantric arousal and astral traveling we experienced while asleep as a very vivid dream. It is mainly this unleashing of streams of Tantric energy within our body that enables us to continue with our destiny and life journey once we're awake."

"Wow, so what should I do? Should I go to bed or something?"

"Nah, only common Tantrics do that. You should work on advancing your progress. To simply go to sleep would be a step back for you now. So, go ahead and sit up in your meditation posture and start to relax all the muscles in your body. Begin to imagine that each and every part of your body is going to sleep."

I close my eyes.

"First, envision your lower back, around your kidneys falling asleep, then your buttocks falls asleep, then your lower belly...Then slowly, this sleep spreads all around your upper belly, and then into your genitals. From there, this sleep continues to your hamstrings..."

The meditation works like a charm, and I fall asleep.

Guru Jara shakes me awake, "You see. The non-trained brain reacts like that as soon as it gets to alpha level brain waves. And because the whole system is then shut down, the mind will scoff and say that it never experienced any spirituality, and so, it will confirm the belief that it must not exist. But the truth is, you just slept through the best part in the movie of your life. A brain trained at alpha level, or even lower at theta level, can stay awake while keeping the eyes open and see a world of new possibilities, a completely new reality."

"Both the highest initiates and new born babies both can stay awake and keep their eyes open even during delta wave patterns, which we normally experience during our deepest sleep. One of these initiates, I will introduce you

to tomorrow. And now, let's start again with your REM prayer..."

"First, envision your lower back around your the kidneys falling asleep, then your buttocks, then your lower belly...Then slowly, the sleep spreads to your upper belly, and then into your genitals. From there, it continues down to your hamstrings..."

**"Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici..."**

I'm repeating it, again and again.

*You ox, I gasp. I wonder if this is what you see when you die...*  
and suddenly, I notice how many red elementals are here. Their red light is closing in on me in the shape of a uterus. 'You bitches. I bet you would like that,' I say aloud, as I try to shoo away their red, grasping field. I can see how these little suckers could confuse a newly deceased soul, who after death, might not have the chance to orient itself properly. So, it ends up in this illusion of a red uterus, and shortly after, materializes, first as a flash of white lightning, then moves into another unwillingly chosen life vessel.

These red elementals adore lovers, especially young ones because it was their own passion that bore them. And when there are no couples around making love, they start to copulate amongst themselves, and the herd forms this uterus, which will hug a living creature and re-conceive him or her into some other body or form.

Concentration and sheer mind power are getting me out of this thick mess. With the protection of the second circle, I'm finally starting to feel centered and focused, again. I'm seeing the possibilities, what might happen to me if my body didn't actually make it through this collective intercourse of these red elementals. I would probably be reborn as a newborn infant, or maybe merge into the body of an adult. I would study my strange new body and think, *No, this small, fat, bald person driving this bus can't be me. I don't even know how to drive a bus.*

Meanwhile, my current physical body would exit the pyramid, stolen by some lost soul of someone who just crossed over. Or through my Tantric hooks and rose thorns, it would be partially occupied by each of the seven spirits of my chakric ex-partners, like Lamapa taught me, and Guru Jara read from the Bible, once.

*"Then, Jesus exorcised these seven evil spirits from the possessed body of Mary Magdalene."*

The thought of unwillingly exchanging bodies inside of Chefren's freaks me out. And, because the physical body can keep rolling out old habits for years, none of my closest friends would even really notice. Only behind my back, would they whisper about how the journey to Egypt had changed me. I'm starting to fidget. I really don't want to end up like her...

"Great Kelly, much better this time," Guru Jara's voice wakes me from a bizarre dream. "You only partially fell asleep, and this time, you reached brain wave level's in which 'voice' people start to perceive the spiritual in the material world."

"I had a really strange dream."

"Another karmic one?"

"Yeah, probabaly. Yes," I nod. "I was still seeing the same images I had after visiting Lamapa's cave, only this time I died."

"Relax, Kelly. You didn't die, but try not to fall asleep."

"It was so vivid."

"Are you ready to try another REM prayer?"

I nod again, "But first, tell me about this 'voice' type."

"Ok, I will, but I want you to write it down."

Once I am back from fetching my spiritual trekking diary, he starts, "Voice is the second way of perceiving spirituality. Their meditation music is the human voice- a church choir singing *Hallelujah*, Hindu mantras, folk songs, pop songs, or even some fuck-here-fuck-there song at a cool party."

"Yeah? Hmmm. And, what does this have to do with the REM meditation?"

The distinguishing trait for the voice type is that their ascendant astrological sign is in a fixed sign. One full sleep cycle from one REM phase to another, for them lasts ninety minutes, so they need to sleep about eight hours a night to get all five of their REM prayers in."

"So what?"

"Well, this predetermines the way in which they experience the spiritual in our material world, which they will start to sense if they can manage to keep their eyes open with their brain in lower alpha level, which is below 9 Hz."

"Ok, so what?" I ask again, hoping to uncover some meaning in all of this hoopla.

"Well, most everyday people can't do that. The ultimate perceptive advantage is given to those born with a mutable rising sign, because those people can already experience spiritual beings and worlds at 12 Hz, which is just at the borderline between alpha and beta waves."

"But, this spiritual advantage for this group, called 'sitar', comes with a price. These people are hypersensitive, and it takes them much longer to recharge their battery. One of their sleep cycles lasts one-hundred-and-twenty minutes. That means, to reach five REM prayers in a night, they need to sleep more than 10 hours. Their perfect meditation music includes the guitar and other similar string instruments, like the Indian sitar which gives them their name."

"And that's me, 'sitar'?"

"No, Kelly. You're definitely 'taiko', which is a Japanese drum. And you can perceive spirituality only at the moment when your brain is pulsing at the border of alpha and theta waves and your eyes are open. This is about 7 Hz, which will happen, literally, only in your dreams."

"I don't have to fall asleep if I don't want to."

"Kelly, this is beyond human will, which without muscles and power, by the way, can do nothing, even if you try every trick in the book. You must train for it."

"And how do I train?"

"In the mornings, you will train with these REM prayers we have been practicing. You will also train with several Napoleon naps during the day, sleeping for only twenty minutes at a time. Napoleon used this trick during his days, which enabled him to sleep only a few hours at night, helping him to stay awake and see spirits inside the pyramids, even though he was a taiko type, like you. Then in the evenings, you will train by listening to classical Indian music, which actually pulses on the edge of alpha and theta waves. If and when you stop falling asleep while listening to it, it will be a good indication that your meditation muscles are getting stronger. In the meantime, we'll be satisfied if you're not falling asleep at the level at which voice types tap into spirituality."

"Will I see spiritual beings there?"

"Here you will see just holy flashes and pieces of visions, deja vu, karmic prophetic dreams, intuitive hits..."

"Meh, that sucks."

"Well, it's a lot better than your nothing up to this point. So, shall we get started?"

## CHAPTER 12

I close my eyes, and very professionally, Guru Jara leads me into REM



prayer.

"First, imagine that your lower back near the kidneys is falling asleep, then your buttocks, then your lower belly is fast asleep, and slowly, this sleep spreads all around your upper belly, and then, into your genitals. From there, the sleep continues on down to the hamstrings. Now you can feel the front of your thighs, knees, and the rest of your legs asleep, just like your chest, neck, and hands."

"Your head is not sleeping. Your head is alert. On the edge of sleep, it is observing your sleeping body. You can see that your fingers are gently twitching, as are your toes. Sometimes, a whole arm or leg might twitch. And now, imagine the strong pounding of a hammer, just in front of your closed eyes. Let your eyes follow the loud banging sounds of the hammer. After each hit, your eyes inside your closed lids reflexively blink." Guru Jara stops there. He says we have to practice up to this part. I am beaming, feeling very proud of myself.

"I must have reached theta level!"

"Yeah, yeah, it's possible, but if you'd have opened your eyes, you would've hardly been in alpha. We need to practice," he repeats, and he leads me over to a huge boulder, only steps away.

On this boulder, he commences banging with a stone, right at eye level and about four inches from my face, for an entire hour. My eyes, despite being already shut, are nearly frightened out of their sockets and proceed to cramp behind my lids with each heavy hit.

"That's enough," he announces after an hour of training. He appears quite exhausted.

"Are we not going to practice more REM prayers?"

"It's too late, now. Your brain is too awake. We'll wait for the morning."

"So, what are we going to do now?"

"I'm going to get ready for an important meeting that I have tomorrow,

and you can do whatever you like."

"What? Are we going to see Naropa?" I smile.

"Maybe. Just let it be."

As he turns to walk off, I protest that I have nothing else to do with my day.

"Practice those Napoleon naps!" he calls back, and then pays me no further attention.

I spend my time reading, making new notes, observing the ants, and staring into passing clouds.

Lunch rolls around. We're making rice, again. I want to talk, so I ask him, "Why was Nikki such a head case after her threesome?"

"Tantric energy is our essence, Kelly. It can uplift us or it can destroy us. It only takes one sexual experience to decide whether that mighty source will powerfully flow or become blocked."

"And, you think that Tantric unhooking will help her?"

"If she believes it will, and if she follows the instruction I gave her, then, absolutely. Yes, I do."

"After hearing what happened to her, I really wonder if sex is a good thing or a bad thing, you know."

"Sex is the essential realization of life. It's not really good or bad."

"What do you mean?"

"Imagine that sex is a river, and the experience that blocked Nikki is like very dangerous white water rapids. For most people who fall into such rapids, it implies trauma for their whole lives, maybe even death. Enter another group of people, who throw a raft into the river, and in those same rapids, they experience several minutes of pure ecstasy and power, which also costs them a big investment of their energy. For example, this experience of pure power and bliss might translate into months of a quiet river flow at work. The energy of sex, which is really the same as water, is profoundly and fundamentally good,

because without it, there would be no life. But on the other hand, it is energy. And energy can also destroy, or create a revolution. The problem is that people know nothing about the power they truly possess. Some shoot it all away over several years while others block it up forever with one destructive experience. Only a few can really use it in a way where the energy actually uplifts him or her to the mountain peaks of life. With sexual energy, you can build the kingdom of your spirit and live a truly fulfilled life."

"So you help uplift people, then."

Guru Jara shakes his head, "No. I'm just the fireman who puts out their burning flames."

"What do you mean, burning flames?"

"As I notice from my consultations, it's very rare that someone actually comes to me with ample time. People usually always come at the moment when their life has already been set on fire. Take for example, a beautiful girl around thirty who has loads of hooks. She feels lost, and the magic appeal that has always worked with men before is slowly disappearing, defaulting to the twenty-somethings of a younger generation. Or, consider a business man who was robbed of everything, and by his own family. What little money he had left, he gambled away in bars and in brothels. Then, he tops it all off by starting a habit of shooting heroin. Or, here's another. A forty-something woman who was left by her husband because she was desperately trying to keep him under lock and key. The reality of her aging body and sagging breasts tormented her with the fear of her husband running away with a younger woman, until it finally happened. Or, a successful and handsome young athlete finally reaches the age when the people who once invested in him stop praising his talent and start pressuring him, cashing in on their expectations on him to make a contribution to society and his family. He's not aware of the mistakes he making. He digs deeper into debt and he turns to alcohol to cope with the weight of his obligations. There are probably twelve more stories like that, one

similar to the next, and all of them reaching for help when it's already too late. At this point, they have to start life all over from the beginning."

"But if you unhook the women and help the guys get rid of the thorns, like Lamapa helped me, then they're safe?"

"By doing that, we are merely stopping the plunge, and this does help them to get their power back. But what is destroyed is already destroyed. Yes, people will make a come back on the material level after this healing, but it doesn't mean that the changes they went through are reversible. Though, many of these changes in their energy they won't actually have to experience if they simply begin to treat their Tantric energy with respect, like an initiate would, or if they come for Tantric consultation in time, before their thorns and hooks completely suck the happiness from their lives."

"You mean suck and steal it for other people, right? I would be seriously pissed if that happened to me. And, up to when is the right time for unhooking? Nikki made the cut off?"

"I think she did. If it's too late, women will realize it later by attracting totally inappropriate partners for themselves. What I mean is she will attract men who are much worse for her than she did at the beginning of her erotic life. And, as soon as this uncontrolled plummet in the quality of her partners starts, it's already too late."

"And, there's nothing you can do about that, as a Tantric?"

"I can, but it costs me my energy for several months. And during that time, I undergo an incredible drain on my power. Sometimes, I even experience sicknesses in which I fight astral battles with their worst partners."

"Wow, that sounds like a big deal. They must love you, then."

"It's often the opposite, actually. If a Tantric does thorough, good work during the unhooking, that means he sucked into himself the worst of the men that were in the woman. After that, he becomes a reflection for her of everything she hated most about those men."

"And, what about this dip in partner quality with men? Does that happen to men?"

"It's actually the opposite for men. Considering that men suck the energy of their ex-partners through the hooks, as their number of partners increases with age, so does the quality of the partner they attract."

"You mean, in high school they'll date losers, in their 30's, average women, and in their 40's, models?"

"Exactly. The hooks make this possible. Only they can't collect too many thorns from lower level lovers because this will lead to a premature loss of sexual appetite and make them feel old. It'll also lead to the loss of the fifth, most important, REM phase, which losing rapidly progresses the aging process."

"And, what could happen to someone like Nikki if you didn't clear her hooks?"

"Only god knows, but according to my experience and research, she would come back from India totally cooked. Desperate for attention and care, she would sleep with several more guys, maybe ones who have been trying to get her in bed for years. Then, she would try to meditate, but it won't work for her. So, she'll study something new for a semester or start volunteering. And finally, she will end up in total depression because nothing will really work the way she wants. At that point, she might try to find someone to have a long-term relationship and family with, and will end up with some loser about ten index points below her average level. Later on, this guy will fuck her girlfriend, which will knock her down even lower. All she would have left is the hope of one day being discovered by a prince, who really is just a symbol for a man at the level where she karmically belongs. This man she dreams of would put her life back into order. The problem is that without spiritual help, it's impossible because the magnet in the genitals which attracts her partners is already so full of hooks that it can only send out a very weak signal, attracting only worse and

worse matches for her, with every new partner she adds that's not a step up for her.

"Ouch, that's really harsh. So, how does someone like that end up?"

"Normally, she will get breast cancer and marry a guy way under her average Tantric index. But in actuality, he will be a nice guy, who dreamt about landing a smart and beautiful woman like Nikki his whole life. Or, she might dive deep into her spirituality, go live in an ashram, and spend all her time singing and praying."

"How do you know all that?"

"I don't know it. I can see it. After thousands of consultations and thousands of people, after fifteen years of this, you start to see it."

"Ok, but how could Nikki get so knocked down by a threesome with some guy who was just a summer fling?"

"Because she came to India already totally Tantrically dejected, just before her life went down in flames, expecting to find another world here that would give her back what she had before, what she lost through all her hooks. And instead of that, she faced an even harsher reality than what she had at home. Like a strong acid, it burned her inside. So, she reached for help in another partner without knowing that another partner means another hook, another energetic loss, and another step away from calling the right one. This guy was from a completely different world than Nikki. He didn't see anything wrong with a ménage à trois. He didn't realize he was opening a pus-filled wound that had been festering already for years. Nikki, with Hippies help, tried to heal the wound with another lover, and when this didn't work, she tried another. Nikki was soon so twisted that she couldn't even stand being alone, avoiding it at all costs. If she hadn't received the unhooking ritual when she did, she would have soon been allowing guys in her vagina that she normally would never even lean her bicycle on."

"And all these new arTantric hooks, which connect her with all these new

lower quality partners, would steal her momentum and good feelings any time she was approaching a powerful and meaningful breakthrough in her life. Just when she would expect it least, she would lose so much energy that she would experience one failure after another, and without any seemingly good reason. She would go through her whole life with the feeling that she was living it in vain."

"Why doesn't Hippie have these problems? She's always taking new partners."

"Hippie is a Tantric and a very advanced Yogi. Her inner experience is not influenced so much by the material events of the external world. Plus, Hippie has a massive amount of natural-born energy. With women like her, you don't start to see the consequences of the hooks for years, sometimes even ten years later. The storehouse of youthful vitality these women have can feed a lot of hungry hooks."

"So, is Tantric unhooking kind of like Reiki, but focused on the Tantric connection?"

"No, it's a much deeper spiritual healing. This is the connection of the Kailash mountains with the ocean of the Universe, and it's really at the heart of today's problems in the world. Even if people have a sense that relationships and sex are complicating their lives, they won't consider or believe that the spiritual connection between lovers is to blame, until the last possible moment when it's already too late for them. By then, life is in ruins, and their Tantric index is dropping like stocks on Wall Street. They are left feeling confused with no idea what is happening to them. And, what about you? Do you believe in Tantric connections?"

"Sure. I was just talking about it yesterday with Cobra. I want to practice left-hand Tantra."

"Oh yeah? Are you going to buy a motorcycle and follow Guru Cobra around as a shela?"

"Shela?"

"Yeah, it means the student of a guru."

"No, I don't think I could bear the grueling journey around this strange country for much longer."

"Kelly, listen. If you do decide on the left bank of Tantra, practicing the way of penetration and you refuse to travel from place to place, you will face the great possibility of tsunami waves smashing you to bits on the mainland of consumer society."

"Why does it have to be like that?"

Guru Jara laughs, "Are you serious? Frustrated moralists would eat you up alive. As a Tantric, anytime you end your pilgrimage, anytime you stop surfing the wave of your own life, the tsunami of inquisition created by the self-righteous will hit you, and hard. They will show you what it was like to live in the medieval ages. All the so-called rights of your modern world, all the freedom covered in your Constitution is futile."

"Why can't these people just chill out?"

"Well, based on the people I have met like this, all their raging is usually to cover some deep secret of their inner world, maybe some forbidden past. Maybe it's a personal complex that developed from a sticky moment in puberty, or some sexual disorder or trauma, or a blacking out of their own performance in bed. And, very often, the morally self-righteous criticize Tantrics because of their own frustration and inability to accept their real sexual orientation."

"You mean, like they are gay?"

"It's often the case, but the fact that they're gay is not the issue. The problem is that they are trying to hide it from themselves and from everyone else. Imagine that you are trying to hide the fact that you've never slept with a woman in a mostly heterosexual world, and that all your partners have been men? What kind of person would you be? How would you behave towards



people who seem sexually fulfilled?"

"Probably very aggressively."

"See, and not just 'in the closet' gays, but also people who feel the most blocks around their sexuality, these are the exact people who go into Tantra most often. Their Tantra practice will become their lightning rod, grounding their most unbearable feelings."

"Yeah, I think I get it. So, these people stuffing down all their unwanted feelings end up vomiting them all onto someone else."

"Yes, and for the biggest relief, an experienced Tantric practitioner is the best target."

## CHAPTER 13

Just before dawn, Guru Jara wakes me.

"I'm up. What's up?"

"According to your aura and eye movements, you are in REM phase. Quickly, sit up into meditation position."

"You ox, I have a hard-on. How can you see that through the sleeping bag?"

I sit up and close my eyes, and again Guru Jara, begins leading me through REM prayer.

"First, envision your lower back around your kidneys falling asleep, then your buttocks fall asleep, then your lower belly...Then, slowly this sleep spreads all around the upper belly, and then into your genitals. From there, it continues to your hamstrings, and it washes over you so deeply that your whole

body is asleep."

"But your inner observer doesn't sleep. It only notices as this sleep relaxes the front of your thighs, your knees, and the rest of your legs...then your chest, your neck...then your arms. All of your body is asleep. Only your head is not asleep. It stays alert, right on the edge of sleep, and observes your sleeping body. When you feel ready, roll your eyeballs around three times behind your eyelids."

Facing the twilight, Kelly follows the Tantric's instructions. He then proceeds, "Now, we continue by letting the front of your fall asleep. You can see your fingers and toes begin to gently twitch, and sometimes, your whole limb might jerk. I want you to transform these gentle twitches into the motions of playing a piano. Good, and after a while, watch as your body continues the motions on its own."

"Great, and now imagine a hammer banging right in front of your closed lids. Now, let your eyes follow every hit of that hammer, cramping downward behind your lids. Let your eyes cramp like that after every hit, just like it's a reflex, just like we did yesterday when I was banging the stone. Keep going, and let yourself be guided, naturally," he says, and then he is silent.

He shouldn't have stopped talking. I'm floating back into yesterday's dream.

**"Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici..."**

After the uterus made of red elementals finally disperses, I go back to repeating the mantra. I try not to make a big deal out of their attempt to exchange my soul with another body. Magic is not always about your wishes, and sometimes you meet trouble. It's just the other side of the coin. Their opinion of Tantra, and all of spirituality for that matter, is that it's a perfect and hilarious opportunity to pull a practical joke, like this classic trick of exchanging minds and souls that those pranksters were trying to reel me into,

just now.

In actuality, these red elementals are generally friendly guides. I learned in SurfTantra that daily sex for forty weeks at the time of dawn or sunset will completely upgrade a totally average couple with no Tantric background to a level ready for initiation. It's a spiritual shortcut. The red elementals tell as many people as they can about this shortcut because they want to piss off the people who take spirituality too seriously, and who feel resentful towards younger, happier individuals vibrating at the same or a level higher than themselves. So, just to oppose these dry, solemn monk types, they help awaken the energy of sex by guiding people to Tantric teachings and initiation, but it only works for people who really enjoy having sex, fun, being with other people, and all things worth living.

Besides these red elementals, I can see nothing interesting in here. That means the EEG activity of my brain must be above 9 Hz. Damn. If I belonged to the voice type group, I would probably be seeing pharaohs or high priestesses by now, like Brunton and Crowley, who were both voice types, described seeing:

*'What am I being robbed of? My heart beats like a hammer under this pressure. I'm inside the pyramid, but my eyes are closed.*

*Monstrous elemental creatures, evil monsters from the underworld with a terrible devilish face surround me and fill me with dreadful disgust. There are phantoms moving around the chamber. The circle of enemies is closing in on me. It would be really easy to end all this by simply opening my eyes and turning up the gas on the lantern.'*

Paul Brunton realized that light would bring his brain activity to the level at which the spiritual beings would disappear into another world. I'm realizing, that as a Taiko type, in order to see anything, I have to get all the way down to theta level with the pyramid well lit and my eyes wide open.

Just like another 'voice' type, Aleister Crowley did, who saw inside the Great

pyramid thirty-one years before Brunton, in 1903 and 1904:

*'When I start with the magical incantations, the pyramid is lit by violet light from a magical source. Suddenly, everything is as visible as a night during a full moon. My candle looks funny in the new light, so I blow it out. Even if there are no other light sources inside besides this astral violet shine, I can easily read the texts of my prepared formulas.'*

Were these accounts a reality of the senses or spiritual visions? Crowley, unlike Brunton, kept his eyes open.

I'm not rushing with the candlelight. The total darkness helps me to calm down. I also know that, above the thousands of boulders from which this pyramid is built and which separate me from the outside world, the sun has already set and night is upon Giza. The activity of red elementals continues to decline, and they are now moving at a much sleepier pace than when they were trying to capture me in their astral uterus. The red glow of dusk that they love so much had to have already disappeared in the shadow of evening time. The laser show of Egyptian history, which projects from the Sphinx onto the pyramids, has probably started by now.

I'm thinking it's time to move on. I come out from my hiding spot, and this time led by a dancing candle flame, I descend into the queen's chamber to form the third magical circle.

After I finish the circle, I continue...

**"Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici..."**

Once the third protective circle is fully functioning, guarding me from monsters, elementals, and evil creatures from the underworld like Brunton described, then I transmit the full content of Crowley's mantra, 'Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici', that was addressed and prepared for the initiate on the temple master's level, and I transform it with a Star Tantric interpretation:

"By the power of Mahamudra energy, I, the awakened one, am directing

the whole Universe. By the power of Mahamudra energy..." and I repeat this 108 times, counting one full round on my mala beads, which were made by an Aghora saddhu from bones and ceremoniously washed in cow shit, urine, yoghurt, butter, and milk.

Then it's back to the main formula of the temple master mantra, and I continue again, in Latin.

"Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici, Vi Veri Universum Vivus Vici..." 108 times until my mala beads turn full circle. And again, 108 times I pray the second Tantric version of the mantra.

"By the power of Mahamudra energy, I, the awakened one, am directing the whole Universe."

My head is the only part of me still awake. Even my fingers are brushing over the beads in the twitches of REM prayer. Steadily, I am controlling the flashes of Mahamudra. I want to move this Tantric cure for everything to the physical level, so I lightly touch the tip of my penis with my middle finger, and I smell the perfume of Sekhet's flower, which still lingers from my introduction earlier to the female Tantric sect Thorny Phallus.

The brain reacts to smells so powerfully and without inhibition. One of my goals for this initiation in Chefren's is the mystical death of the ego, the first step of this being the elimination of my automatic self-censoring. I'm happy to have some of Sekhet here, this lover that sparked a total revolution in my brain during our balcony scene.

*It's possible that she already killed my self-censor today, which will mean a lot less work for me, now,* I'm thinking, and at the same time, I'm playing Nirvana ping pong, changing this thought into a green ball and sending it somewhere far between the thought and the image of her body rocking against the rickety railing.

Just then, I notice the pyramid is lit by the violet glow that Crowley was talking about, and I know that my brain waves have to be at theta. My open

eyes survey the beauty behind the pulled back veil of the world that most people see only while sleeping.

I smell my middle finger, again. It helps me to feel Sekhet's pussy, and the bouquet moves my attention from the head of my penis to my balls, the center of kundalini, the beginning of the journey to Mahamudra. My whole interior is lit by a beautiful glimmer. I feel as if my insides are bathing in a heavenly sunlight.

"Achoooo!" I sneeze into the rising sun, just as it reaches the horizon and appears before my waking eyes.

"Asleep again, eh?" Guru Jara teases

"No, no, I wasn't sleeping. I was having the same prophetic dream as yesterday."

"Insant replay?"

"No, it was continuing. It was much more pleasant this time."

"Great. I made you cup of tea."

"Ah, come on! You know I hate that shit."

I caught a whiff of Nescafe, and I recognized he was pulling my chain, as I should totally expect by now. I smile in appreciation of this man's awesome sense of humor.

He sips the liquid steeped from Japanese leaves that he calls tea. Meanwhile, I steep in the warmth of my instant coffee, which here in the middle of these nowhere mountains, might be the greatest pleasure of my entire day.

"Guru Jara, I would like to be initiated into your Tantra teaching."

"Yeah, and I would like to score the winning goal of the final game during an all-star league championship series," says Guru Jara.

"No, I really mean it. Please, will you be my teacher?"

"Sorry, Kelly. I'd like to, but I'm over it."

"Over it? How could you be over it?"

"I already experienced that. I'm not teaching anymore."

He takes another sip, continuing, "I can give you some instructions and hints as your friend, but I totally refuse to be your guru. You should ask Cobra. I know he mostly focuses on women, but I think he would make an exception for you. You are just his type." Guru Jara says, smiling.

"No, no I can't follow Cobra. He's interesting, it's true, but I can't hang with a heavy pothead like that for very long."

"Alright, your choice."

They walked on, sometimes meeting a local farmer or a village lama along their way..

"So teach me just for short while, then."

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know. Why did you do it before?"

"I was naive. I trusted in people."

"Ha, so now who's the fool?"

"I also needed to repay what my teachers passed on to me."

"Cash?"

"What your guru accepts for his teaching is one thing, but there is also payment to the Universe. By receiving the blessing of initiation, you are agreeing to repay the energy by passing this blessing on to others. So I did, a long time ago. Now, I only want one thing: peace from people, especially spiritual seekers."

"So, why did you put up with me?"

"Because I couldn't get rid of you. And because you found me on a pilgrimage, which means you're on a significant life journey, which is totally different than finding me in the phonebook or something, like you would a dentist or computer tech."

"You're not going to teach me anything, then?"

"And what do you think REM prayer is? Even if all you have is this exercise, you can profoundly improve your life."

"So, are you going to teach me something more, then?"

"I'm not teaching you, I'm coaching you."

"What's the difference?"

"As a guru, I am the boat that will steer my students during their life cruise. As a teacher, my connection is not quite as strong, but it's comparable to chaperoning kids on a field trip. I have to experience everything that they are going through with them and protect them. A coach is more like a friend from the pub, or a consultant, you know, like a guy you would hire. I don't mind being your coach. That's why we can continue this, but remember that you are fully responsible for all your decisions and actions. So please don't shut down your brain or your common sense, ok? It might be more comfortable for you, but I'm not going to hold your hand through this."

"I wouldn't want it like that, anyway," Kelly answers, a little offended.  
"Yeah, all students say the same at the beginning. So, I'm going to continue looking for Guru Naropa. If it's true, and he returned to this Earth, I want to experience it. And you, you can continue to join me on this journey if you like. And along the way, I will give you some instructions on Tantra and Surf Tantra, but remember, that won't make me your teacher. I'm just a mate on the road."

"Awesome! Great! Thank you, Guru Jara!"

"And, keep in mind that our ways can separate at anytime without any particular reason necessary."

"Ok, coach!" Kelly answers with sportsman-like pep.

"And, what is the difference between Surf Tantra and Tantra?"

"Surf Tantra is one of Tantra's branches, focusing on the surfing of Ego on the ocean of the Universe. And when Ego realizes where it's surfing, it explodes into Nirvana."

Guru Jara gazes at me, to see if it's sinking in.

"And Tantra comes from the symbol 'Ar', which is the sign for the periodic



element, Argon. Argon is used in welding, though it requires great skill. A practicing Vama Marga Tantric, in many ways, has to copy the motions and skill of a welder with his penis."

"I see," Kelly stares into the distance, looking confused.

"I'm fucking with you. It doesn't matter what it means. Tantra is about masterfully riding your wildest rapids in the powerful river of Tantric energy, that in a test of sexual karma, will challenge your life and your abilities, to grip one of two rock faces; one leads to Salvation, the other, to Curse. The art of Tantra is extremely challenging, and if we fail, we can expect death or suffering on the rock of Curse. But if we pass and reach the rock of Salvation, we will meet with everything that this Universe has to offer."

"Yes! Guru Jara, this is exactly what I want, to finally step out of line and do something extraordinary with my life."

"Why not Kelly, but in making this choice between Salvation and Curse, you lose your right to a peaceful and calm well-being in life, that not only people, but also birds and other animals, long for."

"I want it. That's ok."

"You want it, but you don't actually know what you want. This way can get harsh, dramatic, and even deadly, like an action movie, but the difference here is that you can't stop the movie, or even press rewind or switch it to another channel."

"Yeah, that's exactly what I want."

"Kelly, if you become a Tantric practitioner, then your fate will be change, your home will be nowhere, and your closest friends will be strangers."

"I want that," echoes from Kelly's mouth, this time a little less sure. All at once, Kelly can feel that he is being pulled blindly by an enthusiasm that has been present in these mountains of Spiti Valley since the moment Cobra had arrived.

*Actually, it started after those Swiss girls got me stoned.*

The only thing he really wanted from this guy was to uncover this fake Naropa and pass on his identity to Yeshe Li's uncle, as quickly as possible, so he could get back to the real world and on with his life. And here he is, begging Guru Jara to teach him some shit that he would never listen to for five minutes back home, even after twenty beers. Reality hits him with these thoughts, and returns him to a total silence, disturbed only by the whispers of breath and wind and the soft sound of footsteps falling on the path.

After hundreds of thousands of steps traversing the mountains that, today, separate India from China, they finally find themselves at the goal of their journey. They are passing through the Village of Giu, until at last, they reach the small, sacred cave of a famous meditating Tibetan lama. This lama, who has already been meditating here for centuries, is highly regarded by all Tibetans and locals alike.

Guru Jara flashes me a smile of satisfaction. "So Kelly, we are here."

Kelly feels a little confused as he looks around, observing the biggest shit hole he ever set foot in. He waits and expects that the cave will be a kind of side entrance to some Shambala. Or maybe, inside the cave will be a holy man levitating three feet above the ground.

His expectations are confirmed by a fanatic little granny, probably Tibetan, who keeps repeating to Kelly, "Lama Sangha Tenzin, veeery good man. Big lama. Buddha. Veeery good man."

"Ok, very nice." Kelly responds in a kind and humble way, trying to get rid of her, but she starts to pat him on the back, instead. She adds to her story of the holy lama sitting inside the cave several feet away.

"Biiig scorpion," She spreads her hands as wide as they will reach, signifying the size of what would have to be some giant, king of scorpions. "Veeery big scorpion. Help, lama help. Lama Sangha Tenzin. Veeery good man."

"Ok granny," Kelly nods towards the elder with the distinguishably

aromatic breath. And, delicately, he scoots her away. Relieved, he spies Nikki exiting the cave.

"Hey! This lady won't stop hanging on me, and saying, 'verry big scorpion, verry big scorpion'. I have no idea what she's talking about."

"Yes! Yes! Verry big." the old villager nods fervently, not taking her eyes off of Kelly for a second.

"Kelly, this woman is trying to tell you about a local holy man, Lama Sangha Tenzin, who saved the village from an invasion of deadly scorpions. He sits in meditation and contemplates non-stop. He strapped his knees together in a squatting position with his belt, and then tied it around his back. That way, he could lean his chin on his knees to relax during the night."

"That's like a different style of sitting, or what?"

"It's the traditional style of Tibetan sitting meditation that was brought over by 14th Dalai Lama into his exile and also by the other lamas of his generation. Only here in India have Tibetans moved to the contemporary sitting position, under the influence of all the new agers."

"Ok, wow. So, he's meditating in there? Will I disturb him?"

"No, I don't think so."

"I see. I see, Grandma. Big scorpion," Kelly nods and slowly repeats to the Tibetan woman, who is still staring.

She says, "Yes, lama good," again, patting Kelly on the back, and she turns and pulls Kelly toward the shrine inside the cave. In one hand, she holds a photo of the 14th Dalai Lama, and in the other hand she clenches Kelly's sleeve. As soon as we enter, she lets me go, drops to the ground, and begins to bow in front of the lama. When I catch sight of the Lama, I hit the ground too, psychologically that is. There is a skeleton staring me straight in the face, a very old, dried mummy behind a glass.

I rush outside and I attack Guru Jara, "What is this? Where is Naropa? Where is the lama we came to see?"

Guru Jara points to the shrine entrance, "Lama Sangha Tenzin-"

I furiously cut in, not allowing him another word, "That's just some skeleton in there! There's no lama!"

## CHAPTER 14

"Yes, that's him. Through his endless meditation, he has been reincarnated into a rainbow, which continues to protect this village, while his body remains here, as a mummy. These villagers are taking care of his body and waiting for him to return to his physical form."

"But, he is dead! Dead!" Kelly gestures passionately towards the shrine. He repeats it again for the old woman, who is once more, pulling his sleeve to follow her back inside the cave. "Lama dead!"

Granny persuades him that Lama is, in fact, not dead.

Nikki is cracking up at the theatrical scene, but Kelly's anger is reaching its boiling point. "We have been dragging ourselves here all the way from Ladakh because of this stupid skeleton?"

"Lama Sangha Tenzin knows the answer to every question. He will tell us where Naropa is."

"This fucking skeleton won't tell us shit about Naropa!" Enraged, Kelly storms off to be alone.

For awhile, he doesn't feel a thing. From a distance, he observes as Nikki speaks with the old village woman, and he watches as Guru Jara pulls out the dorje from his bag and then disappears with it into the cave.

Kelly is fuming, but sitting alone there on a stone, he tries to calm himself down. He is overcome with the feeling that he has invested too much in this journey, too much time and too much effort to just go home because of one lousy bad mood. Yet at the same, he is totally fed up with his crazy crew, Guru Cobra, Guru Jara, Hippie, and worst of all, the never ending, grueling journey

by foot all for some lifeless mummy.

All at once, reality hits him, and he screams, "Fuck. Fuck! FUUCK!" which echoes from the pilgrim's koan and vibrates through the mountains. Silence follows, and Kelly pulls out the spiritual trekker's dice for a reading. He rolls number five, 'No Control'. He rolled this same number yesterday, after breakfast, when he had to decide whether he would accept an invitation from Cobra for a threesome with Hippie, or if he should continue in his REM meditation with Guru Jara.

When he asked about its meaning, Guru Jara told him, "'No Control' is about giving up control over what is happening around us. We let our actions be guided by the hands of our destiny, or if we are believers, by the hands of God. The constant struggle to control our lives that modern society encourages is like a factory, churning out depressives, alcoholics, pill poppers, and psych patients."

"Hm, I don't think I get it," Kelly said.

So, horny Cobra shed some light on it for him. "Fuck the consequences. It will end up, somehow. Everything is karma."

Ok, so I'm forgetting everything that happened, and I'm walking back to the shrine of Lama Mummy.

In front of the cave, he meets Nikki.

"Nikki, how do you get along with the people Cobra and Hippie and Guru Jara?"

"How do I get along with them? I'm not sure what you mean."

"I mean, how do you cope with them being so totally different than we are."

"Kelly, I ran to India to escape ordinary people. I am thrilled with every weirdo I get the chance to meet. I don't care if it's a rum worshipping three-headed dragon. I'm just happy if they don't remind me of my mother, my uncle, or my cousins and their typical life story. You know what I mean?"

"Yeah, I see," Kelly nods. He now foresees how, because this trip to India wasn't his idea, it will be very difficult for him to relate to anyone who traveled here out of their own inspiration. He re-enters the little temple.

During Kelly's tantrum, more pilgrims had joined the old grandma, aka 'Lama Big Scorpion', in kneeling in front of the skeleton. Among the newcomers was a little old man, who had already been talking with Guru Jara since Kelly's profanity echoed through the country side. Kelly was ping-ponging between the strange face of the kneeling old man and Lamapa's dordje with the bloodstain of Yeshe Cchogyal that was now laying on the ground before Lama Mummy.

*Maybe Guru Jara is spiritually energizing it, somehow,* Kelly tries to dilute his anxiety of losing an object, which had been so challenging to acquire.

His eyes fall on the face of the old man. At first glance, he appears like a Tibetan from an old photo, when Tibet was still untouched by foreign influence, but every now and then, you can distinguish the facial features of a Western white man. It was not easy to make them out among all the wrinkles, but they were definitely there. Taking in the serene sight of this old man, Kelly feels totally at peace. He suddenly senses that all is as it should be.

Then, he hears "How will I find Naropa's new incarnation?" and Guru Jara's question echoes throughout the cave.

My nerves collapse, again.

*What a mad ass! He's talking to the mummy, and in English! The crazy prick! Great, now I'll have to lug myself around for weeks, again, through this deserted country on another dumb mission, following some orders he thinks he got from a corpse!*

"... full of ghosts and the light of the stars... Yes, it would be more than enough!"

After witnessing his teacher's monologue, it's clear to Kelly that Guru Jara really believes he's having a conversation with the mummy.

*He should have gotten his head checked out a long time ago!*

Kelly chokes back his own inner monologue. Guru Jara goes on chatting with Lama Mummy as if the skeleton is answering him.

"How are you, ugly dead person?" I ask the mummy, aloud.

Immediately, the little old man and two other pilgrims inside shoot me daggers. Guru Jara probably didn't even hear me, he was so into his schizophrenic discourse with the skeleton.

*No, oh my god. With this retard, I will never find Naropa. I am so pissed that I just crawled through half the Himalayas and found absolutely nothing. Nothing to report back to Uncle Bank. Nothing to buy me information about Yeshe Li's whereabouts. Nothing to put me one step closer to a plane ticket home. Big fat nothing.*

I am immediately filled with remorse for all of it, for losing Yeshe Li, for listening to this character's bullshit for the last three weeks, and for this whole waste of a journey.

The little old man I was observing before stands up. It's the strangest thing, sometimes he looks a hundred years old, and another minute, not a day over sixty. He taps Guru Jara, who is still having a discussion with Lama Mummy, on his back and leaves. Guru Jara doesn't budge. He just keeps chatting and chatting.

"I'm waiting for your decision," finally, his speech comes to an end, and there is quiet again in the cave.

And, then I experienced something as shocking as Lamapa setting my ass on fire.

I shit you not, the mummy replied!

"S h a m a n i c   p r o t e c t i o n ."

My face wore terror like I had seen a ghost. I had to pinch myself on the wrist just to make sure I wasn't sleeping. I looked all around to see if there might be somebody else doing the talking, but all of the temple was in deep

silence.

"Shamanic protection...Shamanic protection..."  
echoed several more times from the mouth of the lama's skeleton.

I bit my lip, but it didn't change anything.

*He had to have put something into that coffee*, I'm convincing myself,  
and then the mummy uttered a whole sentence.

"Shamanic protection will lead you to the edge of an abyss where you will  
hear Death."

When the dead body said 'death', I immediately think, *This has to be a  
hoax. There's got to be a hidden speaker under this mummy somewhere.  
Someone else has got to be talking into a mic from around the corner or  
something.*

I am looking around the mummy's case, searching for a secret speaker,  
when I noticed the dorje of Yeshe Cchogyal is missing.

"That geezer stole the dorje for Padmasambhava," I am shouting, but  
Guru Jara is still slowly coming out of his meditative state. So I jump to my  
feet, and I rush out after the thief. Outside, there is another surprise. I don't  
know how he did it, but that dinosaur must be riding a horse or something. He  
is so far by now, and not heading towards India, but towards Tibet.

"Nikki, where is your bike?"

"In the village, why?"

"Then, I'm fucked," I announce, and I start gearing up for a long run.

"Who's fucked?" asks Guru Jara, who is just exiting the shrine.

"That geezer stole the dorje we got from Lamapa," Kelly points toward  
the old man, moving on the horizon.

"Kelly, please calm down. No one stole anything."

"Uh-huh, and where is the dorje?"

"It's in the right hands."

"I don't understand. We're supposed to bring it to Tibet."



"Kelly, its none of your business, and you'd better stop offending Lama Sangha Tenzin."

I think I'm in shock. What I saw back in the cave totally contradicts everything I've believed since I was about five years old.

"It's not possible to offend someone who's no longer alive," I answer defiantly.

Guru Jara gently pats my back and asks "And, you really want to practice Tantra?"

"What does that have to do with the skeleton?"

"Kelly, a Vama Marga Tantric can't judge people simply according to their appearance."

"What appearance? This guy is without a doubt dead. Do you understand the word? Dead! Do you know what it means?"

"Kelly, you act like you're shopping for vegetables at the market. You think you can recognize the truth just by inspecting it with your eyes and squeezing it between your thumbs. Who told you that Lama Sangha Tenzin is dead? Or, you just think that simply because his body has been left here now for several earth centuries, while he is off through the light of a rainbow to the stars, visiting home for awhile. You didn't hear him talking to you?"

"Yeah who the hell said that? I know it wasn't talking!" I wave my hand, in disbelief towards the shrine.

"Im telling you, Kelly. Lama Sangha Tenzin is alright. You can't just judge a person according to his physical appearance. You have to listen to yourself inside. Listen to your heart more."

"Hey, cut it out, Guru Jara. My insides and my heart are totally one with my brain. Lama Mummy is dead. That voice had to be a hallucination or some practical joke coming from a hidden mic somewhere that we can't see. The dead can't talk to the living."

"Who gave you the right to talk about lama as if he were dead?"

"Well, clearly his face."

Guru Jara burst into laughter. "Kelly, it's logical that if the body of Lama Sangha Tenzin has been meditating here for five centuries, it had to undergo certain changes. How do you think you will look after 500 years?"

"What? Certain changes? Are you serious? That was a skeleton that was talking to us. That thing looked more dead than any dead thing I've seen in my whole life."

"Kelly, stop being so rude. You should not remind old people of how they look. Yes, we can say that lama's physical body is a little behind, and, yes, I have to admit that he doesn't look the best these days, but don't make that mean more than it does. Do you think that a lama in a mummy's body is less alive than you or me?"

"Yes. This is exactly what I'm thinking, and I'm 100% sure of it."

"So you think you can insult Lama Sangha Tenzin because your eye perceives him and sends an impulse to the mind, which makes a judgment that he should be dead. Why do you think that ancient Egyptians cared so much for the mummies of their bodies, even if they believed that their souls left to another world? Most teachings about the after life and other worlds consider dead bodies useless, but Egyptians were carefully tending to the body as if it were alive, as if they might someday use it, again."

Normally, I would send him to hell with a comment like that, but since I heard the dead lama speak, or at least I think I did, I don't have the power to fight him, anymore.

"Let me be. " I sigh, and wander back toward the village.

By the evening, I have totally calmed down. God only knows what I heard, today. Maybe it was the wind. Maybe an echo. Or maybe it was the voice of an old guy from the mountains just blah blah blah chatting with somebody outside, but I definitely won't buy that Guru Jara was talking to a mummy. The thought that this imaginary nonexistent voice of Lama Mummy will be guiding

our future starting tomorrow petrifies me.

However, when I later realize that Lama Mummy had somehow organized another method of transportation for us after all these never ending weeks of trekking, I totally forgive him for everything. This mind-numbing walking ends this morning. We are sitting on the bikes, and together with Hippie and Nikki, we depart for Manali. Cobra hangs back at Lama Mummy's shrine. From there, he will go to Kailash. As an Indian, he is permitted to enter, whereas Hippie and Nikki, as foreigners, are forbidden.

It's morning, though it's still completely dark out. He wakes me when I have an erection, again. We're practicing our standard procedure, but it's easier than last time, so we're skipping ahead to the forehead, and coaxing it to sleep.

"Notice as your fingers and toes slightly twitch, and sometimes, you might twitch a whole limb. At first, gently lead these twitches into the movements playing a piano. And after a while, watch as your body takes over, and begins to twitch, all on its own."

"Great, and now imagine a hammer banging, right in front of your closed eyes. Now, let your eyes follow every hit of that hammer, cramping downward behind your lids. Let your eyes cramp with each hit, like a reflex, just like we did yesterday when I was banging the stone."

Guru Jara lets me go on for quite a long time like that, twitching my eyeballs to the imaginary hits of a hammer.

Then, he leads me further, "And now, start to roll your eyes as if they are moving the strings of a puppet. As you're moving the puppet, you're moving your laying penis up to a standing erection."

So, I am rolling my eyes as if I'm in real REM sleep. It feels very deep, like I'm dreaming, but at the same time, like I'm in control of the dream. But, I'm not getting an erection.

"If you still don't feel sexual arousal, start to roll your eyes in the other direction, and imagine the images of a very colorful and loud movie, like you're

dreaming of an artistic video," Guru Jara's voice carries now, sounding as if it's further away.

Finally, my brain hits the level of waves where I normally experience erection, and I feel aroused.

"Then, just before a full erection, stop rolling your eyes and concentrate on the light of the sun coming through your closed lids."

It looks familiar to me. At first, it looks like a distant little coin, but when it shines closer, I see it as a lamp, right in front of my face. I can even feel its warmth there. Instantly, the sun is everywhere and my whole interior is lit by a beautiful glimmer. I feel as if my insides are bathing in a heavenly sunlight. According to the blue-orange smoke-like energy that I can see pouring from the tunnel of Chefren's pyramid into the chamber where I have secured my third magical circle, I realize that red elementals, protectors of lovers, have completely emptied the pyramid with respect for the astral and I hope, maybe even physical beings of the night.

My head is spinning with pain. The third magical circle has been pierced. I feel as Brunton described it:

*'Monstrous elemental creatures, evil monsters from the underworld with a terrible devilish face surround me...The circle of enemies is closing in on me.'*

Only now, fire spurts forth from the creatures around me, a fire which already burned me in the upper, elevated segment of the circle. My head throbs from the combination of the sensation of pins and needles on the tip of my cock during oral sex and a dentist drilling my teeth. I'm lighting candles for my fourth magical circle, dedicated to the Ba soul and the coming events of the evening.

Ba follows the blue-orange light and flies through a hole somewhere up and far away. From what I sense, it flew, not outside the pyramids to enjoy the laser light show which plays here every night, but alongside Jupiter, and then

far, somewhere where light travels for centuries, under the arches of the stars, beyond Sirius, the North star, Pleiades, and Orion.

So now, in the dead of night, on this spiritual incline inside of Chefred's, the rest is left solely up to my abilities. I manage to one up the captivating pilgrimage of this soul Ba, detached, and after the mystical mummification of my physical body, I also uplift the more difficult soul Ka above the arches of the stars. And by that feat, I culminate my initiation. I'm taking some deep breaths, preparing to recite the secret formula of the Eight Alliance... and then... out of nowhere...

The freezing light scrapes my nostrils.

"Achoo!" And one more, "Achoo!"

There is light everywhere.

"Woohoo, its morning!" I am dancing around, happy as a fool.

"Morning! It's mooorning!" I'm shouting and cheering. And then, in this ecstatic celebration, I fall into a snowy hole that would take me through the most difficult night of my life. A night which would enable me to summit the greatest challenge of my life.

Summitting the moment- and so giving meaning to everything life has given to me, including my entire youth spent on a snowboard, surfing with Guru Jara, including being intimate with a women from Thorny Phallus, and my initiation night in Chefred's pyramid- this is the last wish of my ego.

*Every life deserves orgasm. I don't know who tricked the people into believing that the meaning of life is to make it to your expiration date.*

I'm paraphrasing the wisdom of my teacher while I'm pissing. I suck down two sacks of energy drink, and then I thrust some dynamite, which I bought in a Pakistani market, into the snow.

*Nice.*

And now a cigar, to celebrate Al Crowley, the dreamer, who here on the slopes of K2, already 100 years ago now, risked his life to show that man could

stand on an eight-thousander.

I'm getting my snowboard ready, now. My feelings are battling it out within me. Sekeht would definitely not be happy seeing me here, still unable to control my worries about the near future from pushing themselves back into my head. Luckily, the strongest current of feeling comes now from the fact that I will finally fulfill a climax of Surf Tantra, giving meaning to all my years of study and everything it awarded me. But not in surfing. In the thing I do best, the thing I love most of all in this world, riding a snow board. I'm standing on the treacherous and rocky slope of K2 with a smoking wick of dynamite at my ass.

*Too bad Guru Jara can't see me now, and how I'm fully living Surf Tantra commandment #13:*

"Life is too precious to do anything else than what we love most. What we love is our destiny. Everything else is a curse."

*Too bad my lovers can't see me now. Sekhet, who drowned in that fucking wave, and Yeshe Li who disappeared with that fucking Kung Fu sect trying to find Shambala.*

*'Stop it, Kelly, and concentrate!'*

A vision of Guru Jara whips me in line, and before his spirit vanishes, he reminds me of the 8th commandment of Surf Tantra:

"Whoever turns toward the past in the deciding moments of life will become a stone, and as a stone, they will remain until death of the body."

I look down the steep slope of K2 to clear my head. It's difficult to say if it will be a ride on the board or a just a free fall. That's why I need more snow. I'm looking up to the snowy tongues of the mountain tops, which should, after the explosions, transform into a giant avalanche. I rode an avalanche once before, but this one will take the cake. As soon as the forehead of the avalanche reaches me, it will smash me into bits. Just as my rational brain is calculating my chances, I hear the dynamite explode. The echo is strong, and over the vast

empty terrain, I can hear 'Abrahamadabra...Abrahamadabra' in it, and also within me. But nothing happens.

*Where's the avalanche?*

I'm so disappointed. Without snow from the avalanche, there is no ride down possible, and anyway, there is no point in trying. I don't want some normal ride. I want more. I want to ride a tsunami of snow. That's why I need a wave similar to those I used to study Surf Tantra principles with Guru Jara. And then unexpectedly, it cracked. It didn't even take a second and the roar of snow began to roll through the peaks.

^ "Adios, sleep! Amore mia, let's do this! Mahamudra is coming!" I shout climactically and I jump up on my board. The peak of the snowy wave is approaching closer and closer. I can feel the highest realization of initiates, now. I am not a snowboarder. I have become this wave of snow, and this wave of snow has started a tsunami.

## CHAPTER 15

Manali is a very laid back town full of trekkers and pot smokers from all around the world. It's perfect for me, good food, good drinks, lots of young, horny women. Finally, some real livin'. I was just about to have a little fun with these two German girls when it started, again. It looked as if they were down for a threesome tomorrow, but then, the curse of the talking mummy lama hit.

"Tomorrow morning at five a.m. I'm going further. Naropa is too far," Guru Jara tells me out of the blue.

"Essh...yeaah...but that doesn't work with my plans. Can't we go the day after

tomorrow?"

"You can, but I'm going tomorrow," Guru Jara repeats.

I know that if I want to keep up with him, I will have to go along with it. So, I'm wondering if I can maybe bang the girls somewhere else.

"And, where is Naropa?" I dig to find out where I should invite them.

"Lama Sangha Tenzin told me that Naropa is a surfer."

"What? A Tibetan lama is a surfer?" I giggle at the absurd image of a lama in formal robes crouched on a surf board. This is just as I suspected, right on par with the intelligence of a talking mummy. Only a talking mummy would say something that stupid.

"Who said that Naropa was reincarnated into a Tibetan body?"

"Who else could he be embodied as?"

"Stop talking, Kelly. I need to look something up on Youtube before they close the internet shop. Can you help me with that?"

This is just my perfect luck. I'm sitting here with crazy ass Guru Jara, who, after a consultation with a 500 year-old dead dude, is surfing the internet, watching surfing videos from all over the world to somehow reveal where I get to wander off to tomorrow instead of staying in Manali and soaking up a beautiful day in the arms of two beautiful women.

I'm just relaxing, reading sports news, and checking some emails. From time to time, Guru Jara asks me to watch a video with him and pay attention to this or that, depending on what he wants. It's always different. For most of the time, I'm doing nothing. So for kicks, I Google 'White Lama'.

"Ha! It's totally unconfirmed that White Lama died there where you showed me. It's only one of many versions. Apparently, he could have also died in a lynching in Delhi. They never found his dead body." I nudge Guru Jara, but he's not interested in talking.

He just gives me a, "Yeah, right, right..." and goes back to watching surfing videos.



I'm examining the charismatic photo of Theos Bernard...and right in this moment, it comes to my mind. I sniff out another source. After about twenty minutes, my excitement is building and I'm uncovering more and more details. I feel like Sherlock Holmes on the trail of a big case. I'm chronologically sorting out the myriad of statements printed in the 40's about the death of White Lama, alias Theos Bernard:

**New York Times, 31st of October, 1947:**

Bernard probably died during a massacre in the mountains.

**New York Times, 3rd of November, 1947:**

Bernard's death officially confirmed.

**New York Times, 17th of November, 1947:**

Theos Bernard spotted alive.

*Why would they write that when it's not true? No one has so much as caught a glimpse of White Lama, again...not until this past Friday when I saw him! That old guy visiting Lama Mummy was definitely Theos Bernard, and Guru Jara knew it very well! They looked like they've known each other forever. White Lama is Guru Jara's teacher!*

I peek over at the eccentric Tantric.

I don't want him to know, so I move to another internet shop near by to writing Yeshe Li's uncle about discovering a big Tantric with whom Guru Jara was discussing the next step to finding Naropa. I'm sending Bernard's name and the description of the old man with details so the person who Uncle Banks will send can locate him as easily as possible.

When I return, Guru Jara is still submerged in his surfing videos. I'm waiting, and I'm running through my head all that he told me about White Lama.

"He spent three hours a day in headstand, either all in one shot or in two rounds of ninety minutes."

"Just one question, why would he do that?"

“He was trying to achieve Tantric siddhi, the abilities of body and mind that enable you to do extraordinary things, like walk on water, levitate, tummo tummo, simply, things that people would consider a miracle.”

“Yeah, or maybe they would just consider it a sham.”

He smiles at me, adding “And of course, this exercise is also beneficial for our health and longevity.”

*Yes, yes! Longevity! This is exactly what I was trying to dig out from my memory. When Bernard disappeared in 1947, he was already forty years old. So today, that would make him...No. It's not possible. This man looked so well-preserved, and much younger than the hundred-year-olds I've seen on TV, but maybe it really is thanks to those headstands. Maybe they really do help people to look and feel younger.*

With the excitement of a detective hot on the trail, I key in another Google search when Guru Jara nudges my shoulder.

“Why are you reading about the physical characteristics of hundred-year-olds?” He looks stunned, then asks me to come over to his computer for a minute.

“Very carefully, pay close attention to every single detail, because what we discover in this video will decide where our journey takes us next.”

